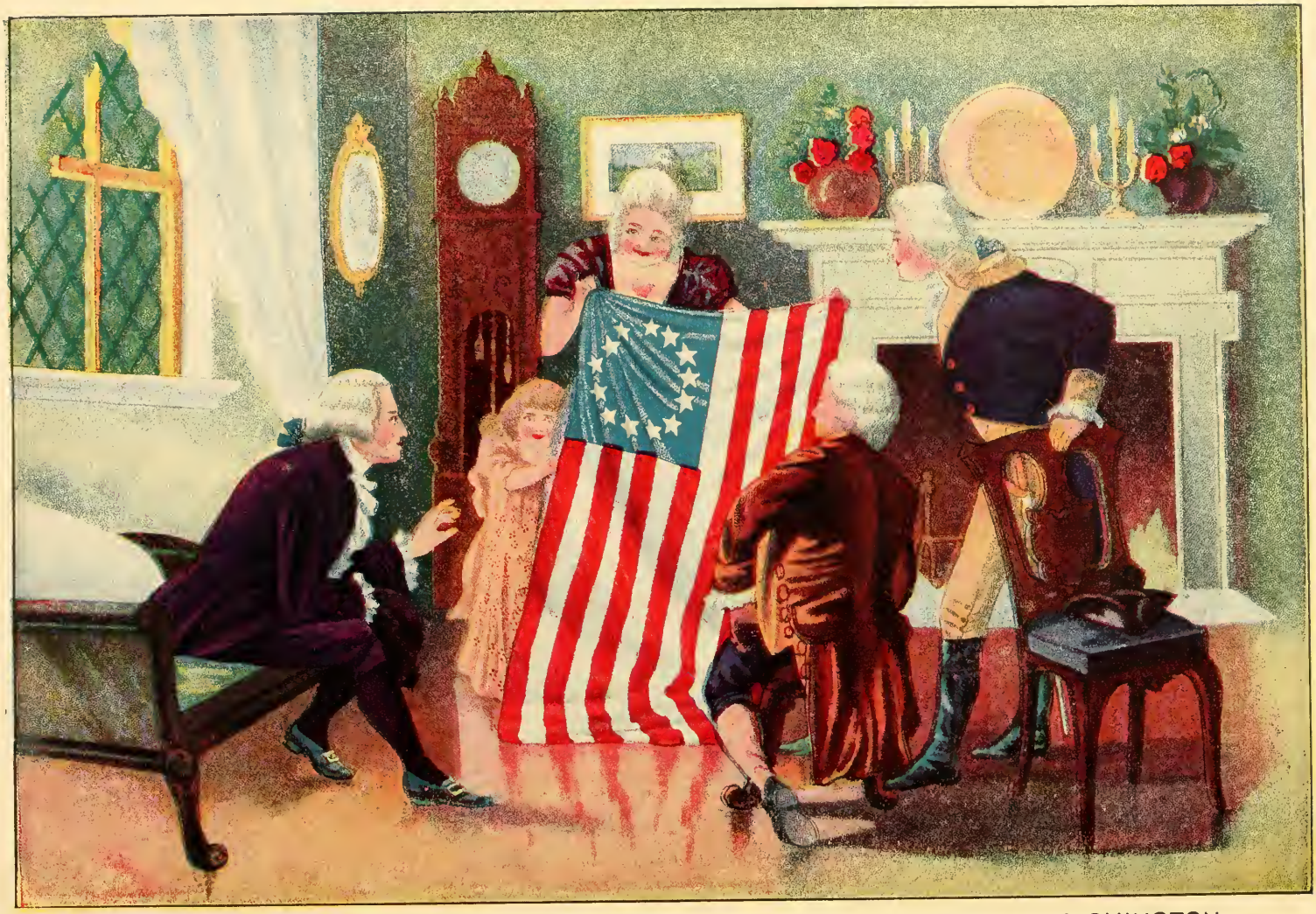

BETSY ROSS SHOWING THE FIRST AMERICAN FLAG TO GENERAL WASHINGTON.

THRILLING ADVENTURES

OF

AMERICAN PIONEERS AND HEROES

CONTAINING

GRAPHIC ACCOUNTS OF MEN WHOSE DARING DEEDS HAVE GIVEN THEM WORLD-WIDE FAME

INCLUDING

HEROES OF LAND AND SEA

PIONEERS AND THEIR CELEBRATED EXPLOITS, SUCH AS DANIEL BOONE; KIT CARSON; FREMONT, THE PATHFINDER; LEWIS AND CLARKE; DAVID CROCKETT, ETC.

TOGETHER WITH

GREAT NAVAL COMMANDERS, SUCH AS JOHN PAUL JONES; COMMODORE PERRY; AND STEPHEN DECATUR; ADMIRAL FARRAGUT; BUCHANAN AND WORDEN; McDONOUGH; CUSHING; SERGEANT JASPER, ETC., ETC.

By HENRY DAVENPORT NORTHROP

Author of "Story of the New World;" "Grandest Century in the World's History;" "Excelsior Writer and Speaker;" "World's Renowned Authors," Etc.

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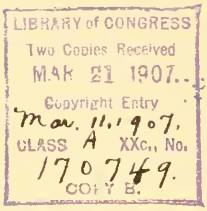

PREFACE.

THE men who perform noble and heroic deeds merit the admiration of all intelligent people. This work contains the brilliant records of our American heroes, and pays them the honor of being the makers of history. It tells the absorbing story of their struggles and sacrifices, their devotion to duty and splendid triumphs.

The work begins with the heroes of the wilderness. Daniel Boone, with only his rifle for a companion, has thrilling adventures with the Indians; Kit Carson shows himself to be a heroic leader and guide. John C. Fremont plants the Stars and Stripes on the highest peak of the Rockies, and earns the proud title of "The Pathfinder." Lewis and Clarke, under the direction of President Jefferson, explore the great Northwest, make the acquaintance of unknown tribes of Indians, and after encountering incredible hardships and dangers, open the way to the Pacific Ocean. David Crockett, that eccentric hero of many adventures, tells the thrilling story of his famous career, which all readers follow with absorbing interest. These are the heroes of the wild frontiers, our nation's advance guard, preparing the way for civilization.

Our Naval Heroes, the great "Masters of the Sea," are seen through the dark clouds of storm and battle, and graphic accounts are furnished of their heroic achievements. Their personal heroism is the wonder of all readers and the theme of song and story. We hear the roar of their death-dealing guns and are ready to applaud their brilliant victories.

A full account is given of Commodore Decatur, renowned for extraordinary resolution and cool intrepidity, displayed in his daring exploit in the harbor of Tripoli. The valor of Commodore Perry in the battle of Lake Erie has long been our nation's pride and admiration. The story, as told in these pages, is one of the thrilling incidents in our naval history.

McDonough, on Lake Champlain, added a splendid and decisive victory to his laurels, and this, too, is fully narrated.

The record of Commander Worden's battle with the Merrimac, in which the little David of the navy slew the Goliath of the enemy, forms a part that excites unwonted curiosity and interest in the reader. It was a battle royal, that turned the tide of combat and revolutionized the war-ships of the world. And then the sturdy Farragut appears on the scene, and we write his name high on the scroll that commemorates our champion heroes. Brave in battle, cool and self-possessed, from his place where he is lashed to the mast of his ship he points the way to victory, and shows that his rank is high among our dauntless heroes.

This very attractive work contains a detailed and glowing account of Cushing's great exploit, which proved him to be the possessor of a personal bravery that belongs to few men. It was a venture that meant life or death. He staked life and won the day. This and other examples of courage must be read before they can be fully understood and appreciated. The pages of this volume are replete with incidents and events that makes the story of our heroes throb in every line.

The thrilling account of John Paul Jones, who has been styled the father of the American Navy, and whose remains have been borne over the sea, to be buried in the soil of the country he honored so illustriously, is given in a masterly manner. In this brilliant array of heroes Sergeant William Jasper claims a place, who immortalized himself by his brave deed at the siege of Charleston.

This magnificent work is a splendid record of our famous heroes. It ought to be the companion of every person in our country. It is worthy of a place in every American home.

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PRESIDENT LINCOLN ON INAUGURATION DAY, MARCH 4, 1861

CHAPTER I.

DANIEL BOONE.

HIS EARLY LIFE—HOME IN THE WILDERNESS—DANGERS AND HARDSHIPS. BATTLES WITH THE INDIANS—WONDERFUL ESCAPES FROM HIS FOES. HEROIC LEADER OF CIVILIZATION—HIS ROMANTIC HISTORY.

THE name of Daniel Boone, as one of the pioneers, has gone around the world. Long ago it was celebrated wherever men admired courage, or loved to read stories of individual sacrifice and daring. Captain Cook had sailed around the globe, bringing home with him accounts of men that were scarcely known in the popular imagination; but Boone set out with calmness, as if he were obeying a religious inspiration, and buried himself in the wilderness. It required great resolution to do what he did; and yet it seemed to come to him as easily as play to a child.

Daniel Boone was born in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, in the year 1735, on the 11th of February, and was nearly three years younger than Washington, at the time of the Revolution. He was a boy of remarkably good constitution, which was about the best inheritance his parents could leave him. At three years of age he removed, with the family, to what is now the city of Reading, Berks County—then, however, but a meagre and exposed post on the outskirts of the wilderness. The Indians threatened the peace of the settlement at all times. It was not safe to go out of the reach of the dwelling, unless precautions were taken against sudden attacks from the red men. Ambushes were likely to be sprung upon the settlers on every side.

It was in a school of danger like this that Boone, then scarcely more than a child, received his first lessons in life; and it may be

believed they were rugged and lasting ones. There he learned all about the tricks and traits of the Indians. The talk was chiefly upon them and their wily habits. He learned the dangers of the life his parents led, and was, at the same time, taught to love perfect simplicity.

FAMOUS AS A SHARPSHOOTER.

Of course he learned to use the gun as soon as he had the strength to carry it about with him. He became an expert marksman very early. Sharp shooting, in fact, was necessary almost to his existence; and if not so at the time, it became so in a great many startling adventures afterwards. As he grew up, his love of hunting and solitude became more and more noticeable.

He would go off alone in the woods, with nothing but his gun for company, all day. Many a story is told of his wonderful feats, such as the number of animals he brought down with his unerring bullets, or the fierce and successful encounters he was wont to have with the denizens of the forest. The whole settlement looked upon him with pride, if not with hope; for they saw in him those shining qualities that give lasting fame to the frontiersman and pioneer.

Having acquired the fame of a hunter, it was natural enough that he should think of no other occupation in life. So he soon began to grow restless under the restraints of home, and finally went out from beneath his father's roof and built a little hut in the forest, where he played the hermit and woodsman to his heart's content. The wild beasts roamed all around him by day, and their howlings made a dismal concert for him at night. He was alone; yet the solitude never became oppressive to him. He had yearned for just such a life since he began to know what life was worth. The walls of his hut were hung around with skins of animals, trophies of his skill and daring.

Thinking to better their condition, the Boone family, in 1753, moved to North Carolina. Here young Daniel Boone lived until he arrived at manhood. About this time great events were transpiring in the world, and grander ones were preparing. The French and English

were at war with each other, and the contest was transferred to this continent, where it was waged with terrific fury. It was along through these years that Israel Putnam was getting his valuable experience as a soldier in the neighborhood of Lake George, fighting bravely against the French and Indians. Washington, too, was schooling under Braddock in the Western wilderness, having already acquired the quick eye and firm foot, in his perilous enterprises as a surveyor in the depths of the forest.

Daniel married Rebecca Bryan, the daughter of a worthy neighbor, and with his young bride set out to make a home for himself in the wilderness, some distance from the place where the Boone family resided. Here they lived a life of solitude, surrounded by Indians and wild beasts, their cabin being the only one for a long time in that part of the Yadkin Valley. Boone's love of the wilderness not being sufficiently gratified here, he planned an expedition into Kentucky, then almost unknown. In June, 1769, he halted with five companions on the Red River, a branch of the Kentucky.

PARTED IN THE WILDERNESS NEVER TO MEET AGAIN.

For a long time, matters went on swimmingly. They were becoming more and more accustomed to their new life, and even began to calculate upon the propriety of returning to North Carolina for their families. Fearing nothing from the approach of the red man, they presently forgot to take those precautions which were, in fact, essential to their daily safety, and so invited dangers when they might just as well have repelled them. It was a fatal mistake for this little party of pioneers to separate; yet they were thoughtless enough to do so, and the most disastrous consequences followed. They divided up—one party being composed of Stewart and Boone; the other four men went exploring in another direction. Henceforth their ways diverged forever. Neither party saw the other again.

As Boone has himself narrated, the Indians surprised him and his companion when they ought to have been on the watch, and carried them

off prisoners. This was an entirely new phase of life for our forest hero. A man who, all his life, has had the free range of forest and field, would not be likely to keep quiet in a state of sudden imprisonment. His spirit would chafe sorely, and he would find himself impatient once more to be free. But Daniel Boone was a philosopher, and could see at a glance what was most prudent and safe. As soon as he comprehended his novel and dangerous situation, he made up his mind to keep calm and resign himself to his fate. By this means he would disarm the suspicions of the savages, and have more abundant opportunities to make his escape. Patience is a rare virtue, all the books and moralists tell us; and few men would have had the sagacity, as Boone had, to see that his fate hung entirely on his practice of that one quality.

A CAPTIVE AMONG THE INDIANS.

He was a captive for seven days. At the end of that time, they lay down at night in the midst of their tawny guard, and disposed themselves for sleep. At the still midnight hour, when the silence of the wilderness is indeed awful, Boone raised his head and looked around him. By the deep and steady breathing of his savage captors, he knew they were fast locked in slumber. Then, he felt, his opportunity had come. Cautiously awakening his companion, they both regained their feet, took their rifles from the keeping of the Indians, and crept out of the little camp. They both felt that discovery would have been certain death; and therefore they pushed forward in the midnight gloom with redoubled courage and energy. But they succeeded in eluding their captors, and commenced their wanderings together again.

They went to their old camp; but their former companions were gone. Everything betokened disappointment and desolation. The camp had been broken up, and appearances indicated violence and plunder. From this point they never again found traces of those four men. Their fate remains to this day a sealed mystery. Whether they fell victims to the bloody rage of the Indians, who had surprised them in their fancied security, or they had wandered away in different directions, and, weary


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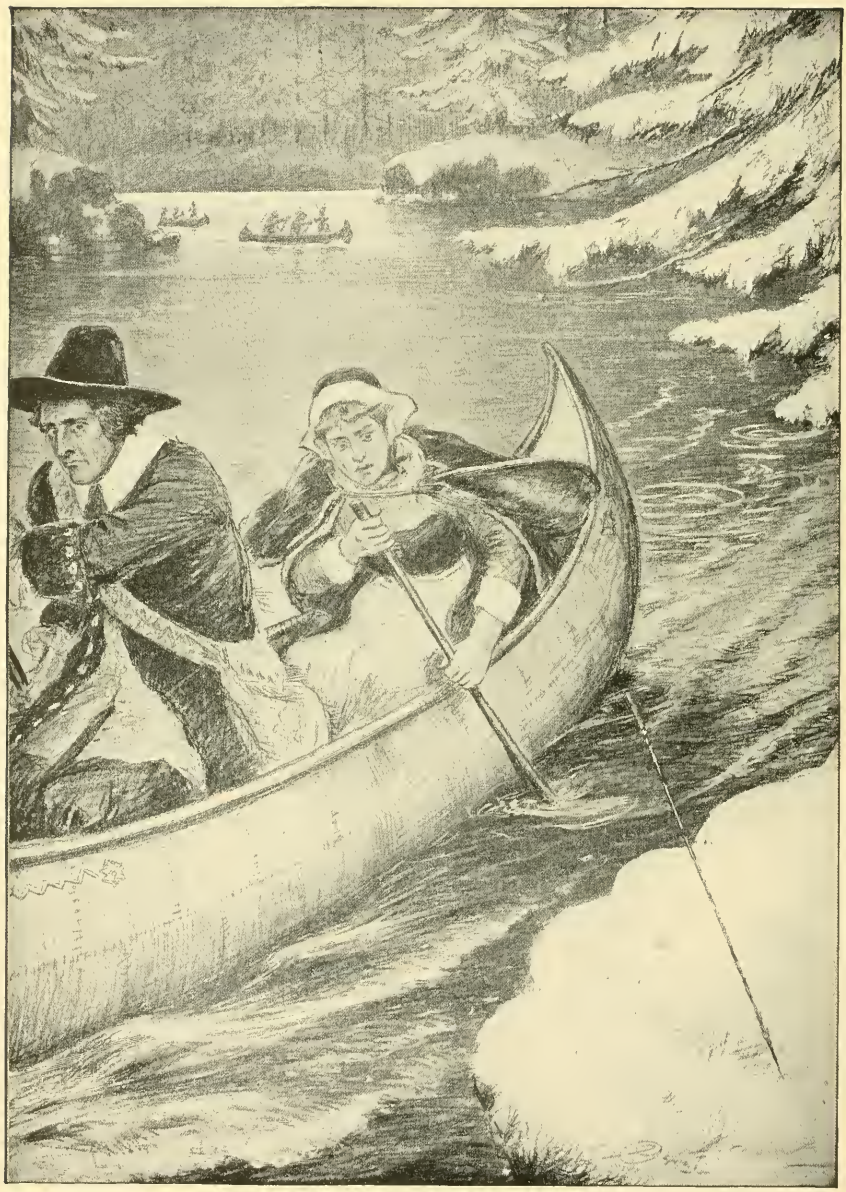


SCENE ON THE JAMES RIVER IN THE EARLY HISTORY OF VIRGINIA

AN ARROW OF THE PURSUING INDIANS HAS JUST MISSED THE GIRL'S SHOULDER AND PLUNGED INTO THE SNOW-COVERED BANK

and despairing, had laid their bones in the undiscovered solitudes of the wilderness, no man lives that can tell. And thus sadly ended the career of the discoverer and early eulogist of Kentucky, John Finley ; that man whose vivid reports of this new western paradise kindled enthusiasm in so many bosoms on the banks of the peaceful Yadkin.

LIVED BY HUNTING GAME.

Boone and Stewart were therefore left alone Their sole reliance, both for subsistence and defence, was on their unerring rifles. They built a hut to protect themselves against the influence of the wintry weather, and hunted and watched, waiting patiently for the spring to open. In the month of January, they espied a couple of men coming towards them. Looking closer they saw they were white men. What must have been the feelings of our hero to find that one of them was Squire Boone, his youngest brother! Squire brought news from Daniel's wife and children ; and Stewart was rejoiced to get intelligence from the settlement. The circumstances that led to the discovery of Boone's little camp by the new comers, were never described; but it seems, at least, like the most marvelous piece of good fortune on record.

A second time this little party separated. Daniel Boone and Stewart pursued one course, and Squire Boone and his friend—whose name even is not known—followed another. One would think they had already learned a better lesson. The consequence was, Stewart was surprised and slaughtered by the Indians, while Daniel Boone made his escape; and his brother Squire's companion becoming alarmed, probably thought, in a fit of desperation, to find his way back alone to Carolina, and was never heard of again alive. It is said that a skeleton was long afterwards found in the region, which was believed to have told the tale of his dark and mysterious fate. Thus were the brothers Boone left the only white occupants of that vast territory, the real pioneers in the march of civilization that has been going forward to the West, from that trying and doubtful day to these jubilant and prosperous days of our own.

In order to effect a real settlement in that region, it was necessary

THE PIONEER HERO, DANIEL BOONE.

to bring forward recruits, animals and provisions. The question was how was this best to be done? During their winter discussions at the fire, the Boone brothers had canvassed it very freely, and concluded at last what was best to be attempted. The powder was low, and bullets were scarce for the rifles; if these two items failed, all was lost. Hence it was important that something should be done as soon as possible. Daniel Boone was all ready for the sacrifice, and his brother Squire was quite as willing to perform his part. The plan was matured. Daniel would remain where he was, and Squire would travel

back alone to North Carolina, to obtain recruits and supplies. It was a distance of many hundred miles. A bolder project was never undertaken than that which makes the names of these two devoted Boone brothers immortal.

Young Squire Boone came back. He had traversed that long distance, to and fro, without a companion, and at last he stood by his brother's side again. He had faithfully kept his promise to return. He brought along with him a pair of horses, with provisions. He brought welcome news from the brave hunter's wife and family. He brought tidings of the murmur of the people at the foreign rule that oppressed them, and possibly of the recent Boston Massacre, which sent a thrill of horror through the country. The horses were invaluable, and yet a source of the greatest anxiety; for they were just what would be most likely to betray them into the hands of the Indians. They could not be hidden, as the brothers could hide themselves. They would not fail to testify their presence at any and at all times to the Indian. For eight months these two men roamed over the tract of territory upon which they had entered, and were not once molested.

BOONE RECEIVED HOME WITH WONDER AND DELIGHT.

The brothers then made a slow and tiresome journey back to North Carolina, with the intention of inducing as many families as possible to emigrate and found a settlement in Kentucky. After his long absence, Daniel Boone was received with delight and wonder by his family and old acquaintances. At length a little party was made up to migrate to the wilds of Kentucky. It consisted of only the two Boone families—those of Daniel and Squire; those who had thought they would go, not feeling quite ready when the time really came. The Boones, however, determined to set the example, and to leave that, and their description of the new country westward, to do their own work upon the minds of the people in the Yadkin settlements. They set forth on the 25th day of September, 1773, taking along with them some cattle and horses.

Courage generally makes its own conquests; and by the time this

INDIANS TRACKING FUGITIVES AT NIGHT THROUGH THE FOREST.

little party reached Powell's Valley, they found, to their astonishment and delight, that the stories of the new country had persuaded five more families to join the projected expedition, together with a band of some forty strong and determined men, all well armed for the enterprise and its dangers. It was truly a great accession. At the head of this band of pioneers Daniel Boone was placed, by virtue of his character and experience, and at once led them out into the western wilderness, across the long dreaded mountains.

A BRUTAL MASSACRE BY THE SAVAGES.

But a cloud rested upon them ere long, whose shadow served to obscure all their plans. They had proceeded safely on their journey till the 10th day of October, seeing nothing of the Indians, so much dreaded by all, when a most sad fatality overtook them, rending the heart of the leader with grief. It seems that a part of the company, seven in number, had gone back a little way to collect together some of the cattle that had wandered a little from the main body; and, fearing no danger because they had hitherto met with none, they became in a degree thoughtless about keeping the usual watch. In an unguarded moment they were set upon by a party of savages, who had stealthily tracked them along, and, without the slightest warning, six out of the seven were cruelly butchered! Of these six, a young son of Daniel Boone, only seventeen years of age, was one. The main body of the pioneers heard the sounds proceeding from the fight while it was going on, and at once rushed to the scene; but they reached the spot only to find that all had been slain but one, and the young and brave son of Boone among them. The seventh had managed to make his escape.

Here was a sorrowful beginning indeed. Slaughter on the very threshold of the undertaking. They did not dare to think of going on, for the forest might be swarming with bloodthirsty savages.

It was resolved to fall back to the settlements on the Clinch River. Here Boone remained six months, patiently waiting for the time when he could carry out his cherished project. At length he was engaged as

the agent of a Carolina company in purchasing the land on the south side of the Kentucky River. A company of surveyors and settlers went forward with him, his own family remaining behind, and in 1775 he built a stockade fort on the site now occupied by Boonesborough.

BUILDING A STRONG FORT.

Having planned the fort, the party sprang to the work with earnest vigor, feeling how important its completion was to their own safety. The structure was built close by the river, one end resting on the bank, and the whole extending back for a distance of two hundred and sixty feet. It was a hundred and fifty feet wide. The style of it is as follows; large pieces of timber were sharpened and one end driven into the ground, very much like common pickets, and within the enclosure thus formed were the several cabins and huts of the party. It may not seem as if such a defence could amount to a great deal, but it did, for all that; the Indians knew nothing of the hiding places that might be stowed away in this rude fort, while, at the same time, it afforded the settler a better advantage over his artful enemy; the forest and the cane-brake were well understood by the savage, who there had everything on his side; but the fort was a puzzle whose key he did not know how to get hold of. Still, there was one strong objection to this fort: it was close by the woods at one end, thus affording the savage every chance to approach the settlers, and still be concealed from them.

At each corner of this great enclosure was built a strong log hut, with its hewn ends projecting outwardly, thus making the whole a more enduring defence than before. The cabins, or huts, were likewise constructed side by side, with rough and heavy logs, making it next to impossible to overcome their united strength. Then the few gates needed were stout and heavy, difficult to be moved at all, and capable of successfully resisting any assault, even from overwhelming numbers.

To build this fort required from the 1st of April till the 14th of June. In other words, it was begun just before the battle of Lexington, and completed just before the battle of Bunker Hill. Important events were

transpiring, at that time, as well on the seaboard as far back in the wilderness. One man lost his life at the hands of the Indians, while the work was going on, and that was all. The natives of the forest could not but regard the building of this fort among them, in the very heart of their noble hunting-grounds, with greater jealousy even than the laying out of the road; hence they were aroused to making concerted movements to destroy it and its white inmates together. To have lost but one man by them, during the progress of the work, therefore, was a great deal less misfortune than might reasonably have been expected.

HIS JOURNEY BACK TO VIRGINIA.

Boone, by this time, felt as if he would like to go back and see his wife and children again. To this end, he determined to leave the garrison where they were, duly cautioning them against surprises at the hands of the savages, and impressing on them the necessity of having a certain amount of cleared land close by.

We have not the particulars of this journey of Boone back to Virginia; it is enough to know that it was made in safety, and that his heart was gladdened once more to find himself in the arms of his beloved wife and children. He resolved, this time, to be separated from them no more. He meant, when he returned, to take them along with him. Now that the new fort at Boonesborough was completed, and defended by an armed and watchful garrison, he felt secure in the thought of taking his little brood out into the forest wilds, and knew, too, what a blessed influence the presence of wife and children would have over him. The path westward was now open; men and women could go forward in it and people the country.

Boone's wife and daughters were all ready to start. How that journey was made, we have, unfortunately, no particular record. Boone himself says of it, in his narrative, only this,—that it was "safe, and without any other difficulties than such as are common to the passage." They stood, at length, on the banks of the Kentucky River. No white females had put their feet there before them. Of the women of this

country, they were the pioneers; a young wife, and daughters in the very blush of girlhood and innocence. How rough and hard their woodland life was, it is not easy at this day to imagine. It was an unusual thing for anyone then to be taken sick and die in his own bed; when death overtook men in the forest, it was always a death of violence. In illustration of the feelings begotten of such a state of things, the following impressive incident is related:

"An old lady, who had been in the forts, was, many years later, describing the scenes she had witnessed in those times of peril and adventure; and, among other things, remarked that, during the first two years of her residence in Kentucky, the most comely sight she beheld was seeing a young man dying in his bed a natural death. She had been familiar with blood, and carnage, and death, but in all these cases the sufferers were the victims of the Indian tomahawk and scalping-knife; and that on an occasion when a young man was taken sick and died after the usual manner of nature, she and the rest of the women sat up all night, gazing upon him as an object of beauty!"

DISASTER TO A COMPANY OF PIONEERS.

That must indeed have been a rugged way of life which subjected women to trials like these; which made it desirable even to see a person die in a bed, because death by the tomahawk and the scalping-knife had become so common.

Boone brought out with him, on this return journey to the fort, several of the families that turned back before, when the little party was assailed by the Indians. These families knew him well, had seen him tried in the fiery furnace of affliction, and were content to repose their safety in his keeping. But they had not all gone very far together, before they separated. The precise reason for this step is not known, and probably never will be. Boone pushed on, while the remainder, or the greater part of them, lagged behind. They lost their way. Their cattle and stock strayed away from them. They were like sheep without a shepherd. And after many reverses, sufferings, and irritating

THE BEAR DANCE

THE SNOW-SHOE DANCE

disappointments, they managed at last to reach the fort at Boonesborough by the pathway that was marked out for them. They had at least learned one lesson by this idle dissatisfaction; they knew the worth of the man they had deserted.

One fort naturally suggested another. Each was the nucleus, or center, for a wide settlement. This position of Boone being so strong, it lent encouragement to the rest to believe they might establish others equally strong. So they began to radiate. Pretty soon, there was a fort here, and another fort there; yet the increase was steady and slow, for each new post was, at best, but a rash experiment It was not so plain, even yet, that the settlements did not exist as much by the leniency of the Indians, as by the aid of anything else. Were they disposed, there was little doubt that they might at any time have overwhelmed the little band of white men with their numbers.

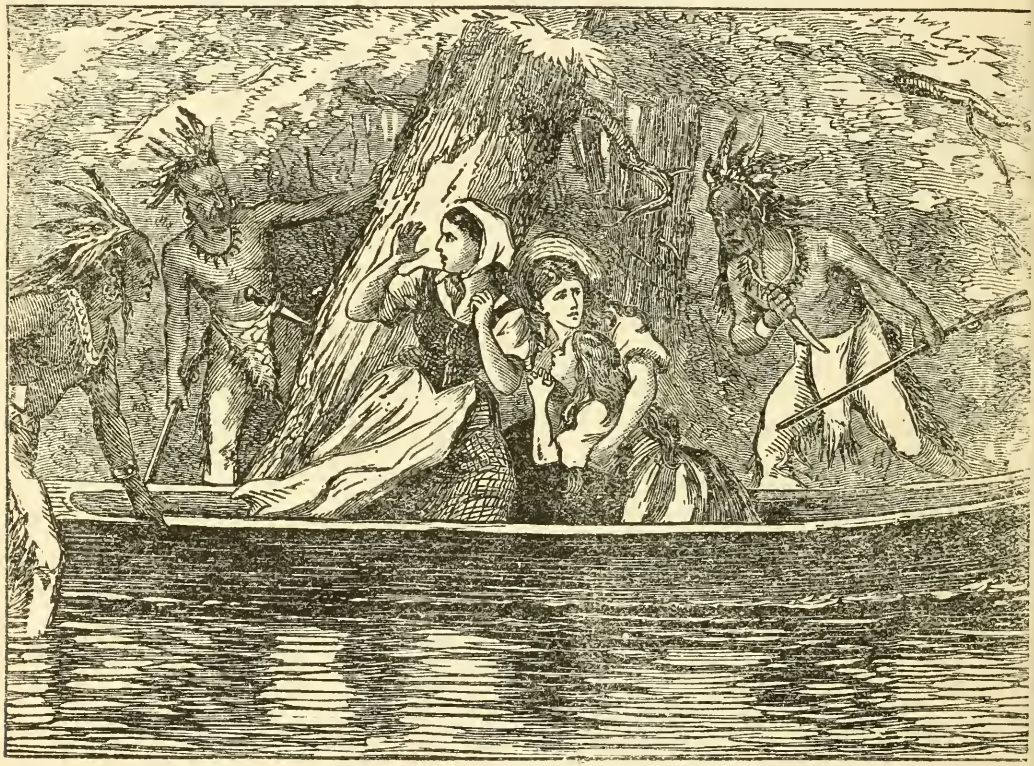
CAPTURE OF THREE YOUNG GIRLS BY THE INDIANS.

A circumstance transpired on the 14th of July, 1776, that caused a great excitement throughout the settlement. The narrative has already been well given by Mr. Peck, in his sketch of Boone's life, drawn from the statement of John Floyd, and from sources additional; and we prefer to give it in the words of Mr. Peck himself:—

"On the 14th of July, 1776, Betsey Callaway, her sister Frances, and Jemima Boone, a daughter of Captain Daniel Boone, the two last about fourteen years of age, carelessly crossed the river opposite to Boonesborough in a canoe, at a late hour in the afternoon. The trees and shrubs on the opposite bank were thick, and came down to the water's edge. The girls, unconscious of danger, were playing and splashing the water with the paddles, until the canoe, floating with the current, drifted near the shore. Five stout Indians lay there concealed; one of whom, noiseless and stealthy as the serpent, crawling down the bank until he reached the rope that hung from the bow, turned its course up the stream, and in a direction to be hidden from the fort. The loud shrieks of the captured girls were heard, but too late for their rescue. The canoe, their

only means of crossing, was on the opposite shore, and none dared to risk the chance of swimming the river, under the impression that a large body of savages was concealed in the woods.

"Boone and Callaway were both absent, and night set in before their return and arrangements could be made for pursuit. Next morning, by daylight, we were on the track, but found they had totally prevented our



CAPTURE OF THE BOONE AND CALLAWAY GIRLS.

following them, by walking some distance apart through the thickest canes they could find. We observed their course, and on which side we had left their trail, and traveled upwards of thirty miles. We then imagined that they would be less cautious in traveling, and made a turn in order to cross their trace, and had gone but a few miles before we found their tracks in a buffalo path; pursued and overtook them on going about ten miles, just as they were kindling a fire to cook and get ready for a substantial meal.

"Our study had been more to get the prisoners, without giving the Indians time to murder them after they discovered us, than to kill them. We discovered each other nearly at the same time. Four of us fired, and all rushed on them, which prevented them from carrying away anything except one shot-gun, without ammunition. Mr. Boone and myself had a pretty fair shot, just as they began to move off. I am well convinced I shot one through, and the one he shot dropped his gun; mine had none. The place was very thick with canes, and being so much elated on recovering the three little broken-hearted girls, prevented our making further search. We sent them off without their moccasins, and not one of them with so much as a knife or a tomahawk."

PREPARING TO MAKE AN ATTACK ON THE SETTLERS.

It so happened—or else it was so arranged beforehand—that on this very same 14th of July on which the three young girls were stolen from the vicinity of the fort, the Indians all around had divided their forces into distinct parties, and determined to make a series of attacks on the different settlements, whenever, and as often, as circumstances would allow. They beheld the increase of the white numbers with great jealousy. They dreaded, too, the protection the forts gave them. If they could be allowed to fight on their own ground, and in their own way, it would all be to their advantage; but this placing the whites under cover was something they could not understand. These attacks were kept up from that time forward with great regularity. No day was free from suspicion that the Indians were close at hand; no night was so calm and quiet that all slept in their beds without dreams of a stealthy foe in their midst, with tomahawk and scalping-knife brandished above their heads.

Of all the places at which the Indian aimed his hatred, the Boonesborough Fort was the chief. Here he thought the whole white power was centered. Here, too, his British companions-in-arms taught him to look for the greatest danger to his rule and his land. Hence he watched every movement in its vicinity with a wily temper indeed. Whenever he

could find the occupants of the fort in the least degree exposed, he did not fail to make his cruelty felt and remembered.

There were but three forts in Kentucky at the time of which we are speaking; that at Boonesborough, which was the most important one—that at Harrodsburgh—and what was known as Logan's Fort. At Boonesborough there was a garrison of but twenty-two men; at Logan's Fort of only fifteen; and Harrodsburgh held sixty-five—more than both the others together. That is, there were only one hundred and two men to hold the entire frontier against the assaults of Indians and British combined; and by the treaties that had been formed between the latter and the former, it was easy for a mixed army to be precipitated upon this little handful of settlers from the line of posts along to the north, that would crush them out of existence. It is said that about three hundred of the settlers had gone back to Virginia again, either disheartened at the prospects, or grown too timid to remain and hold their position. This of course entailed more severe service on the few who remained at their post; they were on the watch continually; all had to take their turns, and take them pretty often, too, as they were in constant danger from their foes.

SQUAW AND PAPOOSE.

Finally there was a concerted movement among the savages to make a descent on the fort at Boonesborough; they had waited and watched to see what the great strength of the pioneers consisted in, and now, having

perfectly satisfied themselves, they resolved to surround the whites in a body and endeavor to destroy them. The garrison at Boonesborough was exceedingly small; the Indians came down upon them in numbers exceeding one hundred. Of course, there was dangerous odds against the whites. They made their attack on the 15th of April. It was a sudden and terrible one. Their savage natures had been aroused to the highest pitch of excitement. They dashed, like waves upon rocks, against the feeble enclosure of the settlers in the wilderness. The forest rang again with their shrill shouts and cries. Their lithe and dusky forms peopled the solitudes as the white men had never seen them peopled before. They came on with the yells of infuriated beasts, striking terror into the hearts of all who heard them.

GENERAL MASSACRE THREATENED.

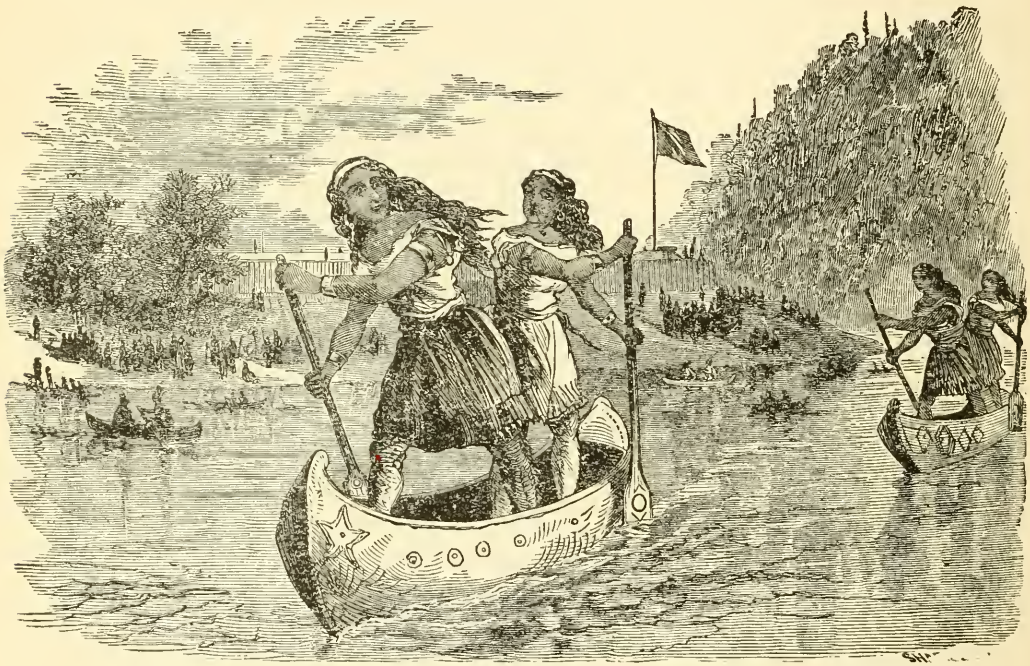
It appeared, for a time, as if the little fort was much too frail to withstand the wild onset. They behaved as if nothing could keep them from pouring in a living stream into the fort, and visiting the little garrison with a general massacre. The white settlers made sorry work among them with their unerring rifles. How many of the savages were thus picked off was never known; for they were careful to conceal their losses by carrying off their dead and wounded. Yet it was believed, with good reason, that they were sore sufferers. Their unexpected losses served to make them still more ferocious. They raved and stormed against the entrenched garrison with the fury of desperation. But it was to no purpose. The skill and coolness of the white man were more than a match for the Indian.

They sullenly turned their backs, therefore, and plunged into the shadows of the wilderness. Now they knew what it was to meet the fire of the brave white settlers. It must have tasked them still more to bear their dead away with them, especially when so sorely fatigued with the results of a vain and bloody assault against a determined foe. That, however, was their usual practice, which they would have followed in the present case, if it had cost every one of them his life. The evidences of

the desperate combat were all around the locality. The garrison, to be sure, did not lose but a single man, which was a very slight misfortune for them, under such threatening circumstances.

They must have thought themselves fortunate to remain masters of their position.

The savages were not satisfied with this; it only whetted their appetite for more. Like the wolf, having once tasted blood, they would



INDIAN AMUSEMENTS—CANOE-RACE BETWEEN SQUAWS.

follow up their ferocious instincts wherever they led them. The men within the fort looked for a speedy renewal of the attack, nor were they disappointed in their expectations. The Indians came out of the forest in dense and dark legions, on the 4th of July. They numbered a larger mass than ever. They came and sat down before the rude fortress as for a regular siege, resolved either to fight or starve their determined enemy out. The numbers stood about two hundred Indians to one white man; overwhelming odds, truly, and apparently discouraging.

For forty-eight hours the savages kept up the siege. Every white

man's head that was exposed in the least, was during that period in imminent danger. They howled and shrieked, they whooped and yelled in their barbarous frenzy, expecting that the deadly terror they would thus strike into the hearts of the white men within the fort would somehow lead to their easier overthrow. The wild beasts themselves, coming from their forest lairs, could not have made night more hideous than did these Indians, with their unearthly yells and cries. Those within the fortress, however, were not inspired with terror, but rather with desperation.

HEROISM OF THE LITTLE GARRISON.

Too well they knew that this was their last chance to hold or lose all—and they might the latter. The fighting between the opposing parties, during the time the place was thus besieged by the Indians, was as close as any that had yet occurred. The little garrison came off, however, with the loss of but a single man, as in the previous contest; fewer were wounded, too, than before. The courage of Daniel Boone in this encounter was especially conspicuous; he dared all that any brave man could dare, and exercised a wariness that made him an equal match even for the Indian.

Soon after this, other settlers began to come into the forts, and were received with manifestations of the greatest joy. When a garrison was reduced to the dimensions of this, the slightest accession to its numbers could not but be hailed with delight. Forty-five men arrived from North Carolina, in the last week of July, and a hundred more came from Virginia in the latter part of August; making an accession of valuable men to the settlement really worth speaking of. All along through the summer and into the autumn, they continued to have skirmishes with the Indians, but they always came out best from each encounter. There was no end, apparently, to the ingenuity practised by the savages in selecting the time and mode of their attacks. At any hour of the day, they were liable to beset the party of white men hunting in the forest; and through the still night hours there was no cessation from fears of their presence.

Boone was wary and watchful. The red man himself was not more

than a match for him in that respect. And in addition to this trait of caution and judgment, he possessed all the attributes of the highest courage. No mere military man could inspire followers with deeper confidence than he. He never hesitated to lead wherever any dared to follow.

A man now appeared upon the field, who was destined to play a brilliant and important part in the early history of the western country. His name was George R. Clarke. No greater military man has ever associated his name with the annals of our early western settlements. As a brave man, he had long been familiarly known in the old Virginia colony, and he enjoyed the confidence of Lord Dunmore, the royal Governor, in a marked degree. The latter had even offered him a military commission under British authority, but that he had nobly declined.

THREE GARRISONS ENTRENCHED ON THE FRONTIER.

There were three important garrisons on the northwestern frontier that were occupied by the British and Indians—at Detroit, Vincennes, and Kaskaskias. The young reader who is not familiar with their location, will do well to make himself acquainted with the same by referring to the map. Clarke saw that there was but one way by which to intimidate the savage, and that was by striking a vigorous and decisive blow at once. He therefore resolved to make a concerted attack on each of these three fortresses, surprising the garrison perhaps into a surrender. He wanted bold men to work with him. He looked around to find those who, while as cautious and wary as the Indian himself, were still as fearless as lions to go out into an encounter.

The first thing done by General Clarke was to select and organize a board of forest rangers, or spies, who could track their solitary way in the deep wilderness, hover on the outskirts of the enemy, and fetch and carry reports with the utmost promptness and reliability. The payment for their services, it was pledged by Clarke, should be made by Virginia. All along the Ohio banks they traveled, taking their lives in their hands. The men of our time can have no conception of the perils with which they were environed. Clad in their hunting toggery—moccasins,

buckskin breeches, and a hunter's shirt of leather, and armed with the keen knife and inseparable rifle, they plunged into dense growths of forest, and tracked paths through the close-serried ranks of the cane, with the same sense of security with which the savage trod those wilds himself. The work to be done by the spy, therefore, courageous as it was in the largest sense, was attended with a great deal more danger on the western frontier, than within range of the enemy's sentinels on the Atlantic border in peaceful settlements.

ROMANTIC STORY OF A WESTERN SCOUT.

Prominent among all brave and memorable western scouts, or spies, is the name of Simon Kenton. He performed a vast deal of invaluable work at this particular juncture. There was a secret cause for his thus taking to the perils and excitements of a spy among the Indian forts, which deserves narration. Boone made choice of him immediately, confiding to him some of his deepest projects for the reduction of the enemy's fortresses and the defence of his own. Of a more sincere and beautiful friendship than that which existed between Boone and Kenton, the history of no early state, east or west, furnishes any example. The name of Simon Kenton—or Simon Butler, as it came to be—is indissolubly associated with that of Boone all over the west. Boone's choice of the man for the service required, showed the deepest insight on the part of the great pioneer.

Kenton, early in life, was deeply in love with a young woman, who failed to return his passion. She preferred another beau to him. This was more than the hot blood of the young man could endure. When his lady-love called her friends together to witness the ceremony of her marriage, Simon Kenton was present, uninvited; he did not care to be invited; he could witness that ceremony without going through a needless form of that kind. Of course his presence created much excitement in the bridal party, and, in the custom of those rude times, there was a tussle between the successful and unsuccessful young man, which resulted rather in the latter's discomfiture. He vowed vengeance, however, and

watched his opportunity. It was not long in coming round. The two young fellows met. Kenton got the better of his adversary, and used him savagely. Supposing he had taken his life, he fled for the shelter of the forest. Changing his name to that of Simon Butler, he entered on a life of wild excitement and reckless daring, which could be desired by no living mortal except, perhaps, to keep down internal excitements immeasurably stronger and deeper. There are a great many stories told throughout the west, of his extreme sufferings in certain cases, when he fell into the hands of the Indians. It is said that he was eight times compelled to run the gauntlet, which was no slight undertaking, nor holding out many chances of escape finally ; he was three times fastened to the stake ; and once he came very near being sacrificed by a blow from an axe, or tomahawk ; thus he was in constant danger.

BOONE'S LIFE SAVED BY A NOTED SPY.

More than once, Simon Kenton was instrumental in saving Boone's life. Kenton was on the watch, one day, standing at the gate of the fort. He was about going forth on the service of a spy. His rifle was loaded, and he was otherwise equipped for his work. It was quite early in the morning. A couple of men belonging to the fort were out in the fields not far off, engaged in hoeing. Suddenly Kenton observed that the men were fired upon. He knew instantly that Indians were at hand. Finding themselves unhurt, the two men started and ran with all speed for the fort. The savages followed as rapidly. One of the poor fellows was overtaken within a few rods of the fort, and tomahawked in sight of Kenton himself. The latter put his rifle to his shoulder, drew the trigger, and the savage who had done the deed fell dead in his tracks. Revenge was in swift pursuit.

The Indians were very bold in approaching so near ; but they had learned not to fear the white man, from familiarity with his presence. Furthermore, they were there in such strength that the risk they run was slight indeed. Boone was within the fort at the time Kenton fired his rifle with such effect at the Indian. The sound was an alarm for his

practised ear, and, with ten trusty men, he started off after the savages. The latter did not run, but seemed inclined to stand their ground. Boone and his little party were speedily fighting in the midst of them. Kenton's quick eye saw one savage in the act of taking deadly aim at Boone himself, and he shot him dead on the spot, before his bullet could perform its fatal errand, and saved the great pioneer.

BOONE WOUNDED IN A DESPERATE FIGHT.

So sudden was the alarm—it being at an early hour of the morning—that Boone had thought only of making an instantaneous sally and driving the invaders off with a dash; he had not stopped to calculate in how large force they might be, nor what were the chances of his coming off victorious. He was struck aback with surprise, therefore, to find himself and his ten followers completely surrounded! The hostile Indians had managed to place themselves in considerable numbers between him and the fort! There was but one way by which he might save himself, and that was by rushing furiously against the foe. He made a rush—such as only men like him ever dare to attempt—calling out to his followers to fire upon the red-skins, and plunge into their ranks. They did as they were ordered; and, but for the deadly fire of the Indians themselves, who were prepared to resist such an onset, they would have cut their way through safely and successfully. The Indians fired simultaneously with the rush the party made at them.

Boone himself was wounded, and fell to the ground. Six others, also, received bullets from the savages' guns. An Indian at once dashed forward as the white men fell, and raised his tomahawk to knock out the brains of the prostrate Pioneer; but the keen eye of Kenton was upon him, and an unerring ball followed the course of the eye in a twinkling. Down came the Indian to the ground, biting the dust in the agony of death. Kenton was proving himself invaluable. Boone was carried into the fort with his leg broken; the rest were also got in with great haste, and then the gates were shut fast against the foe. The Pioneer never forgot the obligations he owed to his generous preserver. It is true, he

could not give them expression, except in words, yet they lived none the less deeply in his large and noble heart.

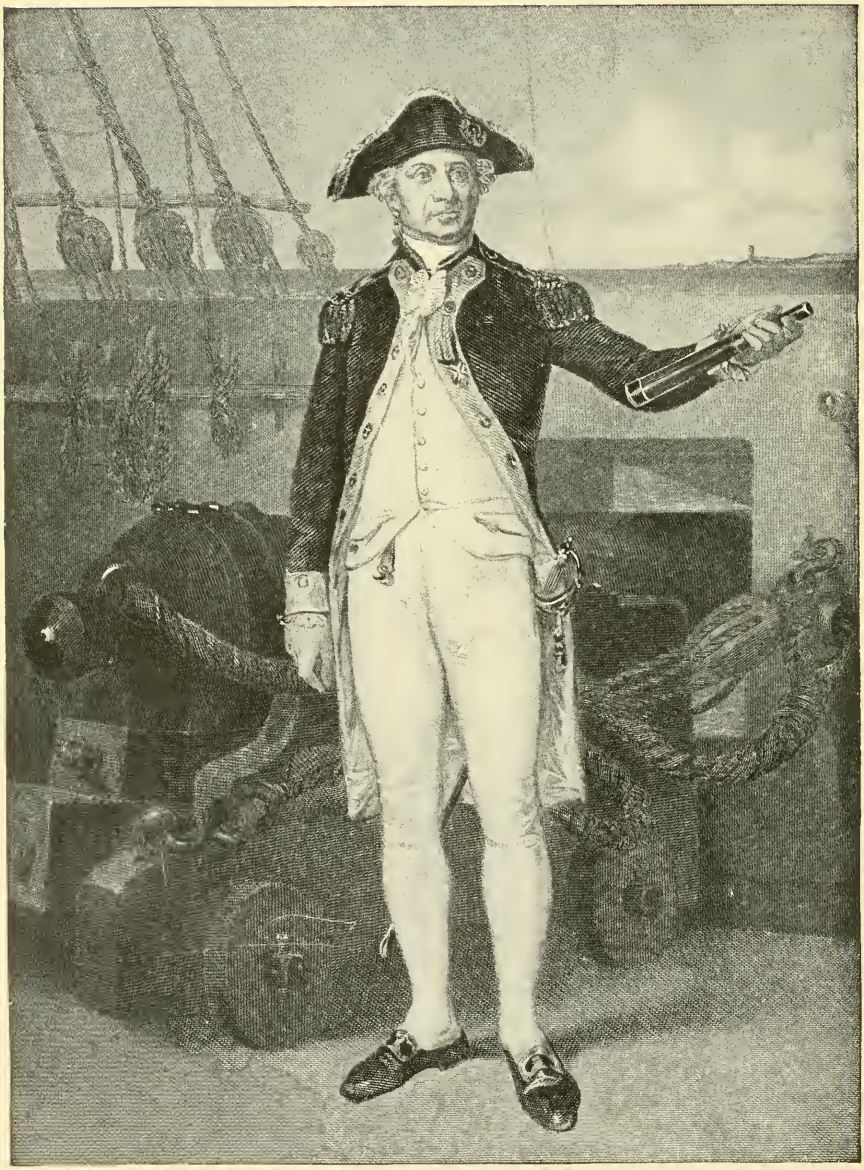
This is but one of the many similar scenes that were enacted at that

NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS IN COSTUME.

time on the frontiers of Kentucky. There was hardly any life but that which comprised alarms and surprises. All labor outside the fort was

FIRST BLOW FOR LIBERTY

"HERE ONCE THE EMBATTLED FARMERS STOOD AND FIRED THE SHOT HEARD ROUND THE WORLD."



ADMIRAL JOHN PAUL JONES

performed only under the protection of well armed guards, and at particular hours of the day. The land was held at the greatest possible cost, both of labor and endurance. Men slept on their rifles. They did not stir out without them. A watchful guard had to be kept all the time, lest a wily red fellow might by some chance stealthily creep up and surprise them. There were skirmishes, too, continually. Scarcely a week passed over, without one or more of them.

Having been shut in for so many months in the fort without the means of making their usual sallies out for provisions of this and that sort, it naturally fell out that the garrison began pretty soon to suffer from the lack of salt. They could not live much longer, at least in a state of comparative health, unless they could procure salt. They well knew of certain places along the course of the streams, where salt was to be had in plenty, the wild beasts of the forest having revealed to them the important secret in the first place. Accordingly an expedition was planned to procure at these places the much needed commodity.

WENT WITH TRUSTY RIFLES AND BRAVE HEARTS.

When a measure of this sort was to be taken, Boone was the man all ready to enlist in it. A party of men, all abundantly armed, was made up for the expedition. Thirty men set forth. They knew full well what they were about to undertake, and went prepared with trusty rifles and stout hearts. Their destination was to what was known as the Blue Licks, one of the most famous and valuable places for the free production of salt known in Kentucky. There was many a fierce and bloody conflict fought at and near this place, and the entire neighborhood forms one of the most important of all the localities that helped make up, for Kentucky, the title of the "dark and bloody ground."

Splendid hotels, with numerous out-buildings, occupy the spot now, attracting to it the most gay and fashionable of all the pleasure-seekers of the land. It would hardly be recognized as the same spot which originated so many bloody encounters between the white settler and the ferocious red man of the forest.

After a cautious and quite slow march—necessarily so, because of the unseen dangers that lurked everywhere around them—Boone and his brave little band of thirty men arrived in safety, and without the loss of a single one of their number, at the place, and began immediate operations. They set their salt kettles in which to evaporate the water from the spring, and went about the task of manufacturing the salt required for the use of the garrison. It was important that the work should be done with great dispatch, for the moment the Indians found out what they were at, there would come an end to their operations.

SCENE COMMEMORATED IN OUR CAPITOL.

Sundry exciting incidents occurred while this little party were at the springs, and among the rest one which our government has thought worthy of preservation in stone, in a sculptured group ornamenting the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. Evidently the story has been made to fit the well known character of Boone, but we tell it in the very words it has been told in before:

"Boone, instead of taking part in the diurnal and uninterrupted labor of evaporating the water, performed the more congenial duty of hunting to keep the company in provisions while they labored. In this pursuit, he had one day wandered some distance from the bank of the river. Two Indians, armed with muskets—for they had now generally added these efficient weapons to their tomahawks—came upon him. His first thought was to retreat. But he discovered, from their nimbleness, that this was impossible. His second thought was resistance, and he slipped behind a tree to await their coming within rifle-shot. He then exposed himself, so as to attract their aim. The foremost leveled his musket. Boone, who could dodge the flash at the pulling of the trigger, dropped behind his tree unhurt. The next object was to cause the fire of the second musket to be thrown away in the same manner. He again exposed part of his person, a daring thing to do according to our present ideas, but we must remember that the muskets of those days were the old-fashioned flint-lock.

"The eager Indian instantly fired, and Boone evaded the shot as before. Both the Indians, having thrown away their fire, were eagerly striving, but with trembling hands, to reload. Trepidation and too much haste retarded their object. Boone drew his rifle, and one of them fell dead. The two antagonists, now on equal ground, the one unsheathing his knife, and the other poising his tomahawk, rushed toward the dead body of the fallen Indian. Boone, placing his foot on the dead body,

DANIEL BOONE'S FIGHT WITH THE SAVAGES.

dexterously received the well-aimed tomahawk of his powerful enemy on the barrel of his rifle, thus preventing his skull from being cloven by it. In the very attitude of striking, the Indian had exposed his body to the knife of Boone, who plunged it in his body to the hilt, and was again the hero in a personal encounter."

A party of Indians who were on their way to capture the fort at Boonesborough came suddenly upon Boone while hunting in the woods near the salt springs. Seeing that resistance was useless, he was com-

pelled to surrender himself and his little band, who were fortunate enough to escape being killed, as they probably would have been if they had engaged in a fight with the red men. Instead of going forward to capture the fort, as they could easily have done, since there were few to defend it, the Indians marched their prisoners to Chillicothe, which was their leading settlement in that section.

BOONE AND HIS COMPANIONS SENT TO DETROIT.

Desirous of acquainting their white allies, the British, with the results of their prowess, the Indians sent off Boone and ten chosen men of the captured party through the wilderness, and across rivers and creeks, to the British fort at Detroit. General Hamilton was in command at that noted place, and it is charged that, in obedience to the spirit of the alliance then existing between the British and Indians, he had offered large sums of money for all the scalps of the white men that the Indians might bring in. He has the credit, however, of humanely telling the savages that he preferred living prisoners to scalps, which was so much in his favor when sentiments so civilized were not in the fashion.

They were about three weeks in making the journey, which they did with some difficulty. Boone all the while pretended to be contented with his lot, and thus deceived his captors the more. Little is recorded of the journey itself; he is mute respecting it. Arrived at Detroit, he became at once the observed of all. Hamilton, the British commander, knew much about him, because he could not well help knowing in what esteem he had been held by Governor Dunmore, of Virginia. The officers and soldiers showed him many personal attentions, which he greatly prized, and repeatedly placed their funds at his disposal. He was escorted around wherever he chose to go in the neighborhood, by his Indian guides, all the while professing himself satisfied with his new fortunes. Hamilton offered the Indians as large a sum as one hundred pounds sterling, or five hundred dollars, for his ransom, but the Indians refused the offer unconditionally. They knew how valuable a prize they had in the person of the Pioneer of Kentucky.

He stayed at Detroit for a month, at no time betraying the least discontent or desire to escape. The Indians were anxious to adopt him, knowing what valuable service he could render them, and he appeared to be quite agreeable to their wishes. He knew his only safety depended upon his falling in apparently with all their plans. They finally returned with him to their old village of Chillicothe, arriving there after a long and tedious journey. Boone says, in his biography, he was well treated by the Indians, made himself friendly with them, was adopted, according to their custom, into a family, where he became a son, and had a great share in the affection of his new parents, brothers, sisters and friends, yet all the time feeling extreme anxiety concerning the fate of the fort at Boonesborough and watching an opportunity to escape.

CEREMONY OF ADOPTION INTO AN INDIAN FAMILY.

In order to become a member of the tribe, and particularly to be admitted into the family of the chieftain, he was obliged to go through certain ceremonies that must have cost his feelings a large sacrifice; but he considered the object to be gained more than anything else. They took him and plucked out, spear by spear, all the hair from his head, with the exception of a single lock on the top of the skull, called the tuft-lock, which was about three inches in diameter; then they put him through the process of having the white blood washed out of him; next he was carried to the council house, where he listened to a set speech, setting forth the dignity of his new character, and the services expected of him as the son of a chief, and the member of the tribe. Finally he submitted himself to be painted all about the face, in most fantastic devices, and then he sat down with the rest of them to a feast, and to the pipe, which is symbolic of peace and fraternity. Boone's best friend would not have been likely to recognize him, had he seen him thus metamorphosed.

Every day he studied how he might make his preparations most skillfully for escape. The Indians kept a close watch on him, though he believed they had confidence in his integrity. When they gave him

bullets with which to go out on his hunting excursions, they were careful to count them, and observe on his return if he had secreted any for his own use in the future. But even here Boone was too shrewd for them; for he would use but slight charges of powder, and the bullets he would cut in two. Besides sending him out to hunt and bring in wild game for them, the savages set him at work making salt; this they knew he could do, for when he was surprised and captured by them, he was

INDIANS PAINTING WHITE MEN.

with a party that were engaged in this very occupation. There were salt springs on the Scioto River, and thither he was forced to go and manufacture this indispensable commodity for his dusky captors. The Indian was too proud to do menial work, and therefore left it for his squaws and his captives. Boone did not in any one point disappoint their expectations. He worked industriously and cheerfully; he produced liberal supplies of the article they wanted, and they bestowed on him their praise for his valuable services.

All this time, they were without their old leader at the fort at Boonesborough. More than four months had elapsed already, and nothing had been heard of him. Presently, however, news arrived in a roundabout way at Boonesborough that their leader had been carried off to Detroit. That was all they could learn of his fate. They supposed now that he was altogether in the hands of the British, and that the Indians would have no more to do with him. And not having heard further respecting his disposal, the general conclusion was that he had been carried still further away into the wilds of Canada. Little thought they that, at that very hour, he was so near them, the adopted son of a powerful Shawanese Chief, and secretly plotting how he could best get back to them again! But, without Boone, they seemed to give up all; he had so long been their guiding spirit, animating them to exertion, that when he was lost, all seemed to be lost with him. Hence they fell off in their watchfulness against the enemy, and even suffered the fort itself—the last hope and stay of their existence—to be neglected.

SHAWANESE CHIEF.

Satisfied in her own mind that she should not hear from her husband again, the wife of Daniel Boone started off with her little family—excepting one daughter—for the home of her parents in North Carolina. She made the journey on horseback, carrying her few effects along with her the best way she could. It was a sorrowful journey indeed for her. Since coming out into the western country, she had sacrificed her eldest boy and lost her husband. Were there anything now left to stay for, she would willingly have remained on the frontier; but she despaired of ever seeing her husband again, and the condition of the settlers at Boones-

borough was fast becoming so precarious that she could not but see the folly of staying only to throw her life away. Safely, though slowly, that brave woman, with her little brood about her, found her way back through the frowning wilderness, hundreds of miles, to Carolina. Few of her sex could be found willing to undertake such a journey even in these times; what is to be thought of the courage of her who freely set out on it, in times of peril like that, when the forest was alive with dangers from savage and beast, and not even a regular trail was to be followed from one point to another? Surely, that she was entirely worthy of her noble husband. She arrived home in safety, as every reader is glad to know.

SAVAGES PREPARE TO CAPTURE THE FORT.

To return to Boone himself. When he had finished making salt and gone back to the Indian settlement at Chillicothe, he was not a little surprised to find that his captors had been making preparations, in his absence, to proceed in full force against the fort at Boonesborough. There were four hundred and fifty of their bravest warriors, all ready to set out on the expedition. This fact caused him to hasten his plans. He began to hurry now, where he had acted leisurely before. But it would not answer for him to betray the least anxiety, or even suspicion; therefore he pretended not to notice that anything appeared different to him from what was usual.

In this way he could overhear the whole of their talk, and get at the meaning of their plans. They had no idea, either, that he had so good a knowledge of their language; but Daniel Boone was a man who put everything that came in his way to good use, at one time or another. He heard them talk of the weakness of the fort at that particular time; of the carelessness with which it was garrisoned; of the neglect into which it had fallen; and of their expectations to surprise and capture it beyond the possibility of a doubt. No one can imagine with what pangs his heart was visited, for he believed that at the fort were still his wife and children; still he was forced to appear perfectly calm, or all would be lost. It was a trial such as very few men could go through. Nay,

more and harder than this; he had even to flatter and cajole the rascals whenever they did something which they deemed worthy of praise. Even upon the preparations that were making all around him for this very enterprise, he was forced to look with complacency and apparent satisfaction.

He knew he must escape, and that speedily. Yet with the utmost caution. A single hasty movement, a single false step, however slight, would betray all. The 16th of June came. Up to that very day, the Indians had felt no suspicion of his intention. On that morning he was going out again, with their consent to engage in hunting. He rose early, took his gun, secreted a small piece of venison to allay hunger, and started off. His heart swelled, courageous as it always was, to think of the great risk he was running. They would easily overtake him, if they should suspect for what he had gone forth; and once overtaken, his doom was sealed. They would never have permitted him to live to deceive them again. He was intensely excited, and yet he kept cool. To get a fair start was his great object. He knew quite as much of the wilderness as they, and would not be afraid to trust his own skill in woodcraft against theirs. He was in the prime of life, too, fresh and active; and he felt no fear, great as were the odds against him, unless it should come from some unforeseen mischances.

FAST JOURNEY TOWARD THE FORT.

For four days and nights he kept traveling, always in the direction of the fort, and, in the course of that time, he said that he ate but a single meal! The distance to Boonesborough was one hundred and sixty miles. This was at the rate of about forty miles a day. The single meal eaten by him on the road consisted of a wild turkey that he shot himself, after he had got safely across the Ohio River. When once he had passed this dividing line, he began to feel more at his ease, though still anxious, and all the time steadily pushing forward for the fort. It was his great care, too, to mislead his pursuers, or throw them off the trail; this cost him much trouble. He swam rivers, forded creeks, waded through

swamps and marshes, and found his way through forests and almost impenetrable canebreaks. He listened to every sound, lest it might be a dusky pursuer. He was no swimmer, or at least a very indifferent one, and he doubted if he should be able to cross the Ohio safely, especially as its current was much swollen at that season of the year.

INDIAN CHIEF AND HIS WIGWAM.

But when he came to that great stream, flowing on so majestically, he had the luck to find a canoe that had drifted into the bushes on the bank near by, into which he jumped with no sort of ceremony; and he paddled himself to the opposite shore as fast as ever boat was propelled by oars before. It is said there was a hole in one end of the canoe, but that he manged to stop effecually, and in a very reasonable time. It was certainly providential that it happened to be hidden there in the bushes, and so he recognized the incident. When he reached the fort at last, and duly made himself known to his former comrades, they looked upon him as upon one risen from the dead. He was some time engaged in satisfying them of his identity, and afterwards in narrating his story from beginning to end.

It grieved him to learn that his wife and children had gone, but it

was too late to help that. He set about directing the needed repairs for the fort, knowing far better than the garrison what were the preparations making, and what now were the many times heightened motives for investing and destroying it. All his energy was brought to bear upon this single thing. Where it was weak—at the gates, the flankers, the posterns, or the bastions—he made it strong again. He infused into the settlers an activity and enthusiasm they had not displayed since the days when he used to arouse them to exertion before.

PREPARED FOR A HEROIC DEFENSE.

In the short space of ten days they were all right again, ready to receive any sort of a visit—outside, of course—which their old enemies might think best to make. This time he felt sure that the fort would be compelled to stand a siege it had never passed through before. He had seen with his own eyes the large preparations made by the Indians to invest and capture it. He had heard their talk about the matter with his own ears, and could not be deceived. Hence he well knew that when the next wave rolled in upon them, it would be the most terrible of any that had hitherto given them a shock. Against this he was bound to make all possible preparation. Besides suspecting what he did, he had, it seems, heard directly from the Indians at Chillicothe. One of his comrades had made his escape also, and came in with fresh reports of what the Indians were doing. They were all up in arms about his having left them in the style in which he did, and vowed vengeance on his devoted head for having so thoroughly deceived them. They held a great council forthwith. The matter was fully debated. It would not do to let a prisoner like that escape. They would teach him that the pride of the red man could not thus be offended with impunity.

They, in their turn, too, were informed how the improvements in the fort went on. It was evident to them that the old hand of the master was there again. The intelligence of the strengthening of the white man's fortress excited them inexpressibly. They were impatient to be off, and make the assault they were resolved upon. They knew that

every day's delay now only added to the white man's strength. The talk was long and earnest. It was obvious to them that they had no common enemy to deal with now, and they remembered that he was familiar with all their habits, their customs, and their weaknesses. He had shown the Indian, if no other white man had done it before him, that he was more than a match for him on his own ground, that he was acquainted with his tricks and traps, and knew how to keep himself out of them; and the Indian with all his boasted cunning, must needs be on the alert, or he would suddenly find himself outwitted by the very enemy he pretended to hold in such contempt and disdain.

INDIANS RESOLVE TO MASSACRE THE WHITES.

After Boone's escape the Indians formed the grand plan of exterminating the whites altogether. To accomplish a purpose so fell as this, required the active strength of the entire nation. They rallied far and near. All their braves, young and old, assembled in force, prepared to carry out the plan proposed. From this Indian village and that they came in, duly equipped for the bloody enterprise. The old Shawanese sachem—he who had adopted Boone as his own son—was at the head. His heart could never consent to forgive the deceit that had been practiced upon it by his pale-faced son. If he could taste the sweetness of revenge now, he would feel in a degree compensated for what his pride had suffered. It did not take a long time, therefore, for the village at Chillicothe to fill up with recruits.

Boone was on the alert. He knew the character of the foe, and the necessity of timely preparation against their approach. He had made the fort strong and whole again, and felt assured that it was capable of offering an irresistible defence against them. And thus prepared, he sallied out with a party of nineteen men, determined to oppose them even before they reached Boonesborough. He would fain surprise their scouting parties, and perhaps cut them off! It was a plan entirely characteristic of Boone, and worthy of his tried courage and boldness. Instead of waiting for them to come to him, he would go out to them. In this

sally from the fort, he and his party traversed a distance of one hundred and sixty miles. They struck off for the Scioto River, near which they

FLIGHT OF THE INDIANS.

suddenly fell in with a party of thirty Indians, who were on their way down to join the main body of the enemy at Chillicothe.

The place where they met was at an Indian village on a creek known as Paint Creek. A battle was at once fought between the two parties. Boone proved more than a match for the red-skins, whom he compelled to flee with the loss of one of their number killed, and two wounded. The fellows made rapid tracks for their friends at Chillicothe, bearing along with them the unwelcome tidings of the affray. Of course the Indian leaders there were astonished beyond measure to learn that their old enemy had shown boldness enough to come out from the fort and offer them battle. Nothing now was thought of but to go forth, and overtake and destroy him, and all his men.

THE ENEMY APPEAR IN FULL FORCE.

But Boone was prepared for a movement like this. He had no idea of being caught away from home by the main body of the Indian forces. Having once tested the quality of his men in an open fight in the forest, he was quite satisfied to retire with them to the advantages of shelter again. They had tasted danger outside, and the Indians, too, had been taught a wholesome lesson; and that was all Boone wanted. It was something, at least, to show the savages that they need not consider themselves safe from assault in any place, or at any time. Having compelled them to abandon their little settlement at Paint Creek, and leave their baggage, together with several horses, behind them, he was for the time satisfied. He was absent but a single week on this warlike excursion, in which time he had struck terror into the very heart of the enemy.

As soon as he reached the entrenchments of the fort again, Boone put the entire garrison on the look-out for the foe; it was certain now that they would soon be there. The men at the fort waited and watched patiently. They were soon repaid, too, for their trouble. Before long, the wilderness was alive with Indians, all armed for the final struggle. They came prepared to blot the settlement at Boonesborough out of existence. Their faces were painted after the most hideous fashion, and their bodies were clad with the most unique and oddly-assorted apparel. They came and sat down before the fort in full strength. The forest resounded with

their hideous yells and war-whoops. Stalwart forms appeared from the distant shadows, every one the impersonation of hatred and revenge. They scowled the defiance they might in vain have tried to speak. On the right hand and the left, and far away in the front, these native warriors threw out their terrible threats. Boone felt that hope had gone—except it came through exertion. It was idle to expect quarter from an enemy that had been so many times baffled. If they once effected an entrance within their fortified enclosure, there was an end of all things earthly for them. It was truly a dismal contingency to contemplate, but it doubtless lent fresh courage to the settlers, for it was the terrible courage that is born of despair, that dies, but never surrenders.

GARRISON CALLED ON TO SURRENDER.

The commander of this body of Indians was none other than Du Quesne himself, who gave a name to a fort which will ever go with our history, and with which that of Washington himself is associated. Blackfish, the Shawanese sachem, held command with, not under him. There were about four hundred and fifty Indians in the besieging force, and a dozen Canadians.

The little fort that was the object of all this preparation, garrisoned but sixty-five men. So few against so many ; seven outside, against one inside ! What a forlorn hope indeed did they entertain ! There were helpless women and children within the walls to protect, too. They all waited for the first movement to be made.

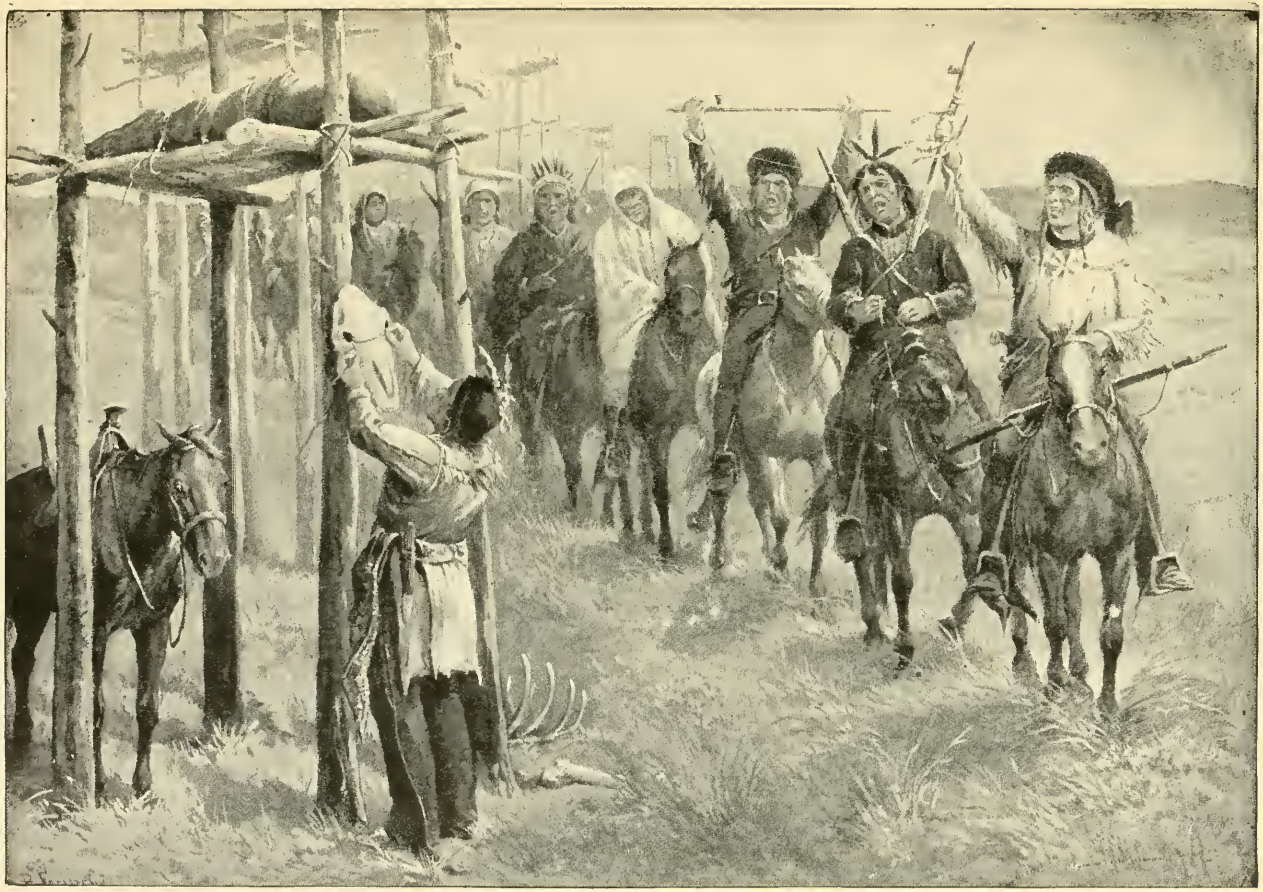
It was made ; but very differently from the stereotyped Indian method. Instead of rushing at the gates with their hideous whoops and yells, a different course was pursued. The savages adopted the method of the white armies in cases of siege, and sat down and asked the garrison to surrender, sending a messenger to the fort with that modest request. Boone answered that he wanted two days in which to consider. It appears that, as soon as he knew of the straits to which he was likely to be reduced, he despatched a messenger to the East, describing his condition, and soliciting immediate aid. It was to Col. Arthur Campbell that he

sent the request, and within the two days specified he would be likely to hear from him. It was simply to gain time, therefore, that he put off an answer to the summons. If Campbell should happen to come forth from the forest unexpectedly to the Indians, then he could himself sally out and attack them from the front, while the force of Campbell would fall upon them from the rear ; and between the two fires, their strength must melt away. Military men wonder at the motive that could have induced Du Quesne to consent to the terms tendered by the garrison ; yet it is possible that he thought he might obtain by diplomacy what he was not so certain to secure by assault, and the glory would be greater. At any rate, he influenced Blackfish and his party to wait the two days asked for by Boone, which was all that was wanted. Meantime, too, the garrison could complete the arrangements necessary for sustaining still more successfully the threatened siege.

READY FOR A LONG SIEGE.

Du Quesne certainly showed a humane spirit. He allowed the women and children, in the interval, to go out and get water from the spring, with which to help along existence during the trial that was before them. The cattle, too, were all got in through the posterns—a very necessary assistance in carrying the garrison through the siege. But Boone himself was very careful to give the enemy no advantage ; especially was he solicitous that they should not capture his own person, for then the whole object of the expedition would be over. Hence, while he freely exposed himself to their sight, he was careful to remain under protection of the fort. In his going out and coming in, he became quite familiar with the enemy, many of whom knew him well at the Chillicothe village and would have been glad enough to lay their hands on him now.

But the time grew short. The two days were nearly spent. No Colonel Campbell yet, emerging with succor from the shadows of the forest. The answer was to be finally given. All the good that could be gained by the delay, had already been gained ; the garrison had been supplied with beef and water to stand the test and trial of a long siege.



SALUTE BY INDIANS TO A DEAD CHIEF.

IT IS CUSTOMARY FOR INDIANS TO PAY RESPECT TO THE MEMORY OF A CHIEF WHO HAS GONE TO THE HAPPY HUNTING-GROUNDS BY A FEW WORDS OF A WAR-SONG, A WARWHOOP OR HOLDING UP THEIR PIPES TO THE DEAD BODY.

INDIAN WAR DANCE

He saw now that he must act ; words were idle. So he collected his little handful of men around him, and asked them which they preferred—resistance or surrender. He knew for himself that surrender was certain death, and resistance, at the worst, could be no more ; yet he deferred to the opinions of the others. They were all ready with their answer ; they would resist till the last hour of their lives—they would never capitulate. Death itself was preferable to disgrace of that character.

Therefore they made ready to fight. They understood how much more numerous the enemy were than themselves, but they would fight, nevertheless. The commander of the besieging force demanded his answer. Boone stood boldly on the ramparts and gave it—"We will fight so long as a man lives to fight," said he. It was enough. The die was cast. From that moment their lives depended on a successful resistance. It was said that the bold and brave manner of Boone struck dismay into their hearts. At any rate, their leaders must have seen how foolish they were in permitting the garrison to provision themselves as thoroughly as they did. But the siege did not begin even then. Du Quesne was not willing to give up his arts of diplomacy, thinking he might yet win by mere words.

PROPOSAL FOR TREATY ACCEPTED.

So he returned a reply to Boone's answer, telling him that Governor Ham...on, at Detroit, wished to make prisoners of the garrison, but not to destroy them, and he requested him to send out nine men from the fort to make a treaty, in which case the forces outside would be withdrawn, and all would go back home without any trouble. In his account of the affair, Boone says, "This sounded grateful to our ears, and we agreed to the proposal." He agreed to it because he knew that Hamilton felt friendly towards him, and he further knew that if they fell into the hands of the besiegers as regular prisoners, there was no hope for their lives.

On consultation, it was resolved to select the nine men desired and send them out. Boone, of course, was at their head. His brother was likewise of the party. The very best men of the garrison, in fact, were

the ones selected. Yet they determined not to go beyond the protection of the fort itself. The distance they ventured was one hundred and twenty feet from the walls. The accurate shooters of the garrison, with sure rifles at their shoulders, held their muzzles in such a position as to protect them. The leading men of the opposite party came up on the same ground. It was plain, however, that they took precaution to protect themselves as much as the others. There they met, professedly with only peaceful intentions, but in reality dreading each the power and threats of the other, and entertaining mutual suspicions.

BASE TREACHERY OF THE INDIANS.

The Canadian captain proposed the terms. In order to test the sincerity of the besiegers, and for nothing more, Boone and his party consented to sign them outright, even though the conditions were such as they well knew they could not agree to. Boone employed the occasion as a mere ruse, in order to find out their real meaning and intention. The treaty, therefore, was signed. Blackfish, the old Shawanese chief, then rose and commenced a speech. The Indians came forward at the same moment. He said it was customary, on the conclusion of a treaty of peace, for the parties to the treaty to come and shake hands with one another. Boone and his other eight men were alive to suspicion, but still they consented to go through with the ceremony.

The moment hands were joined, a signal was given by Blackfish, by previous concert, and three Indians sprang forward to each white man, to make a captive. But, fortunately, the whites were fully prepared for them. They broke away from the grasp of professed friendship, and ran for the fort. A general firing began. The party stationed at the fort let off their guns to protect their fleeing comrades, and the Indians commenced firing in return. Boone had thus unmasked their whole scheme, and had literally drawn their fire. Their entire plan was now exposed. The brother of Boone, Squire Boone, was wounded, but all the rest escaped as by a miracle. Nine men out of the jaws of four hundred and sixty! It was indeed a miracle.

Having secured their retreat within the fort, and closely shut and fastened the gates, they made instant readiness to sustain the worst that might come. And immediately, too, the siege began in good earnest. The Canadian and the Indian united their skill and perseverance. For nine days and nights this trial proceeded. It is impossible to convey to the reader any proper idea of what the garrison in that time went through. They were few in numbers, and their hopes were feeble. They were far from their friends, far from all succor and sympathy. The enemy could keep constant watch, and not suffer; but if the garrison watched, as they must, they were so few that all would be likely in the end to be exhausted. Every man during that memorable siege of nine days, proved himself a hero. The great West knows not how much it owes to the exertions of these same brave pioneers, who were willing and ready to endure so much. The firing of bullets from the outside was incessant; it literally rained bullets, by the hour at a time.

FURIOUS FIGHTING ON BOTH SIDES.

But the men in the fort were prudent, and used their ammunition only to the best advantage. They fired only when they were pretty sure to hit. The savages sheltered themselves as well as they could in the belt of the forest hard by, but even then the marksmen within the fort were much too sure for them. To show the amount of ammunition used by the foe, it is only necessary to note what Boone himself said about it, "that after they were gone, we picked up one hundred and twenty-five pounds of bullets, besides what stuck in the logs of our fort, which certainly is a great proof of their industry."

It is related among the incidents of the siege, that a negro had deserted from the fort, who was known to be skilled in the use of the rifle. Anxious to commend himself to his newly-found friends, he climbed into a tree, and began to do serious execution. Boone heard what was going on, and looked out for the fellow. As soon as he saw his head, he fired a bullet into it, and the negro fell dead to the ground. Boone's daughter also was wounded—the only

one who had remained behind when her mother set out on her return to Carolina.

At length, exasperated to find that they could gain no advantage thus, the savages resolved to try another plan. They set fire to the fort! The flames were soon spreading! Whatever was done, must be done instantly. A young man was bold and brave enough to risk his life in the attempt to quench the flames. He succeeded in his effort. The fort was saved. Seeing this, the Indians thought they might as well give it all up. They took counsel among themselves forthwith, and resolved to withdraw without delay. There was no use in keeping up the attempt to subdue an enemy who the Great Spirit had willed, should not be subdued. But before they withdrew, they resorted to one expedient more. They attempted to undermine the fort. Boone, however, was on the alert, and foiled them with a counter-mine. They felt that they were vanquished, and gave it up.

VICTORY AFTER A FEARFUL SIEGE.

The siege had lasted in all, from the 8th to the 20th day of August. It was a memorable affair in the history of the West, and cannot be dwelt on too long or too often by those who, in this day, enjoy the benefits that were secured to them by these bravest of all pioneers. Nothing more desperate in all history is recorded, when we take into account the circumstances of the time, and the several incidents of the occasion. To the last day of their lives, the men who participated in these stirring scenes were wont to recall them with expressions of the deepest emotion. They could never forget the fearful trials to which, in that brief time, they were subjected.

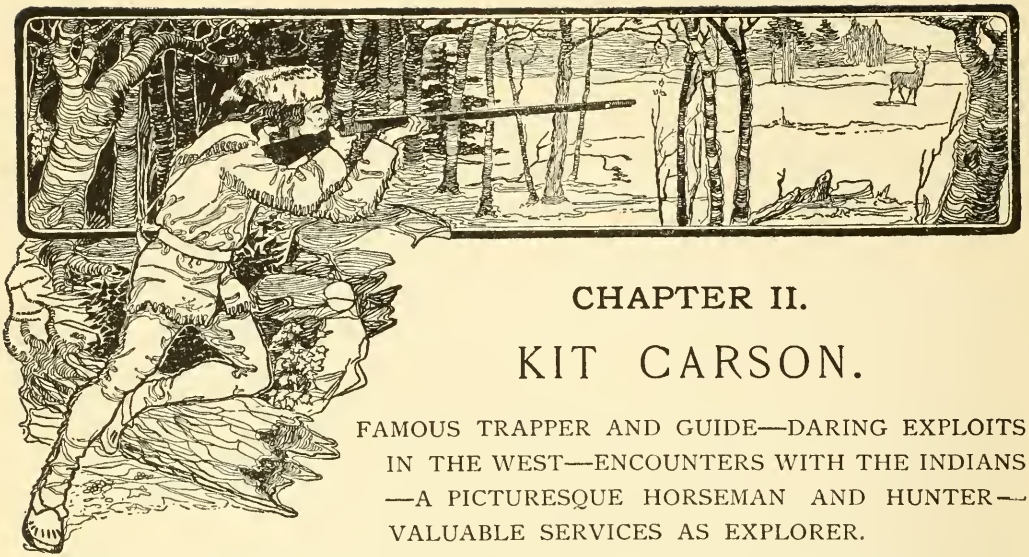
The savages went their own way. They hated to give over their darling design to make a captive of the man who was the acknowledged life and soul of the settlement, knowing very well the sort of man they had once had in their hands. But it seemed they were not fated to have him in their power very soon again. All their plans had certainly failed to retake him. They vanished as they had come.

The brief and modest statement of the Pioneer, after the siege of Boonesborough was raised, is as follows: "Soon after this, I went into the settlement, and nothing worthy of place in this account passed in my affairs for some time." His successful holding out at the fort, however, was an act memorable enough of itself to answer for his lifetime; for, had this little frontier fortress gone, with the clouds of misfortune that were gathering over the American cause in the Atlantic States, there is no telling if it would have been possible to recover from the blow at all. More depended on this very defense of Boonesborough than the careless reader of our history is aware of.

He says of himself again: "Shortly after the troubles at Boonesborough, I went to my family, and lived peaceably there. The history of my going home (to North Carolina) and returning with my family, forms a series of difficulties, an account of which would swell a volume, and, being foreign to my purpose, I omit them."

On the admission of Kentucky to the Union, Boone lost his property for want of formal titles, and retired in 1798 in disgust into the wilderness of Missouri, which did not become United States territory till 1803. In 1812 his claim to a tract of land was allowed in recognition of his services, but when the territory was ceded by Spain to the United States it was found that his title was not valid, on account of his failure to have it properly recorded.

He died at Charette, on the Missouri River, September 26, 1820.



CHAPTER II.

KIT CARSON.

FAMOUS TRAPPER AND GUIDE—DARING EXPLOITS IN THE WEST—ENCOUNTERS WITH THE INDIANS —A PICTURESQUE HORSEMAN AND HUNTER— VALUABLE SERVICES AS EXPLORER.

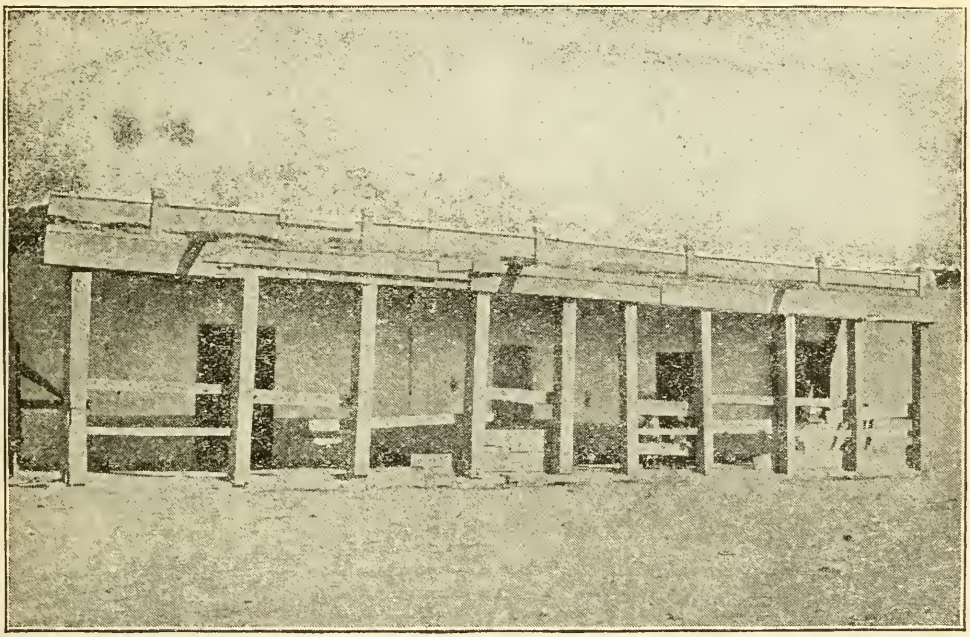
There are men who are exactly fitted for a rough, wild, pioneer life. They are at home amidst dangers and perilous expeditions. Strong in body, superb in courage, reckless to some extent, and ever ready for any difficult undertaking, they lead where other men scarcely dare to follow.

Such a man was Kit Carson, whose many adventures form a thrilling history, and whose name will always be associated with the march of civilization toward the shores of the Pacific. He was a man of great courage, daring intrepidity, heroic bearing, and wonderful nerve and endurance. If he had been a bandit and robber, instead of a trusty and brave guide, he would have terrorized half a continent.

Christopher Carson, familiarly known under the appellation of Kit Carson, was one of the most extraordinary men of the present era. His fame has long been established throughout this country and Europe, as a most skilful and intrepid hunter, trapper, guide and pilot of the prairies and mountains of the far West, and Indian fighter. But his celebrity in these characters is far surpassed by that of his individual personal traits of courage, coolness, fidelity, kindness, honor, and friendship. The theatre of his exploits was extended throughout the whole western portion of the territory of the United States, from the Mississippi to the Pacific, and his associates were some of the most distinguished men of the present

age, to all of whom he became an object of affectionate regard and marked respect.

It appears, from the various declarations of those most intimate with Christopher Carson, as well as from a biography published a number of years before his death, that he was a native of Madison county, Kentucky, and was born on the 24th of December, 1809. Colonel Fremont, in his exhaustive and interesting report of his Exploring Expedition to Oregon and North California, in 1843–44, says that Carson was a native of Boons-



OLD HOME OF THE FAMOUS GUIDE, KIT CARSON, AT TAOS, NEW MEXICO.

lick county, Missouri ; and from his long association with the hunter, he probably makes the statement on Carson's own authority. The error, if it is an error, may have arisen from the fact that Carson's father moved from Kentucky to Missouri, when Christopher was only one year old. He settled in what is now Howard county, in the central part of Missouri.

When Mr. Carson removed his family from Kentucky, and settled in the new territory, it was a wild region, naturally fertile, thus favoring his views as a cultivator ; abounding in wild game, and affording a splen-

did field of enterprise for the hunter, but infested on all sides with Indians, often hostile, and always treacherous. As Mr. Carson united the pursuits of farmer and hunter, and lived in a sort of blockhouse or fort, as a precaution against the attacks of the neighboring Indians, his son became accustomed to the presence of danger, and the necessity of earnest action and industry from his earliest childhood.

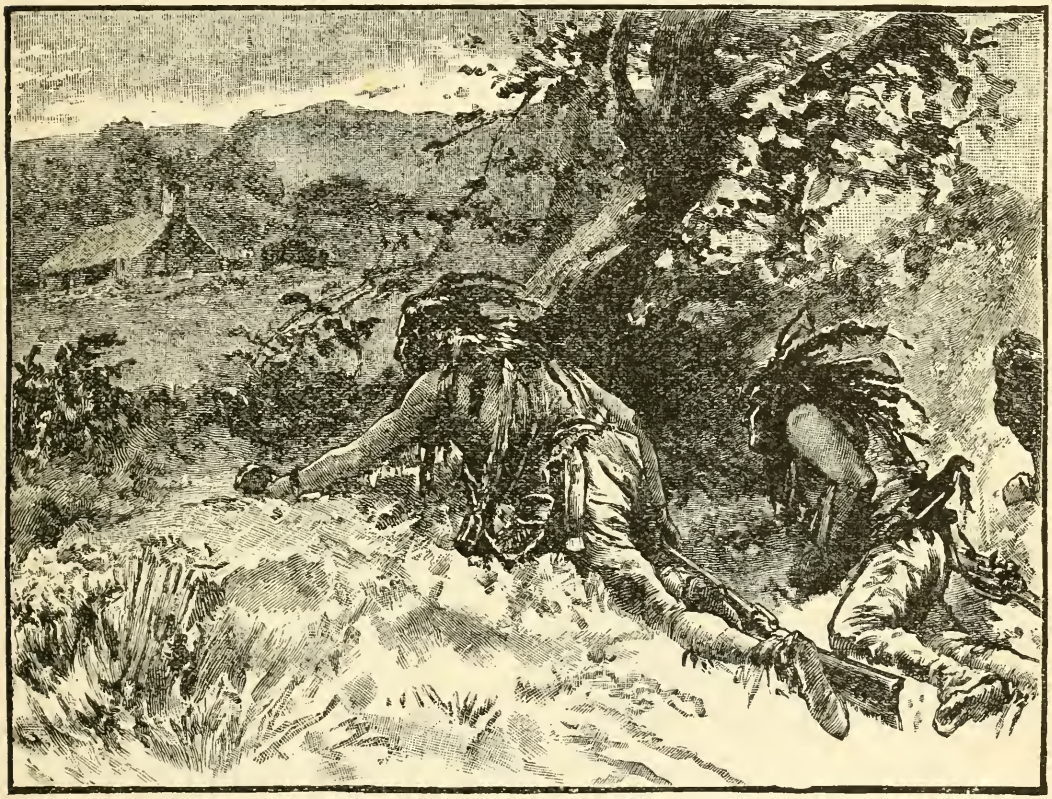
ENTERED EARLY UPON A TRADER'S LIFE.

At the age of fifteen, Kit Carson was apprenticed to a saddler. This trade requiring close confinement, was, of course, utterly distasteful to a boy already accustomed to the use of the rifle, and the stirring pleasures of the hunter's life, and at the end of two years, his apprenticeship was terminated, for Kit voluntarily abandoned the further pursuit of the trade, and sought the more active employment of a trader's life. His new pursuit was more congenial. He joined an armed band of traders in an expedition to Santa Fe, the capital of New Mexico. This, at that period, 1826, was rather a perilous undertaking, on account of the Indian tribes who were ever ready to attack a trading caravan, when there was any prospect of overcoming it. No attack was made on the party, however, and no incident of importance occurred, if we except the accident to one of the teamsters who wounded himself by carelessly handling a loaded rifle, so as to render it necessary to amputate his arm. In this operation Carson assisted, the surgical instruments being a razor, an old saw, and an iron bolt, heated red hot, in order to apply the actual cautery. Notwithstanding this rough surgery, the man recovered.

After spending a winter at Taos and learning the Spanish language, Carson returned to Santa Fe and became a teamster. Here he secured a position as interpreter to a tradesman, but there was not enough of adventure about such a life for a young man whose chief enjoyment was in the chase and in roaming over the prairies and through the woods. He was plainly cut out for a pioneer, an adventurer in the best meaning of the term, and he was never so happy as when pursuing wild game or encoun-

tering the dangers attending an expedition against the red men. He soon joined a party of hunters and trappers to punish the Indians for their depredations against the white settlers, though they really set out to trap for beaver.

They did not fall in with the Indians, of whom they were in pursuit, until they had reached the head of one of the affluents of the Rio Gila,



INDIANS ATTACKING THE HOUSE OF A WHITE SETTLER.

called Salt River. Once in presence of their enemies they made short work with them, killing fifteen of their warriors, and putting the whole band to rout. Such occurrences were by no means unfrequent, as we shall see in the course of this narrative. A small body of experienced hunters and trappers, confident in their superior skill and discipline, never hesitates to attack a greatly superior number of Indians, and it was a rare thing that success did not attend their daring. The Indian is

not fond of a "fair stand up fight." He prefers stratagem and ambush, and reverences as a great "brave," the warrior who is most successful in circumventing his enemies, and bringing off many scalps without the loss of a man; but when a considerable number of Indians are shot down in the first onset, the remainder are very apt to take to flight in every direction.

APACHE SQUAW AND CRADLE.

Carson joined a company of trappers under command of Captain Young, and we next find him in California. Here, in the beautiful valley of the Sacramento, the party hunted such animals as were valuable by reason of their skins. At this stage of our narrative we have the story of two expeditions which Carson led against the Indians, while they trapped upon the Sacramento, which give proof of his courage and thorough education in the art of Indian warfare, which had become a necessity to the traveler on the plains, and in the mountains of the western wilds. With his quick discrimination of character, and familiarity with the habits of the race, he could not but know the Digger Indians were less bold than the Apaches and Camanches, with whom he was before familiar.

The Indians at the Mission San Gabriel, were restive under coerced labor, and forty of them made their escape to a tribe not far away. The mission demanded the return of these fugitives, and being refused, gave battle to the neighboring tribe, but were defeated. The Padre sent to the trappers for assistance to compel the Indians not to harbor their people.

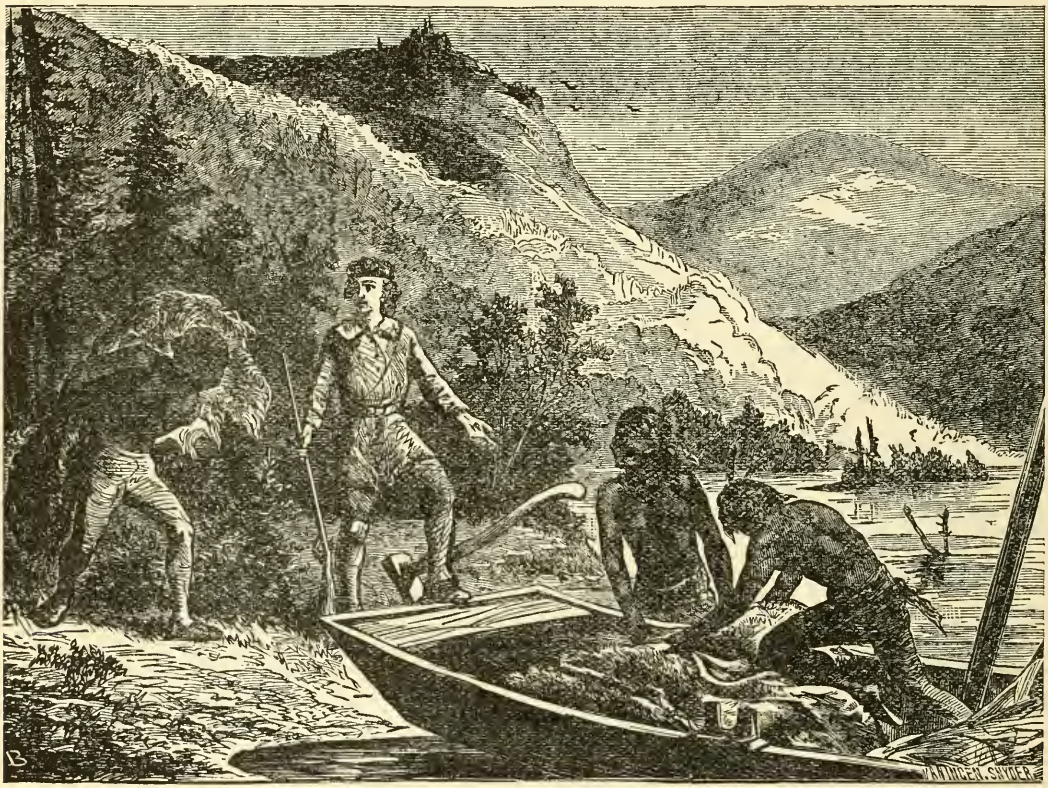
Carson and eleven of his companions volunteered to aid the mission, and the attack upon the Indian village resulted in the destruction of a third of its inhabitants, and compelled them to submission. Captain Young found at this mission a trader to take his furs, and from them purchased a drove of horses.

Directly after his return, a party of Indians contrived to drive away sixty horses from the trappers, while the sentinel slept at night. Carson, with twelve men, was sent in pursuit. It was not difficult to follow the fresh trail of so large a drove, yet he pursued them a hundred miles, and into the mountains, before coming up with them. The Indians supposed themselves too far away to be followed, and were feasting on the flesh of the stolen horses they had slaughtered. Carson's party arranged themselves silently and without being seen, and rushing upon the Indian camp, killed eight men, and scattered the remainder in every direction. The horses were recovered, except the six killed, and partly consumed, and with three Indian children that had been left in camp, they returned to the joyful greetings of their friends.

CAPTURE OF LARGE HERDS OF CATTLE AND HORSES.

While on the Colorado, Young's party discovered a company of Indians (with whom they had had a previous skirmish), as they were coming out from Los Angeles, and charging suddenly among them, succeeded in taking a large herd of cattle from them, in the Indians' own style. The same week an Indian party came past their camp in the night, with a drove of a hundred horses, evidently just stolen from a Mexican town in Sonora. The trappers, with their guns for their pillows, were ready in an instant for the onslaught, and captured these horses also, the Indians hurrying away for fear of the deadly rifle. The next day they selected such as they wanted from the herd, choosing of course the finest, and turning the rest loose, to be taken again by the Indians, or to become the wild mustangs that roamed the plains of Northern Mexico, in droves of tens of thousands, and which could be captured and tamed only by the use of the lasso.

Mr. Young and his party trapped down the Colorado and up the Gila with success, then crossed to the vicinity of the New Mexican copper mines, where they left their furs and went to Santa Fe. Having procured their license to trade with the Indians about the copper mines, they returned thither for their furs, went back to Santa Fe and disposed of them to great advantage. The party disbanded with several hundred



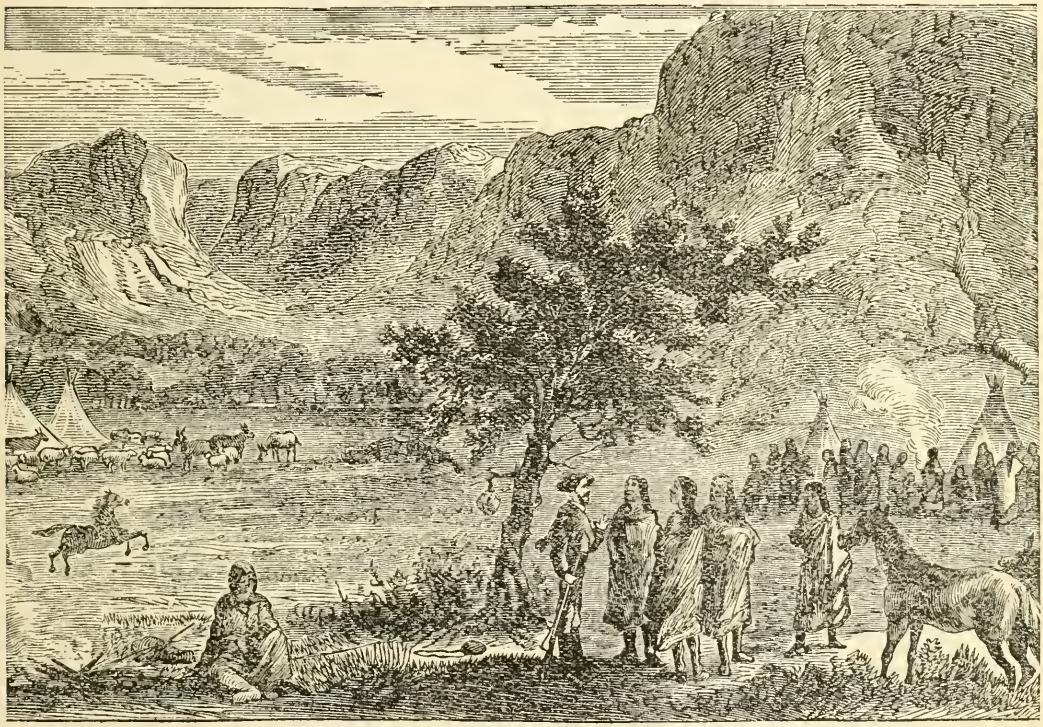
TRADING WITH THE INDIANS.

dollars apiece, which most of them expended as sailors do their earnings when they come into port.

Of course Carson was hail fellow well met with them for a time. He had not hitherto taken the lesson that all have to learn, that the ways of pleasure are deceitful paths; and to resist temptation needs a large amount of courage—larger perhaps than to encounter any physical danger; at least the moral courage it requires is of a higher tone than the physical courage which would carry one through a fight with a grizzly

bear triumphantly; that the latter assists the former; indeed that the highest moral courage must be aided by physical bravery, but that the latter may exist entirely independently of the former.

Carson learned during this season of hilarity the necessity of saying No! and he did so persistently, knowing that if he failed in this he would be lost to himself and to everything dear to life. He was now



CAMP OF THE NEZ PERCES.

twenty-one, and though the terrible ordeal of poverty had been nobly borne, and he had conquered, the latter ordeal of temptation from the sudden possession of what was to him a large sum of money, had proved for once, too much. And it is well for him perhaps it was so; as it enabled him to sow his wild oats in early youth and prepare for his heroic life work.

In the autumn Carson joined another trapping party under Mr. Fitzpatrick, whom we shall have frequent occasion to mention hereafter. They proceeded up the Platte and Sweet Water past Goose Creek to the

Salmon River, where they wintered, like other parties, sharing the good will of the Nez Perces Indians, and having the vexations of the Blackfeet for a constant fear. Mr. Fitzpatrick, less daring than Carson, declined sending him to punish this tribe for their depredations.

In the spring they came to Bear River, which flows from the north to Salt Lake. Carson and four men left Mr. Fitzpatrick here, and went ten days to find Captain Gaunt in the place called the New Park, on the head waters of the Arkansas, where they spent the trapping season, and wintered. While the party were wintering in camp, being robbed of some of their horses by a band of sixty Crow Indians, Carson, as usual, was appointed to lead the party sent in pursuit of the plunderers. With only twelve men he took up the trail, came upon the Indians in one of their strongholds, cut loose the animals, which were tied within ten feet of the fort of logs in which the enemy had taken shelter, attacked them, killed five of their warriors, and made good his retreat with the recovered horses ; an Indian of another tribe who was with the trappers bringing away a Crow scalp as a trophy.

ENCOUNTERS WITH INDIAN HORSE STEALERS.

In the spring, while trapping on the Platte River, two men belonging to the party deserted and robbed a cache, or underground deposit of furs, which had been made by Captain Gaunt, in the neighborhood. Carson, with only one companion, went off in pursuit of the thieves, who, however, were never heard of afterwards.

Not finding the plunderers, Carson and his companion remained at the old camp on the Arkansas, where the cache had been made, until they were relieved by a party sent out from the United States with supplies for Captain Gaunt's trappers. They were soon after joined by a party of Gaunt's men, and started to his camp. On their way they had repeated encounters with Indians attempting to steal their horses, but easily beat them off and saved their property.

On one occasion, when Carson and the other trappers were out in search of "beaver sign," they came suddenly upon a band of sixty war-

riors well armed and mounted. In the presence of such a force their only safety was in flight. Amid a shower of bullets from the Indian rifles, they made good their escape. Carson considered this one of his narrowest escapes.

Not long after this Carson had an adventure with two grizzly bears which he considered one of the most perilous he ever met with. He had gone out from the camp on foot to shoot game for supper, and had just brought down an elk, when two grizzly bears came suddenly upon him. His rifle being empty, there was no way of escape from instant death but to run with his utmost speed for the nearest tree. He reached a sapling with the bears just at his heels. Cutting off a limb of the tree with his knife, he used that as his only weapon of defence. When the bears climbed so as nearly to reach him, he gave them smart raps on the nose, which sent them away growling; but when the pain ceased they would return again only to have the raps repeated.

LUCKY ESCAPE FROM CLIMBING BEARS.

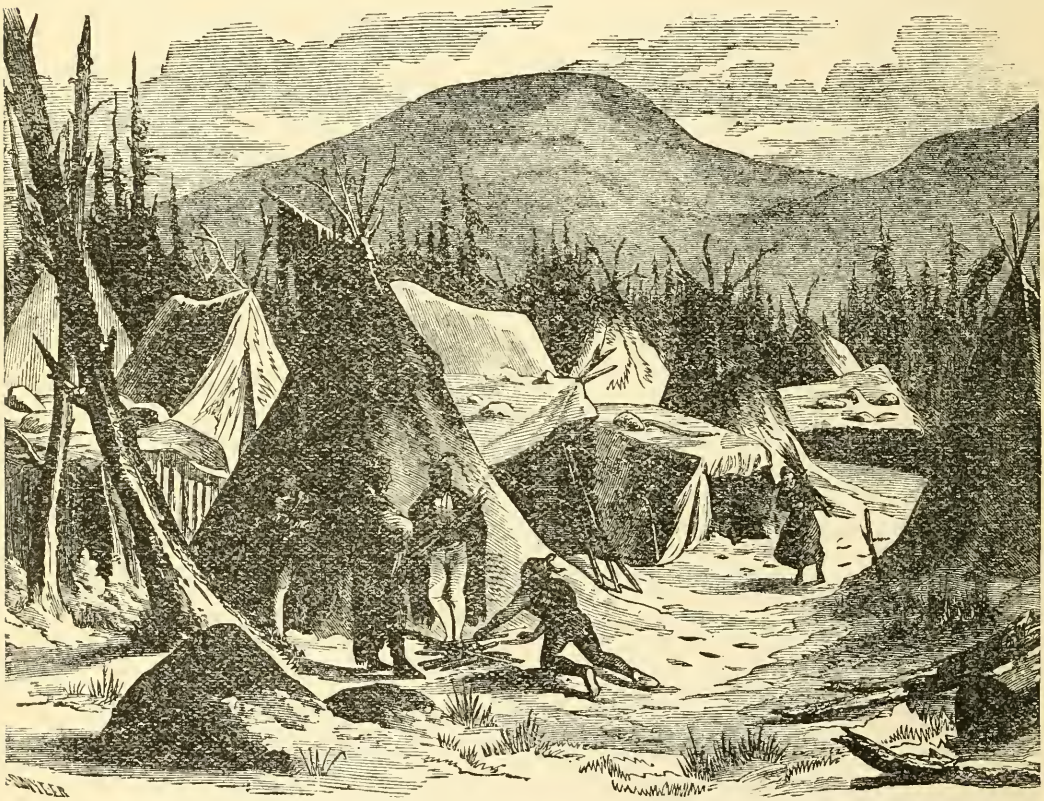
In this way nearly the whole night was spent, when finally the bears became discouraged, and retired from the contest. Waiting until they were well out of sight, Carson descended from his unenviable position, and made the best of his way into camp, which he reached about daylight. The elk had been devoured by wolves before it could be found, and his three companions were only too glad to see him, to be troubled about breakfasting on beaver, as they had supped the night before; for trappers in camp engaged in their business had to resort to this kind of food when they could obtain no other.

Carson for the fall hunt joined a company of fifty, and went to the country of the Blackfeet, at the head waters of the Missouri; but the Indians were so numerous, and so determined upon hostility, that a white man could not leave his camp without danger of being shot down; therefore, quitting the Blackfeet country, they camped on the Big Snake River for winter quarters.

During the winter months, the Blackfeet had in the night run off

eighteen of their horses, and Kit Carson, with eleven men, was sent to recover them, and chastise their temerity. They rode fifty miles through the snow before coming up with the Indians, and instantly made an attempt to recover their animals, which were loose and quietly grazing.

The Indians, wearing snow shoes, had the advantage, and Carson



INDIAN VILLAGE IN WINTER.

readily granted the parley they asked. One man from each party advanced, and between the contending ranks had a talk. The Indians informed them that they supposed they had been robbing the Snake Indians, and did not desire to steal from white men. Of course this tale was false, and Carson asked why they did not lay down their arms and ask for a smoke, but to this they had no reply to make. However, both parties laid aside their weapons and prepared for the smoke; and

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT'S FLAGSHIP "HARTFORD" AT THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS

IN THIS BATTLE ADMIRAL DEWEY WAS A MINOR OFFICER AND RECEIVED HIS FIRST LESSON OF HEROISM FROM FARRAGUT, THE RENOWNED COMMANDER OF OUR GULF SQUADRON

BATTLE OF THE LITTLE HORN RIVER

ON THE 25TH DAY OF JUNE, 1876, GENERAL GEORGE A. CUSTER ATTACKED A BODY OF SIOUX, AND AFTER THE FIERCEST FIGHT KNOWN IN INDIAN WARFARE, HE AND HIS ENTIRE COMMAND WERE DESTROYED

the lighted calumet was puffed by every one of the savages and the whites alternately, and the head men of the savages made several long non-committal speeches, to which, in reply, the trappers came directly to the point, and said they would hear nothing of conciliation from them until their property was returned.

RECEIVES A PAINFUL WOUND IN THE NECK.

After much talk, the Indians brought in five of the poorest horses. The whites at once started for their guns, which the Indians did at the same time, and the fight commenced. Carson and a comrade named Markland, having seized their rifles first, were at the lead, and selected for their mark two Indians who were near each other and behind different trees; but as Kit was about to fire, he perceived Markland's antagonist aiming at him with death-like precision, while Markland had not noticed him, and, on the instant, neglecting his own adversary, he sent a bullet through the heart of the other savage, but at the moment saw that his own enemy's rifle was aimed at his breast. He was not quite quick enough to dodge the ball, and it struck the side of his neck, and passed through his shoulder, shattering the bone.

Carson was thenceforward only a spectator of the fight, which continued until night, when both parties retired from the field of battle and went into camp.

Carson's wound was very painful and bled freely, till the cold checked the flow of blood. They dared not light a fire, and in the cold and darkness Carson uttered not a word of complaint, nor did even a groan escape him. His companions were earnest in their sympathy, but he was too brave to need it, or to allow his wound to influence the course they should pursue.

In a council of war which they held, it was decided that, as they had slain several Indians, and had themselves only one wounded, they had best return to camp, as they were in unfit condition to continue the pursuit. Arriving at camp, another council was held, at which it was decided to send thirty men under Captain Bridger, to pursue and chas-

tise these Blackfeet thieves. This party followed the Indian trail several days, but finally returned, concluding it was useless to search further, as they had failed to overtake them.

We next find Carson in a hunting and trapping party of a hundred, of which he was one of the leaders, organized to trap on the Yellowstone and the head waters of the Missouri.

DANCES AROUND A WINTER FIRE.

The winter's encampment was made in this region, and a party of Crow Indians which was with them, camped at a little distance, on the same stream. Here they had secured an abundance of meat, and passed the severe weather with a variety of amusements, in which the Indians joined them in their lodges, made of buffalo hides. These lodges, very good substitutes for houses, are made in the form of a cone, spread by the means of poles spreading from a common centre, where there was a hole at the top for the passage of smoke. These were often twenty feet in height, and as many feet in diameter, where they were pinned to the ground with stakes. In a large village the Indians often had one lodge large enough to hold fifty persons, and within were performed their war dances around a fire made in the centre. During the palmy days of the British Fur Company, in a lodge like this, only made, instead, of birch bark, Irving says the Indians of the north held their "primitive fairs," outside the city of Montreal, where they disposed of their furs.

There was one drawback upon conviviality for this party, in the extreme difficulty in getting food for their animals ; for the food and fuel so abundant for themselves did not suffice for their horses. Snow covered the ground, and the trappers were obliged to gather willow twigs, and strip the bark from cottonwood trees, in order to keep them alive. The inner bark of the cottonwood is eaten by the Indians when reduced to extreme want. Besides, the cold brought the buffalo down upon them in large herds, to share the nourishment they had provided for their horses.

Spring at length opened, and gladly they again commenced trapping;

first on the Yellowstone, and soon on the headwaters of the Missouri, where they learned that the Blackfeet were recovered from the sickness of last year, which had not been so severe as it was reported, and that they were still anxious and in condition for a fight, and were encamped not far from their present trapping grounds.

Carson and five men went forward in advance "to reconnoitre," and

INDIANS HUNTING WILD BUFFALOES.

found the village preparing to remove, having learned of the presence of the trappers. Hurrying back, a party of forty-three was selected from the whole, and they unanimously selected Carson to lead them, and leaving the rest to move on with the baggage, and aid them if it should be necessary when they should come up with the Indians, they hastened forward, eager for a battle.

Carson and his command were not long in overtaking the Indians, and, dashing among them, at the first fire killed ten of their braves, but

the Indians rallied, and retreated in good order. The white men were in fine spirits, and followed up their first attack with deadly result for three full hours, the Indians making scarce any resistance. Now their firing became less animated as their ammunition was getting low, and they had to use it with extreme caution. The Indians, suspecting this from the slackness of their fire, rallied, and with a tremendous whoop, turned upon their enemies.

Now, Carson and his company could use their small arms, which produced a terrible effect, and which enabled them again to drive back the Indians. They rallied yet again, and charged with so much power, and in such numbers, they forced the trappers to retreat.

A DEADLY SHOT IN THE NICK OF TIME.

During this engagement, the horse of one of the mountaineers was killed, and fell with his whole weight upon his rider. Carson saw the condition of the man, with six warriors rushing to take his scalp, and reached the spot in time to save his friend. Leaping from the saddle, he placed himself before his fallen companion, shouting at the same time for his men to rally around him, and with deadly aim from his rifle, shot down the foremost warrior.

The trappers now rallied about Carson, and the remaining five warriors retired, without the scalp of their fallen foe. Only two of them reached a place of safety; for the well aimed fire of the trappers leveled them with the earth.

Carson's horse was loose, and as his comrade was safe, he mounted behind one of his men, and rode back to the ranks, while, by general impulse, the firing upon both sides ceased. His horse was captured and restored to him, but each party, now thoroughly exhausted, seemed to wait for the other to renew the attack.

While resting in this attitude, the other division of the trappers came in sight, but the Indians, showing no fear, posted themselves among the rocks at some distance from the scene of the last skirmish, and coolly waited for their adversaries. Exhausted ammunition had

been the cause of the retreat of Carson and his force, but now, with a renewed supply and an addition of fresh men to the force, they advanced on foot to drive the Indians from their hiding places. The contest was desperate and severe, but powder and ball eventually conquered, and the Indians, once dislodged, scattered in every direction. The trappers considered this a complete victory over the Blackfeet, for a large number of

A CHIEF IN WAR COSTUME.

their warriors were killed, and many more were wounded, while they had but three men killed, and a few severely wounded.

We afterward find Carson at what was known as Bent's Fort, where he forsook trapping for several years, and became hunter to the fort, supplying with his rifle food for the forty inmates of that place. When game was scarce, his task was sometimes difficult, but skill and experience enabled him to triumph over every obstacle. It is not strange that

with such long experience Carson became the most skilful of hunters, and won the name of the "Nestor of the Rocky Mountains." Among the Indians he had earned the undisputed title of "Monarch of the Prairies."

It was while engaged as hunter for the fort, Carson took to himself an Indian wife, by whom he had a daughter, who forms the connecting link between his past hardships and his subsequent greatness; for that he was emphatically a great man, the whole civilized world has acknowledged. The mother died soon after the daughter's birth, and Carson, feeling that his rude cabin was scarcely the place in which to rear his child, determined, when of a suitable age, to take her to St. Louis and secure for her those advantages of education which circumstances had denied to him; and, accordingly, when his engagement at the fort had expired, he went to St. Louis for that purpose, embracing on the route the opportunity of visiting the home of his boyhood, which he had not seen for sixteen years.

SAD CHANGES IN HOME OF BOYHOOD.

Of course, he found everything changed. Many of those whom he had known as men and heads of families, were now grown old, while more had died off; but by those to whom he was made known, he was recognized with a heartiness of welcome which brought tears to his eyes, though his heart was saddened at the changes which time had wrought. His fame had preceded him, and his welcome was, therefore, doubly cordial, for he had more than verified the promise of his youth.

Thence he proceeded to St. Louis, with the intention of placing his daughter at school, but here, to his great amazement, he found himself a lion; for the advent of such a man in such a city, which had so often rung with his deeds of daring and suffering, could not be permitted to remain among its citizens unknown or unrecognized. He was courted and feted, and, though gratified at the attentions showered upon him, found himself so thoroughly out of his element, that he longed to return to more pleasant and more familiar scenes—his old hunting grounds.

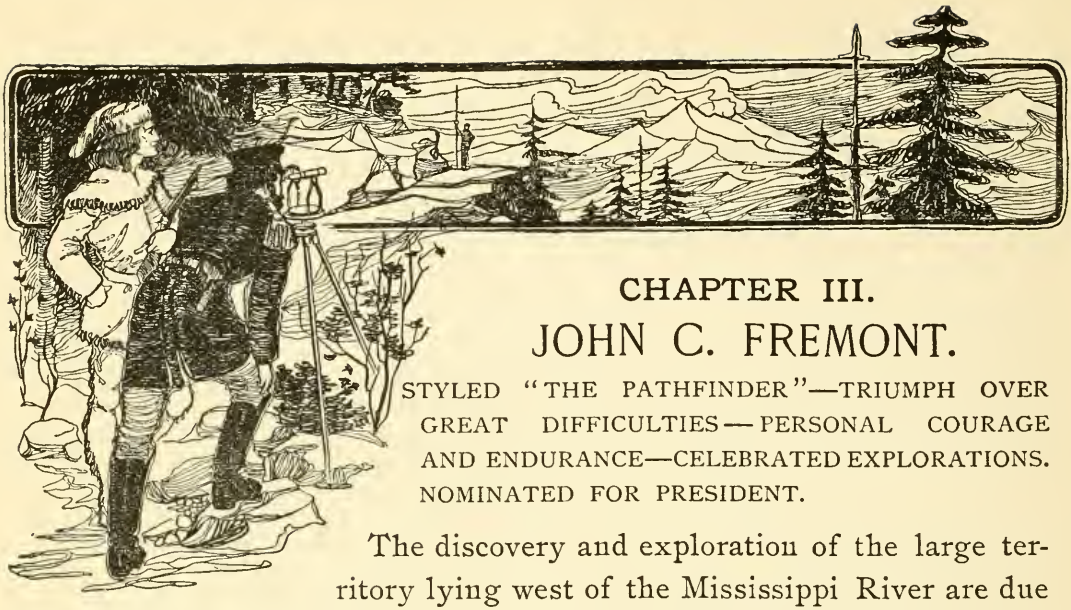
Having accomplished the object of his visit to St. Louis, in placing his daughter under proper guardianship, he left the city, carrying with him pleasing, because merited, remembrances of the attentions paid to him, and leaving behind him impressions of the most favorable character. Soon after he reached St. Louis, he had the good fortune to fall in with Colonel Fremont, who was there organizing a party for the exploration of the far western country, as yet unknown, and who was anxiously awaiting the arrival of Captain Drips, a well-known trader and trapper, who had been highly recommended to him as a guide.

FREMONT SECURES CARSON FOR A GUIDE.

Kit Carson's name and fame were as familiar as household words to Fremont, and he gladly availed himself of his proffered services in lieu of those of Captain Drips. It did not take long for two such men as John C. Fremont and Kit Carson to become thoroughly acquainted with each other, and the accidental meeting at St. Louis resulted in the cementing of a friendship which has never been impaired—won as it was on the one part by fidelity, truthfulness, integrity and courage, united to vast experience and consummate skill in the prosecution of the duty he had assumed—on the other by every quality which commands honor, regard, esteem and high personal devotion.

And now Carson's name is embodied in the archives of our country's history, and no one has been more ready to accord to him the credit he so well earned than Fremont, who had the good fortune to secure, at the same time, the services of the most experienced guide of his day, and the devotion of a friend.

The adventures of Carson were henceforth to be shared by the great explorer, and the subjoined account of Fremont's expeditions only enhances the renown and splendid achievements of Kit Carson.



CHAPTER III.

JOHN C. FREMONT.

STYLED "THE PATHFINDER"—TRIUMPH OVER GREAT DIFFICULTIES—PERSONAL COURAGE AND ENDURANCE—CELEBRATED EXPLORATIONS. NOMINATED FOR PRESIDENT.

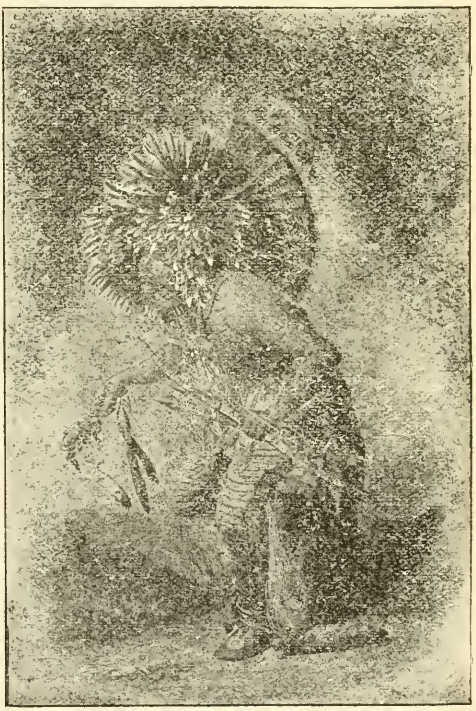
The discovery and exploration of the large territory lying west of the Mississippi River are due to John C. Fremont more than to any other man, although it may be doubted whether he could have achieved such brilliant success except for the co-operation of Kit Carson, the intrepid hunter and guide.

Fremont was apparently born to be an explorer. Dangers did not appall him; difficulties did not discourage him; wild Indians did not daunt his splendid courage; hardships did not weaken his firm resolution. He planted the Stars and Stripes on the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains.

He was born at Savannah, Georgia, January 31, 1813. He was a remarkably bright boy, and at the age of fifteen, entered Charleston College, South Carolina. For two or three years after leaving college he was a teacher of mathematics on some of our naval schoolships. The interest in opening up the country and building railroads had grown very fast, and Fremont decided to leave the sea and become a Government surveyor and civil engineer. He helped to lay out the railroad routes through the mountain passes of North Carolina and Tennessee, and after that he was one of a party that explored some of the then unknown sections of Missouri.

Before this latter work was finished, he was promoted to the rank of second lieutenant of the map-making or topographical engineers; and

three years later, when he was twenty-eight years old, he had an unlooked-for appointment from the Government to explore and survey the Des Moines River. Mr. Fremont was deeply in love just then with young Miss Jessie Benton, a daughter of a United States Senator from Missouri. Her parents were much opposed to having her marry a Government officer; so it was with a heavy heart that the young man set out for the frontier wilderness of Iowa, and the land of the Sacs and Fox Indians along the Des Moines banks.



WARRIOR IN COSTUME OF DOG DANCE.

He did his work well, and when he returned in the fall, the Bentons agreed that, since he was in every way worthy as a man, they would forgive his being an officer, and consent to the marriage. This happy event was of importance to more people than themselves alone; for by her energy and powers of mind Mrs. Fremont was not only a direct help to her husband in carrying out the most important explorations ever made under the United States Government, but she cheered and encouraged him to keep up heart and push on through many years of work and hardship, often clouded by injustice and disappointment. The expedition to the Des Moines settled the purpose of Mr. Fremont's life.

He then learned enough of the great Western country to know that the Government and the citizens who were gathered along the Atlantic seaboard really knew almost nothing of the truth about the uninhabited portions of their land; that the extravagant tales which had been told by adventurous traders and travelers were mostly false; that probably a great portion of the country could be used for farm lands and manu-

facturing towns, and that railway routes could probably be laid across the whole continent. Filled with a desire to open up these treasures of knowledge, he applied to the War Department for permission to survey the whole of the territory lying between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean.

The request was granted and means provided for an expedition to be fitted out, especially to find a good route from the Eastern States to California, and to examine and survey the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains—the great crossing place for emigrants on the way to Oregon. It was his own wish to have this order, for he knew—though he did not then say so—that if the Government had this particular section explored and surveyed, it would fix a point in the emigrants' travel, and also show an encouraging interest in their enterprise. On the 2d of May, with his instructions and part of his supplies, Lieutenant Fremont left Washington for St. Louis, which was then a good-sized town on the borderland of the Western wilderness, and already a commercial centre.

EXPEDITION OF HARDY EXPLORERS.

There he collected his party and finished fitting out the expedition. About twenty men joined him—mostly Creoles and Canadians who had been employed as traders for fur companies, and who were used to the Indians and all the hardships of the rough life they should have to lead. Besides these men, he had a well-known hunter, named Maxwell, for their guide, and the celebrated mountaineer, Christopher Carson—or Kit Carson, as he was usually called—who was both bold and cautious, and knew more about the West than almost any hunter in the country.

This was the little band that, armed and mounted, set out with their gallant leader on his first exploring expedition. They found him a man full of determination and self-reliance, having skill and patience and many resources, and who grew stronger in his purpose when perils and discouragements lay in his path. His men were well chosen, spirited and adventurous, while most of them were also hardy and experienced. Most of the party rode on horseback, but some drove the mule carts that

carried the baggage, instruments and what food it was thought necessary to take along. Tied to the carts were a few loose horses and some oxen to be killed on the way for fresh meat. After they had crossed Missouri and reached Chouteau's Landing—where Kansas City now stands—they felt that their journey was really begun.

Starting here at the mouth of the Kansas, they followed its winding course across the northeastern corner of Kansas State, and pushed on into Nebraska, until they reached the barren banks of the Platte. Then they followed that stream, taking the direction of the Southern fork, when they reached the division, and following where it led almost to Long's Peak. Then they changed their line of march, and keeping near the banks of the Northern fork, pushed on to Fort Laramie.

FRIENDLY MEETING WITH THE INDIANS.

This was reached in safety in the middle of July, the travelers having had only one great buffalo fight and one encounter with the Arapahoe Indians in the course of their journey. The meeting with the Indians turned out a friendly one, though it would not have been so but for Maxwell, who had traded with the tribe, and knowing the warriors, shouted to the leader in the Arapahoe language, just in time to prevent a fray. The chief was riding on furiously, but at the sound of words in his own speech from the white men, he wheeled his horse round, recognized Maxwell, and gave his hand to Fremont in a friendly salute.

At Fort Laramie reports were heard of trouble among the Indians and white people between the Platte and the Rocky Mountains, and the explorers were told that their lives would be in danger if they went any further west until matters were quiet again. But Fremont and his men thought that probably the stories were exaggerated, and resolved not to be daunted by them. So, after a few days of rest, they got ready to start out. Just as they were about to depart, four friendly chiefs appeared with a letter, warning Fremont of danger from bands of young warriors if he went further.

He received their warning very respectfully, as well as thanking them for their kindness, and also made a pretty little speech in answer to theirs: "When you told us that your young men would kill us," he said, "you did not know that our hearts were strong and you did not see the rifles which my young men carry in their hands. We are few, and you are many and may kill us, but there will be much crying in your villages, for many of your young men will stay behind, and forget to return with your warriors from the mountains. Do you think that our great chief"—meaning the President—"will let his soldiers die and forget to cover their graves? Before the snows melt again, his warriors will sweep away your villages as the fire does the prairie in the autumn. See! I have pulled down my white houses, and my people are ready; when the sun is ten paces higher we shall be on the march. If you have anything to tell us you will say it soon."

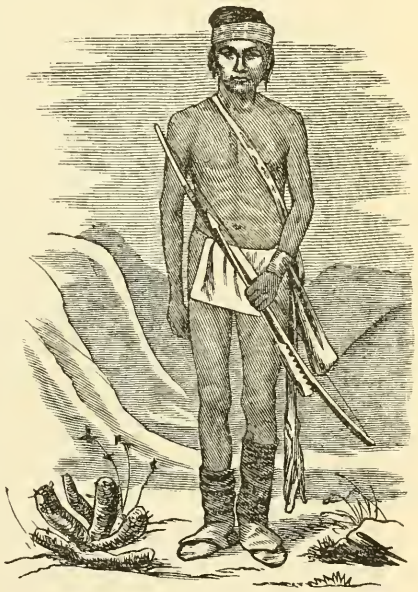
MANDAN INDIAN CHIEF.

The chiefs were not expecting such words in reply, but they liked the bold spirit of the white man from the East, and what they soon had to say was that they would send one of their young warriors to guide the party. It was a little favor of only one man, but it was everything to the explorers, for —as both they and the Indians knew—his presence in the party was sure protection for them against all the savages they might meet. Fremont heartily accepted the courtesy, and at evening the company set out for the distant region of the Rockies.

Now their real difficulties began. Soon they entered a most deso-

late country, where, the interpreter assured them, they were likely to die of starvation if they went very far. They had only food enough left to last for ten days, and the gallant leader called his men together and told them that he intended to push on, but that all who wished to had his permission to turn back. "Not a man," he says, "flinched from his undertaking." One or two, who were not very strong, he sent back to the nearest fort, but the rest kept close to him till their aim was reached. "When our food is gone, we'll eat the horses," said one of them.

The most difficult part of the whole expedition was now ahead of them, and it was necessary to go as lightly weighted as possible; so they hid all the luggage they could spare in the bushes or buried it in the billows of sand that were banked up near the Wind River. Then they carefully removed all traces of what they had done so the Indians would not discover their stores and steal them. A few days' march brought them to the water-shed of the Pacific and Mississippi slopes, and then to the object of their search—the great, beautiful South Pass.



ONE OF FREMONT'S GUIDES.

Instead of the rocky height they had expected, they saw a gently rising sandy plain stretched beyond the gorge, and the much-dreaded crossing of the Rockies was an easy matter. Entering the Pass and going up into the mountains, they found the sources of many of the great rivers that flow to the Pacific. Further on, they discovered a beautiful ravine, beyond which lay the fair water called Mountain Lake—"set like a gem in the mountains," and feeding one of the branches of the Colorado River.

The expedition had now fulfilled its orders from the Government, but the leader did not give the word to return until he had gone up the lofty height of Wind River Peak—now known as Fremont's Peak—that

stands in majestic grandeur near the Pass. The summit was reached after a most difficult climb, and Fremont himself was the first white man to stand on its narrow crest, and to look out upon the country from the highest point in the Rocky Mountains.

On one side lay numberless lakes and streams, giving their waters into the Colorado, which sweeps them on to the Gulf of California; in

FREMONT'S EXPLORING EXPEDITION APPROACHING ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

the other direction he saw the lovely valley of the Wind River, the romantic home from which the Yellowstone carries its waters to the Missouri, away to the east; in the north he saw the snow-capped summits of the Trois Tetons, where the Missouri and the Columbia rise, and the lower peaks that guard the secret of the Nebraska's birth.

Between, beyond and all around were lesser peaks, gorges, rugged cliffs, and great walls of mountain rock, broken into a thousand bold, fantastic figures, and standing up in weird and striking grandeur. A thousand feet below him, steep, shining ice-precipices towered above fields

of snow, gleaming spotless white. "We stood," said Fremont, "where human foot had never stood before, and felt the thrill of first explorers."

When the travelers were again at the base of the peak, and all their explorations and discoveries had been carefully noted, and their specimens of rock, plants and flowers gathered together, they turned their faces homeward. They found their hidden stores, made up their train once more, found the camp of the men who had remained behind, and, glad with their success, took up the eastward march.

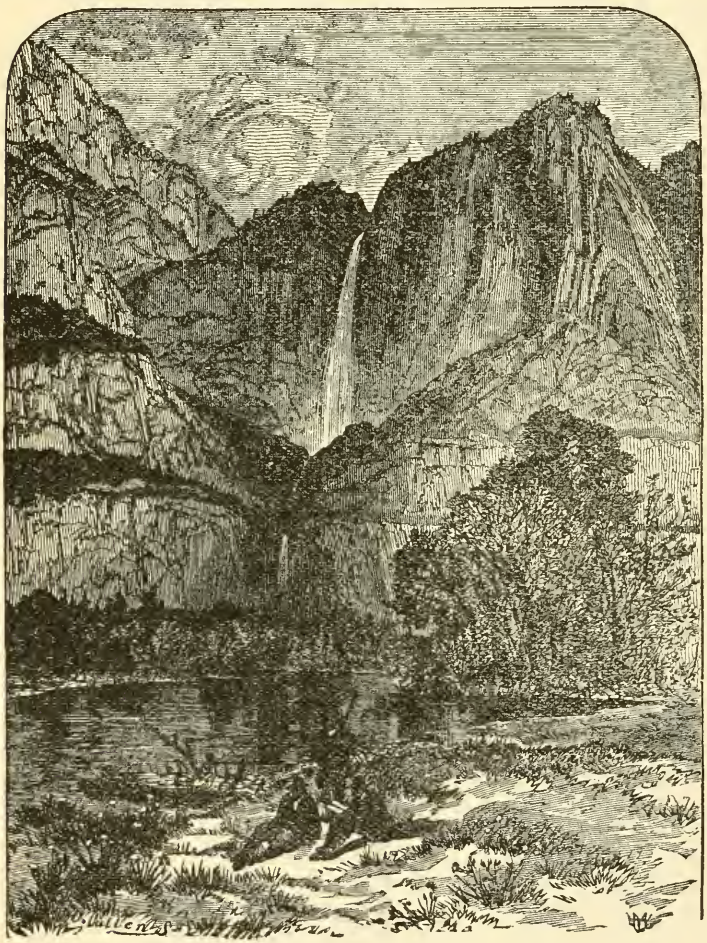
GREAT INTEREST IN FREMONT'S DISCOVERIES.

A full report of the expedition was soon sent to Congress, and in a short time Fremont's discoveries became a subject of great interest in both Europe and America. From Fremont's Peak he had brought some of the flowers that he found growing beside his path; a bee that had flown up to them soon after they reached the summit; the rock that formed the peak, and the rugged, shelving mountain, above which it reared its icy, snow-capped head. Over the whole course of his extended trip, he obtained the height both of plains and mountains, latitude and longitude; he reported the face of the country, whether it was fertile or barren, whether traveling over it was easy or difficult, and the practicability of certain routes for public highways.

The grand features of nature were clearly described in fitting language, and in some cases he illustrated them by drawings. Military positions were pointed out, and in all other ways a thorough examination and survey was made of a vast portion of the national possessions which, up to this time, had been unused, unknown and unappreciated. Europe and America praised the manner in which the expedition had been managed, and the Government, well pleased with the wonderful results he had obtained, appointed Lieutenant Fremont to set out on another journey at once, and to complete the survey between the State of Missouri and the tide-water regions of the Columbia River.

This was just what he wanted to do. A trip to the top of Wind River Peak and back had but revealed to him what vast secrets of the

Western country there were yet to be discovered, and he lost no time in getting ready to return. With some of his old companions and several new ones, he soon made up a band of about forty men, who left Kansas with him just one year after the first expedition had started. The route this time lay in a northwesterly direction—before, it had been almost west.



FREMONT AT A POINT ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

In four months they traveled over seventeen hundred miles, reaching the Great Salt Lake early in the autumn, and before winter began they had found the Columbia and followed it to its mouth. The same careful observations and surveys were taken along the route of this journey as had made the other so valuable, especially in the region of the Great Salt Lake, about which no true accounts had ever been given before.

Although Fremont had fulfilled the orders of the Government when he reached the mouth of the Columbia, this was really but a small part of what he intended to do upon this expedition. The vast region beyond the Rocky Mountains—the whole western slope of our continent—was but little known then in any way, and not at all with accurate, scientific

COMMODORE PERRY'S FAMOUS VICTORY ON LAKE ERIE

IN THE MIDST OF THE BATTLE HIS FLAGSHIP WAS DISABLED AND HE PASSED IN AN OPEN BOAT TO THE NEXT LARGEST SHIP, AND TRANSFERRED HIS FLAG TO HER. HAVING GAINED A SPLENDID VICTORY HE ANNOUNCED IT IN THE WELL-KNOWN MESSAGE, "WE HAVE MET THE ENEMY AND THEY ARE OURS"

GENERAL JOHN C. FREMONT, THE RENOWNED EXPLORER

knowledge. This, Fremont longed to go through and explore. At first he intended to begin doing so by returning home through the Great Basin—now Utah—between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada; but he took another direction finally—a route through almost an unknown region between the Columbia and Colorado—that led them further west, showed them California, and resulted, at a later time, in securing to the United States that rich country, which was then owned by Mexico.

TERRIBLE JOURNEY OF FORTY DAYS.

The cold winter came on almost before they had started, and they had not gone far before they found themselves in a desert of snow where there was nothing for either men or horses to eat, while between them and the fertile valleys of California was the rugged, snow-covered range of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. They tried to get some of the Indians to show them the way over this great barrier; but the savages declared that it could not be crossed—no human being had ever crossed it, and no guide would consent to go with them for any amount of money. But they said there was an opening further south, and gave Fremont some directions as to where it might be found. So the party took the risk of guiding themselves, and kept on in their cold and desolate march.

When they reached the pass, it was only to see toward the west a still greater range before them. It was plain that they would get lost if they attempted to push on alone, and they had gone too far now to turn back. At last they found a young Indian, who, for a very large present, would undertake to guide them. On the 1st of February they started out, and after a terrible journey of forty days they reached the Sacramento River, and a comfortable resting-place at Sutter's Fort, the place where gold was found four years later. Half of their horses had perished, and the men were so weak and thin that it was two months before they were able to go on again.

Fremont did not attempt to go any further into California; but when spring opened and the men were well enough to travel, gave the word for home. They crossed the Sierra Nevada, and making their route as nearly

due east as possible, they passed by the Great Salt Lake, crossed the Rocky Mountains through the South Pass, halted at several places they had become acquainted with before, and reached the Kansas country in July. There the ground was known to them, and the rest of the journey was quite smoothly and quickly made.

By midsummer Fremont had reported himself to the Government and was once more with his family. He learned then that a letter of recall had been sent to him after he started; but that his wife held it back, seeing that it was upon some false charges, made by his enemies, at Washington. So he had really made this journey as a fugitive, but Mrs. Fremont's act was approved when her husband returned with a name that went over Europe and America for the great and valuable discoveries he had made in the northwest territory, and the terrible hardships he had endured to make the expedition successful.

PROMOTED FOR HIS GRAND DISCOVERIES.

In spite of the efforts that were made against him by some political opponents, Congress accepted his labors, gave him another appointment, and when he again went out—which was as soon as his reports were finished—it was with the rank and title of captain in the United States Engineers. His object this time was to find out more about the Salt Lake and other portions of the Great Basin, and to explore the coasts of California and Oregon. After several months of discovery and careful surveys of the streams and watersheds between, he again crossed the Sierra Nevada in midwinter and went down into the rich and beautiful country lining the Pacific shore.

This territory was then held by the Mexicans, and while he left his men at San Joaquin to rest, Fremont himself went on to Monterey, the capital, to ask of Governor Castro permission to explore his country. The request was granted at first, but as news of war between the United States and Mexico arrived just then, the permission was recalled with orders that the travelers leave the country at once. But this the dauntless captain did not intend to do, so he built a rude fort of logs in a

strong position on the Hawk's Peak Mountain, about thirty miles from Monterey, and with his sixty-two men waited for an attack from the Mexican forces, which, under General Castro, encamped themselves in the plain below.

They watched him for four days and then deciding not to fight, allowed him to go on his way through the Sacramento Valley to Oregon. Before he had gone very far he was met by a party that had been sent out to find him, with orders from the United States to act for his nation in case Mexico should form a treaty with England to pass California into the hands of Great Britain.

General Castro soon threatened to attack the Americans settled along the Sacramento, but before he had time to do so, Captain Fremont marched rapidly to their rescue, collecting them in his band as he went along, so that by the month of July the whole of northern California had passed out of the hands of the Mexicans and into those of the United States, and Fremont, the conqueror, was made governor of the land and raised to the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the army.

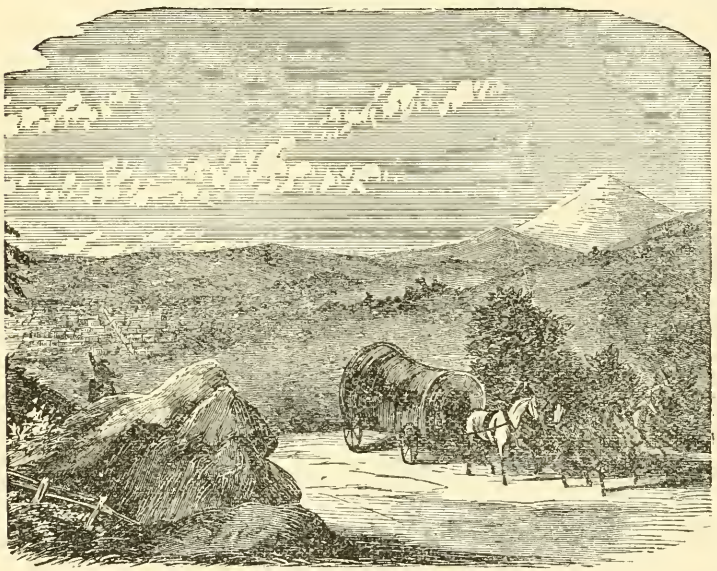
SURRENDERED TO THE UNITED STATES.

Meanwhile the Government had resolved to make a sweeping conquest of the rest of the territory, if possible, and have our possessions extend from ocean to ocean. Commodore Sloat, who commanded the United States squadron on the Pacific, seized Monterey, where Fremont soon joined him with a hundred and sixty mounted riflemen ; and at about the same time there arrived Commodore Stockton, of the navy, with orders from Congress to conquer California. The Mexicans still held the southern portion of the territory, but the towns of San Francisco, Monterey, and Los Angeles were all taken without much resistance, and at the end of six months Upper California was surrendered to the United States.

When this was about completed General Kearney arrived with a force of dragoons, and disputed Commodore Stockton's right to be military governor of the territory. A quarrel arose, in which Fremont took the side of the commodore, who had made him major of the California

battalion, and civil governor of the country; but when the matter was carried to Washington and settled by the Government in favor of Kearney, he recognized his position and obeyed his orders. But the general would not forgive his former allegiance to Commodore Stockton, and arrested him and made him return to Washington with his own men by the overland route, treating him very disrespectfully all the way.

"My charges," said Fremont, "are of misconduct, military, civil, political, and moral, and such that, if true, would make me unfit to be anywhere outside of prison." He demanded a trial by court-martial, which might have cleared him if he had taken pains to get evidence upon his innocence; but as he did not, he was pronounced guilty of mutiny and disobedience and ordered to leave the Government service.



SOUTHWEST FROM SANTA FE.

But the court requested President Polk not to confirm their verdict; he did not, and granted Fremont a pardon, with permission to keep his position in the army. This he would not accept; he refused to receive as a favor that to which he had a right, or to go about as an officer pardoned of offenses he had never committed. So he resigned his commission, and at the age of thirty-five, became a private citizen.

Although he was still a young man, it seemed to him for a time that he had nothing to look forward to in life; but he soon made up his mind to undertake another exploring expedition. This had to be on his own responsibility and at his own expense; but he soon succeeded in getting a party together and fitting it out.

He was doubly anxious now to find some good routes from the States to the new possessions on the Pacific, for in February of this year—1848—gold had been found on the Sacramento River, and many people were already starting out to dig for the precious ore. So far there was no direct route to California. A long and dangerous journey across Kansas, Colorado, Utah and Nevada, and through the Rockies and Sierras, could be made by land, or a voyage by way of the Isthmus of Panama could be made by water. These were the best possible ways of getting there.

Fremont's desire was to find a route which could be made into a safe and direct public line of travel, and it was with this object in view that he soon started out with his little band. This time he went to the South, crossing the northern part of Mexico, and following the Rio Grande del Norte toward California. The beginning of the journey as far as Santa Fe was made successfully; but from there it became a tour of distress—the saddest Fremont ever undertook.

AN EARLY MINER IN CALIFORNIA.

The route lay through a country inhabited by Indians then at war with the United States, which was danger enough; but, added to this, winter was just coming on, and while they were in the most perilous part of their journey, among the snow-covered Sierra, the guide lost his way. Finally they were forced to turn back, but before they could get to Santa Fe one-third of their men had died of cold and hunger, and all of their mules and horses had perished.

Even this terrible experience did not alter Fremont's resolve to find, if possible, a southern pass to the Pacific coast. He hired thirty new men to go with him and once more set out, more determined to succeed than ever. After a long search he was rewarded, for in the spring of

1849—when the gold fever was getting to its height—with the cruel Sierra behind him, he again came in sight of the Sacramento River.

Two years before he had bought a very large tract of land, on which there were rich gold mines, and he had resolved, when he left the States, to remain upon these after he had found a southern pass, and not go back to the East to live. So now he settled down, worked his mines, and began to prepare a home for his family. The enthusiasm about gold was drawing thousands of men to the Territory from all parts of America and from Europe, so that California soon had enough people to become a State. Fremont took a great deal of interest in this growth in the country he had discovered to the United States and won for the Government, and he worked very earnestly to have it made a free State.

HIGH HONORS BESTOWED ON FREMONT.

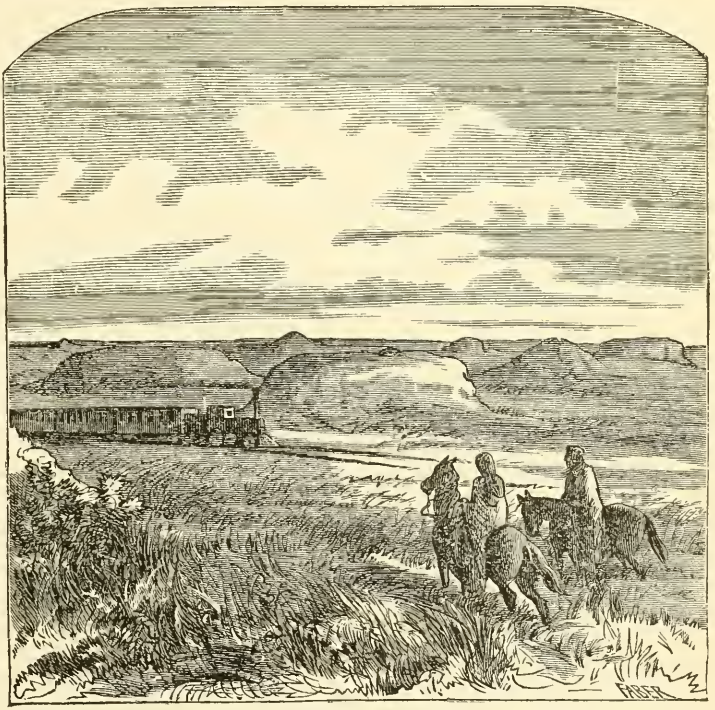
Meanwhile, he was not forgotten at Washington. President Taylor soon called upon him to run a boundary line between the United States and Mexico, and when that was done, California having been taken into the Union, he was chosen by the Legislature to represent the new State in the Senate at the national capital. It was during this term that the King of Prussia and the Royal Geographical Society of London awarded him the honor of their medals for his services as an explorer.

He went to Europe after his term was over, and was treated with great respect by many of the most eminent people of the time. Mr. Fremont spent a few years at about this time in looking after his own affairs, but he had not yet given up exploring the great territory of the West. When—on his return from Europe—he found the Government preparing to survey three railroad routes across the continent, he again fitted out an expedition of his own to find a good southern route to the Pacific. This time he was successful.

He went without much difficulty to the place where the guide had lost his way in the expedition of 1848, and, following the course, which had been described to him by the mountain men whom he asked, he

finally succeeded in picking out a route of safe passes all the way to the Golden State. But this was not secured without terrible hardships. The country was barren, bleak and cold; the provisions of the party gave out, and for fifty days the men lived on the flesh of their horses. Sometimes they had nothing at all to eat for forty-eight hours at a time.

Progress, too, was slow. For awhile they only made a hundred miles in ten days; and so deserted was the region that for three times that distance, they did not meet a single human being, not even a hardy Indian, for the winter was unusually severe, and even the savages did not venture far into the dangerous passages, where the air was full of snow and fogs.



INDIANS VIEWING A TRAIN OF CARS ON THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD.

In this terrible distress Fremont feared that his men would be tempted to eat each other, and so he called them to him one day, and in the solemn stillness of the great ice mountains he made them take off their hats, raise their hands to heaven and swear that they would instantly shoot the first man that should attempt to appease his hunger with the flesh of a comrade.

Little by little they kept pushing on, and at last all obstacles were overcome, the fair California valleys were reached, and the jaded, frost-bitten band entered San Francisco. One man only was missing. He,

poor fellow, was courageous to the last, and died like a soldier, in his saddle; and like a soldier his comrades buried him on the spot where he fell.

The rest, though worn almost to skeletons, survived, and Fremont forgot his sufferings in the joy of having gained the object of his journey.

BELTS OF IRON FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC.

The Central Pacific Railroad was begun in a few years, and the region being richly stored with vast quantities of iron, coal and timber, the workmen were supplied with much of their materials as they went along. In a dozen years more the great task was completed, and cars were running from East to West, carrying tourists and emigrants by the thousands and spreading prosperity and civilization to the benefit of, not this nation alone, but of all people in the civilized world. The Northern and the Southern Pacific roads have followed the first one, opening up other sections, and calling forth and using the resources of the land all the way across the continent, placing our country first among all countries in several of the most important articles in the world's commerce.

Among all the men who have devoted themselves to the success of these roads, there is no one to whom the nation owes more than to Fremont—who first surveyed the regions—northern, central and southern, and who well merits the title, the "Path-finder of the Rocky Mountains."

The survey of the Central Pacific was the last great exploration of his life. In 1856 he was almost elected President by the then new Republican party, in the contest with James Buchanan; he was also named for the next President, but withdrew in favor of Lincoln. At the beginning of the Civil War he was made major-general in the army, and during the first year had command of the Department of the Mississippi. He lost this because he ordered that slaves should be freed by all in his district who were in arms against the Union. President Lincoln thought he was taking the step too soon, but gave him another command a few months later, from which he resigned in June, and left the conflict entirely. Fremont died July 13, 1890.

LEWIS AND CLARKE.

CHAPTER IV.

UNPARALLELED EXPEDITION—ORDERED BY PRESIDENT JEFFERSON—SKETCH OF THE EXPLORERS—THE OSAGE RIVER PECULIARITIES AND CUSTOMS OF THE INDIAN TRIBES—RELIGIOUS BELIEFS OF THE RED MEN—COURAGE AND ENDURANCE—BURIAL CUSTOMS—DEGRADED CONDITION OF THE SQUAWS—TACT AND BRAVERY OF THE EXPLORING PARTY—DISCOVERY OF THE SOURCES OF THE MISSOURI—JOURNEY ACROSS THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS—RETURN OF THE EXPEDITION TO ST. LOUIS—DEATH OF CAPTAIN LEWIS.

THE great northwestern part of our country is a field of thrilling adventure and romance. It was an unknown region previous to the famous expedition of Lewis and Clarke, in 1805–1807, the centennial commemoration of which was celebrated by a Fair at Portland, Oregon, in 1905. For remarkable adventures, contact with tribes of Indians, overcoming appalling obstacles and wonderful tact and perseverance on the part of the explorers, this expedition is unparalleled in the annals of modern discovery.

President Jefferson ordered the expedition in 1805 and the carrying out of the dangerous project was given to the two brave men whose names have ever since been associated with the heroic undertaking. They were the first white men who crossed the continent north of Mexico. Both had made daring ventures into the territory occupied by the Indians, and on this account were considered well qualified for their enterprise.

The intermediate country, lying between the western line of the Indian Territory and the Rocky Mountains, and bounded on the north by the 49th parallel of latitude, was the dwelling-place and hunting-grounds

of the native tribes, and its plains and streams were the resorts of the hunters and trappers of the various fur companies and traders, while the country west of the mountains, and extending to the Pacific, presented no settlements of civilized man, except the forts and trading-posts of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the station of the Christian missionaries from the United States on the Willamette.

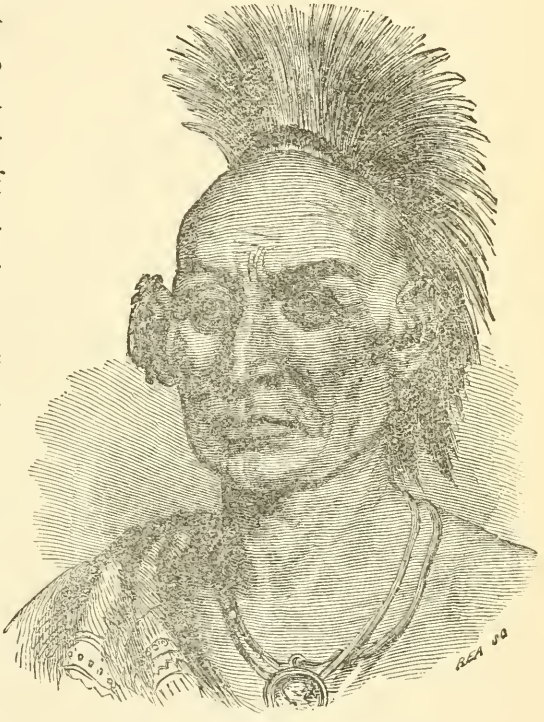
THE HISTORY OF LEWIS AND CLARKE EXPEDITION.

At the time that the History of the expedition under Captains Lewis and Clarke was first prepared for the press, Mr. Jefferson favored the publisher with a short memoir of the life of Captain Lewis, in which he showed that his thoughts had early turned upon such a project. While he was residing at Paris as American minister in 1787, John Ledyard arrived there, with the view of making some arrangements to carry on a trade in furs on the northwest coast of America. In this, however, he failed; and Mr. Jefferson then proposed to him an expedition by land through the north of Europe to Kamchatka, and thence to the Pacific. Permission having been obtained from the Russian government, Ledyard set out on his journey, and took up his winter-quarters within 200 miles of Kamchatka. But at this time some new consideration on the part of the Russian authorities put a stop to his progress, and he was arrested and sent back out of their territories. The next year he started on his African expedition, and died in Egypt.

In 1792, Mr. Jefferson proposed to the American Philosophical Society a subscription to engage a competent person to proceed to the Northwest Coast by land; and Captain Meriwether Lewis, who was then stationed at Charlotteville, in Virginia, was engaged for the purpose. N. Michaux, a French botanist, was to be his companion. They had gone on their journey as far as Kentucky, when Michaux was recalled by the French minister, to pursue in other quarters his botanical researches, which put a stop to the enterprise.

The Act for establishing trading-houses among the Indians being about to expire, Mr. Jefferson, in January, 1803, recommended to Congress,

in a confidential message, an extension of its views to the Indians on the Mississippi. He also proposed that a party should be despatched to trace the Missouri to its source, cross the Rocky Mountains, and proceed to the Pacific Ocean. The plan was approved of, and Captain Lewis was, on his own application, appointed to lead the expedition. William Clarke, brother of General George Rogers Clarke, was afterward associated with him. Full instructions were given to Captain Lewis as to his route, and the various objects to which he should direct inquiries, relating to the geography and character of the country, the different inhabitants, and their history, and all other matters worthy of being known.



TYPE OF AMERICAN INDIAN.

The first tribe of Indians the expedition, which consisted of about thirty persons, encountered were the Osages. The Osage river empties itself into the Missouri at one hundred and thirty-three miles' distance from the mouth of the latter river. It gives or owes its name to a nation inhabiting its banks at a considerable distance from this place. Their name, however, seems to have originated from the French traders, for both among themselves and their neighbors they are called the Wasbashas.

In person the Osages are among the largest and best-formed Indians, and are said to possess fine military capacities; but, residing as they do in villages, and having made considerable advance in agriculture, they seem less addicted to war than their northern neighbors to whom the use of rifles gives a great superiority. Among the peculiarities of this people, there is nothing more remarkable than the tradition relative to their origin.

According to universal belief, the founder of the nation was a snail, passing a quiet existence along the banks of the Osage, till a high flood swept him down to the Missouri, and left him exposed on the shore. The heat of the sun at length ripened him into a man; but with the change of his nature he had not forgotten his native seats on the Osage, towards which he immediately bent his way. He was, however, soon overtaken by hunger and fatigue, when, happily, the Great Spirit appeared, and giving him a bow and arrow, showed him how to kill and cook deer and cover himself with the skin. He then proceeded to his original residence; but as he approached the river he was met by a beaver, who inquired haughtily who he was, and by what authority he came to disturb his possession. The Osage answered that the river was his own, for he had once lived on its borders. As they stood disputing, the daughter of the beaver came, and having, by her entreaties reconciled her father to this young stranger, it was proposed that the Osage should marry the young beaver, and share with her family the enjoyment of the river. The Osage readily consented, and from this happy union there soon came the village and the nation of the Wasbasha, or Osages, who ever after preserved a pious reverence for their ancesters, abstaining from the chase of the beaver, because in killing that animal they killed a brother of the Osage. But since the trade with the whites has rendered beaver-skins more valuable, the sanctity of these maternal relatives has been visibly reduced, and the poor animals have nearly lost all the privileges of kindred.

AN EXTRAORDINARY SIGHT IN THE SIOUX COUNTRY.

In the country of the Sioux Indians Captains Lewis and Clarke, with ten men, went to see an object deemed very extraordinary among all the neighboring Indians. They dropped down to the mouth of Whitestone River, about thirty yards wide, where they left the boat, and at the distance of two hundred yards ascended a rising ground, from which a plain extended itself as far as the eye could discern. After walking four miles they crossed the creek where it is twenty-three yards wide, and waters an extensive valley. We quote from their narrative:

"The heat was so oppressive that we were obliged to send back our dog to the creek, as he was unable to bear the fatigue; and it was not till after four hours' march that we reached the object of our visit. This was a large mound in the midst of the plain.

"The base of the mound is a regular parallelogram, the longest side being about three hundred yards, the shorter sixty or seventy; the longest side rising with a steep ascent from the north and south to the height of sixty-five or seventy feet, leaving on the top a level plain of twelve feet in breadth and ninety in length. The north and south extremities are connected by two oval borders, which serve as new bases, and divide the whole side into three steep but regular gradations from the plain. The only thing characteristic in this hill is its extreme symmetry; and this, together with its being totally detached from the other hills, which are at the distance of eight or nine miles, would induce a belief that it was artificial; but, as the earth and the loose pebbles which compose it are arranged exactly like the steep grounds on the borders of the creek, we concluded from this similarity of texture that it might be natural.

THE STRANGE SUPERSTITION OF THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

"But the Indians have made it a great article of their superstition: it is called the Mountain of Little People, or Little Spirits; and they believe that it is the abode of little devils, in the human form, about eighteen inches high, and with remarkably large heads; they are armed with sharp arrows, with which they are very skilful, and are always on the watch to kill those who should have the hardihood to approach their residence. The tradition is, that many have suffered from these little evil spirits, and, among others, three Maha Indians fell a sacrifice to them. This inspired all the neighboring nations, Sioux, Mahas, and Ottoes, with such terror, that no consideration could tempt them to visit the hill.

"We saw none of these wicked little spirits, nor any place for them, except some small holes scattered over the top: we were happy enough to escape their vengeance, though we remained some time on the mound to enjoy the delightful prospect of the plain, which spreads itself out till

the eye rests upon the northwest hill at a great distance and those of the northeast, still farther off, enlivened by large herds of buffalo feeding at a distance."

Captains Lewis and Clarke noted the peculiarities of all the Indians whom they encountered. In the course of their report they say: "We were struck with an institution peculiar to the Yanktons, a tribe of Sioux, who are said to have obtained it from a tribe farther west, namely, the Kite Indians. It is an association of the most active and brave young men, who are bound to each other by attachment, secured by a vow never to retreat before any danger or give way to their enemies. In war they go forward without sheltering themselves behind trees, or aiding their natural valor by any artifice. This punctilious determination not to be turned from their course became heroic, or ridiculous, when the Yanktons were once crossing the Missouri on the ice. A hole lay immediately in their course, which might easily have been avoided by going round. This the foremost of the band disdained to do, but went straight forward and was lost. The others would have followed his example, but were forcibly prevented by the rest of the tribe.

THE YOUNG MEN ADMITTED TO THE COUNCIL.

"These young men sit, and encamp, and dance together, distinct from the rest of the nation: they are generally about thirty or thirty-five years old; and such is the deference paid to courage, that their seats in council are superior to those of the chiefs, and their persons more respected. But, as may be supposed, such indiscreet bravery soon diminished the number of those who practised it; so that the band was reduced to four warriors. These were the remains of twenty-two, who composed the society not long before; but in a battle with the Kite Indians of the Black Mountains, eighteen of them were killed, and these four were dragged from the field by their companions.

"All around, the country had been recently burned, and a young green grass about four inches high covered the ground, which was enlivened by herds of antelopes and buffalo; the last of which were in such

multitudes that we cannot exaggerate in saying that at a single glance we saw three thousand of them before us. Of all the animals we had seen, the antelope seems to possess the most wonderful fleetness. Shy and timorous, they generally repose only on the ridges which command a view of all the approaches of an enemy; the acuteness of their sight distinguishes the most distant danger; the delicate sensibility of their smell defeats the precautions of concealment and when alarmed, their rapid career seems more like the flight of birds than the movements of a quadruped.

"After many unsuccessful attempts, Captain Lewis at last, by winding around the ridges, approached a party of seven, on an eminence towards which the wind was unfortunately blowing. The only male of the party frequently encircled the summit of the hill, as if to announce any danger to the females, which formed a group at the top. Although they did not see Captain Lewis the smell alarmed them and they fled when he was at a distance of two hundred yards. He ran to where they had been, a deep ravine concealed them from him; but the next moment they appeared on a second ridge, at the distance of three miles. He doubted whether they could be the same; but their number, and the extreme rapidity with which they continued their course, convinced him that they must have gone with a speed equal to that of the most distinguished race-horse."

THE EXPEDITION TRAVELS UP THE MISSOURI RIVER.

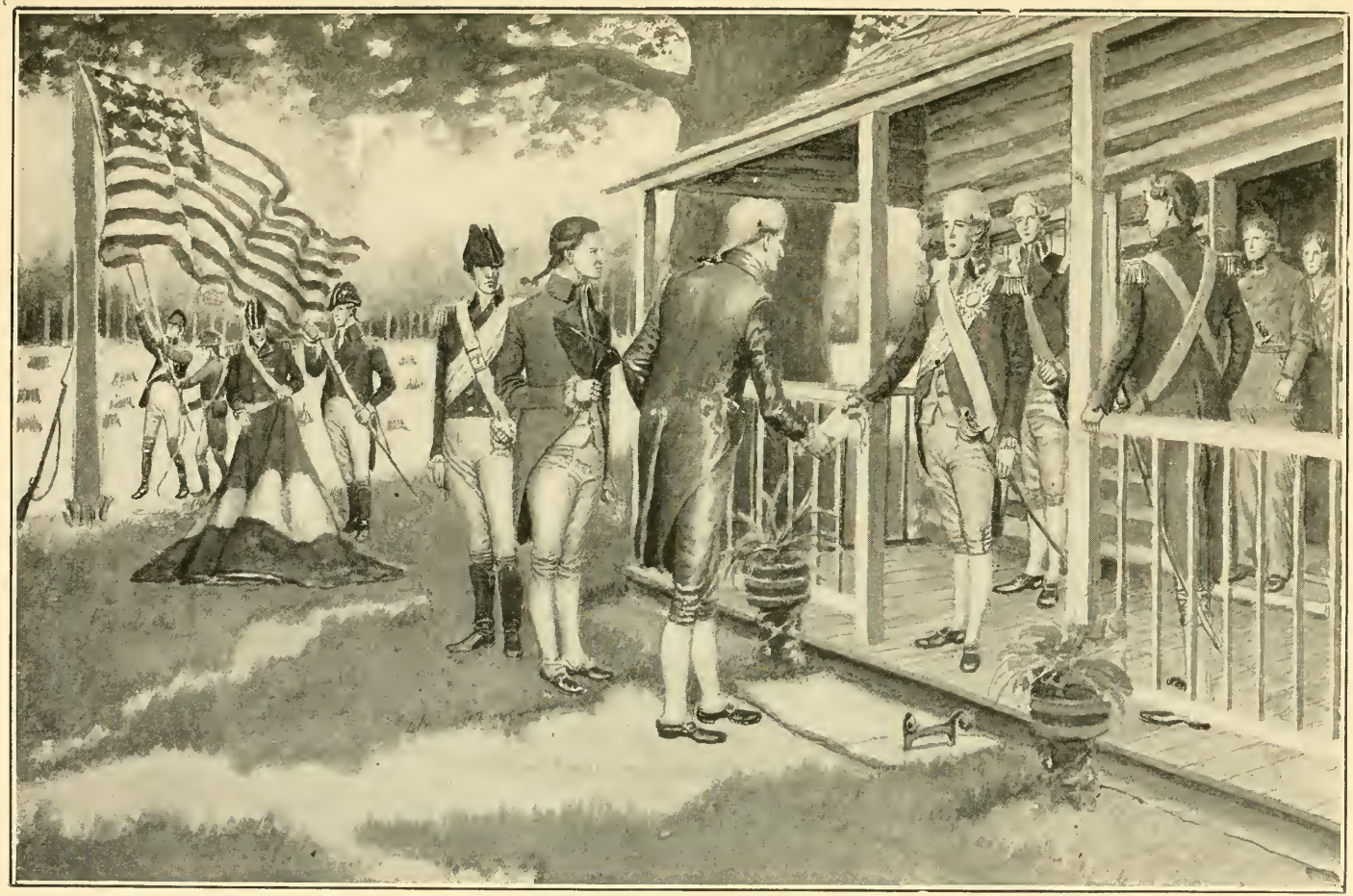
The reader will bear in mind that the expedition traveled up the Missouri River, encountering tribes of Indians, friendly and obliging for the most part and ready to welcome their white visitors. Curious Indian customs and traditions, councils, dances, games and peculiar receptions and entertainments by the savages, amused and interested the explorers, all of which were faithfully noted and described for the purpose of furnishing information concerning the Great North-West. At one point the narrative runs as follows: "We passed at an early hour a camp of Sioux on the north bank, who merely looked at us without saying a word, and, from the character of the tribe, we did not solicit a conversation. At ten and a

half miles we reached the mouth of a creek on the north, which takes its rise from some ponds a short distance to the north-east. To this stream we gave the name of Stone Idol creek; for, after passing a willow and sand island just above its mouth, we discovered that, a few miles back from the Missouri, there are two stones resembling human figures, and a third like a dog, all which are objects of great veneration among the Ricaras. Their history would adorn Metamorphoses of Ovid.

"A young man was deeply enamored with a girl whose parents refused their consent to the marriage. The youth went out into the fields to mourn his misfortunes; a sympathy of feeling led the lady to the same spot; and the faithful dog would not cease to follow his master. After wandering together, and having nothing but grapes to subsist on, they were at last converted into stone, which, beginning at the feet, gradually invaded the nobler parts, leaving nothing unchanged but a bunch of grapes, which the female holds in her hands to this day. Whenever the Ricaras pass these sacred stones, they stop to make some offering of dress to propitiate these deities. Such is the account given by the Ricara chief, which we had no mode of examining, except that we found one part of the story very agreeably confirmed; for on the river near where the event is said to have occurred, we found a greater abundance of fine grapes than we had yet seen.

MEDICINE MAN IN FANTASTIC COSTUME.

"In the evening the prairie took fire, either by accident or design, and burned with great fury, the whole plain being enveloped in flames.



TRANSFER OF THE LOUISIANA TERRITORY TO THE UNITED STATES—RAISING THE STARS AND STRIPES IN 1803

DECATUR'S CONFLICT WITH THE ALGERINE AT TRIPOLI.

So rapid was its progress that a man and a woman were burned to death before they could reach a place of safety; another man, with his wife and child were severely burned and other persons narrowly escaped destruction. Among the rest, a boy half breed escaped unhurt in the midst of the flames; his safety was ascribed to the great medicine spirit, who had preserved him on account of his being white. But a much more natural cause was the presence of mind of his mother, who, seeing no hopes of carring off her son, threw him on the ground, and, covering him with the fresh hide of a buffalo, escaped herself from the flames. As soon as the fire had passed, she returned and found him untouched, the skin having prevented the flame from reaching the grass on which he lay."

TWO YEARS SPENT IN EXPLORATIONS.

The time occupied by the Lewis and Clark expedition was more than two years. In preparation for housing the explorers during their first winter, a fort was built in the territory of the Mandan Indians. And here it must be noted what consummate tact and ingenuity were employed by the newcomers to conciliate the savages, quell any signs of enmity and establish friendly terms. Repeated accounts are given of smoking the pipe of peace, the exchange of presents, and making friendly visits, each party offering the other tokens of genuine hospitality.

"The morning was fine," says one of the daily records, "and the day warm. We purchased from the Mandans a quantity of corn of a mixed color, which they dug up in ears from holes made near the front of their lodges, in which it is buried during the winter. This morning the sentinel informed us that an Indian was about to kill his wife near the fort: we went down to the house of our interpreter, where we found the parties, and, after forbidding any violence, inquired into the cause of his intending to commit such an atrocity. It appeared that some days before a quarrel had taken place between him and his wife, in consequence of which she had taken refuge in the house where the two squaws of our interpreter lived. By running away she forfeited her life, which might have been lawfully taken by the husband. About two days before she had

returned to the village, but the same evening came back to the fort, much beaten, and stabbed in three places; and the husband came now for the purpose of completing his revenge. We gave him a few presents, and tried to persuade him to take his wife home; the grand chief, too, happened to arrive at the same moment, and reproached him for his violence, till they went off together, but not in a state of much apparent love."

INDIAN VILLAGE ON THE ROUTE OF LEWIS AND CLARKE.

It is the universal testimony that the Red Men are tyrants, and their squaws are compelled to suffer the most outrageous hardships and indignities, such as would not be tolerated in a civilized community. As a rule, the squaws are expected to do the work, both indoors and out, take care of the papooses, cut the wood, bring the water, hoe the corn, and do whatever else needs to be done. The lordly master of the family does the hunting and fishing. If any fighting is to be done, he is not found wanting, quite content with his manly achievements, especially if he can show a good collection of scalps which tell of his prowess and courage.

Yet the Indians are not without some religious ideas and notions. The report makes the following statement: The whole religion of the Mandans consists in the belief of one Great Spirit presiding over their destinies. This being must be in the nature of a good genius, since it is associated with the healing art, and the great spirit is synonymous with great medicine, a name also applied to everything which they do not comprehend. Every individual selects for himself the particular object of his devotion, which is termed his medicine, and is either some invisible being, or, more commonly, some animal, which thenceforward becomes his protector, or his intercessor with the Great Spirit; to propitiate whom every attention is lavished, and every personal consideration is sacrificed. "I was lately owner of seventeen horses," said a Mandan to us one day, "but I have offered them all up to my medicine, and am now poor." He had in reality, taken all his wealth—his horses—into the plain, and, turning them loose, committed them to the care of his medicine, and abandoned them forever.

TRADITIONAL BELIEF IN A FUTURE STATE.

"Their belief in a future state is connected with this tradition of their origin: The whole nation resided in one large village under ground, near a subterraneous lake. A grape-vine extended its roots down to their habitation, and gave them a view of the light. Some of the most adventurous climbed up the vine, and were delighted with the sight of the earth, which they found covered with buffalo, and rich with every kind of fruits. Returning with the grapes they had gathered, their countrymen were so pleased with the taste of them, that the whole nation resolved to leave their dull residence for the charms of the upper region. Men, women, and children ascended by means of the vine; but when about half the nation had reached the surface of the earth, a corpulent woman, who was clambering up the vine, broke it with her weight, and closed upon herself and the rest of the nation the light of the sun. Those who were left on the earth made a village below, where we saw the nine villages; and when the Mandans die they expect to return to the original seats of their

forefathers, the good reaching the ancient village by means of the lake, which the burden of the sins of the wicked will not enable them to cross.

"One day" the narrative continues, "Shahaka, the chief of the lower village, came to apprize us that the buffalo were near, and that his people were waiting for us to join them in the chase. Captain Clarke, with fifteen men, went out, and found the Indians engaged in killing the buffalo. The hunters mounted on horseback, and armed with bows and arrows, encircle the herd, and gradually drive them into a plain, or an open place fit for the movements of horse. They then ride among them, and singling out a buffalo, a female being preferred, go as close as possible, and wound her with arrows till they have given the mortal stroke; when they pursue another, till the quiver is exhausted. If, which rarely happens, the wounded buffalo attacks the hunter, he evades the blow by the agility of his horse, which is trained for the combat with great dexterity. When they have killed the requisite number, they collect the game, and squaws and attendants come from the rear to skin and dress them.

GREAT HERDS OF BUFFALOES ROAMED THE PLAINS.

At the the time of the Lewis and Clarke expedition great herds of buffaloes roamed over our western plains. They have made prey for the hunter. This magnificent animal has disappeared. It is even rare to find one in captivity. People formerly came here, even from Europe, to engage in the brutal sport of killing buffaloes; not that these animals did any damage to any one, but they were fine game, and it was such splendid fun to chase and kill them. When President Roosevelt made his most recent hunting excursions in the West, the largest game he could find was the mountain lion with an occasional bear and moose.

If any one can present a reasonable excuse for the wholesale slaughter of buffaloes and their extermination, he must possess an ingenuity that would rank him as a genius of such extraordinary ability as has seldom astonished the world.

Continuing our account of the happenings related by the explorers, the following statement is made: "In the morning we permitted sixteen

men, with their music to go up to the first village, where they delighted the whole tribe with their dances, particularly with the movements of one of the Frenchmen, who danced on his head (probably on his hands, with his head downward). In return they presented the dancers with several buffalo robes and quantities of corn. We were desirous of showing this attention to the village, because they had received an impression that we had been wanting in regard for them, and because they had, in consequence, circulated invidious comparisons between us and the northern traders; all these, however, they declared to Captain Clarke, who visited them in the course of the morning, were made in jest. As Captain Clarke was about leaving the village, two of their chiefs returned from a mission to the Gros Ventres, or wandering Minnetarees. These people were encamped about ten miles above, and while there one of the Ahnahaways had stolen a Minnetaree girl.

AVENGING AN INSULT TO THE TRIBE.

"The whole nation immediately espoused the quarrel, and one hundred and fifty of their warriors were marching down to revenge the insult on the Ahnahaways. The chief of that nation took the girl from the ravisher, and, giving her to the Mandans, requested their intercession. Messengers went out to meet the warriors, and delivered the young damsel into the hands of her countrymen, smoked the pipe of peace with them, and were fortunate enough to avert their indignation and induce them to return. In the evening some of the men came to the fort, and the rest slept in the village.

"In the first village there has been a buffalo dance for the last three nights, which has put them all into commotion. When buffalo become scarce, they send a man to harrangue the village, declaring that the game is far off, and that a feast is necessary to bring it back; and, if the village be disposed, a day and place is named for the celebration of it." Besides this, there is another called the medicine dance, which is given by any person desirous of doing honor to his medicine or genius. He announces that on such a day he will sacrifice his horses or other property, and

invites the girls of the village to assist in rendering homage to his medicine. All the inhabitants may join in the celebration, which is performed in the open plain, and by daylight; but the dance is reserved altogether for the young unmarried females. The ceremony commences with devoting the goods of the master of the feast to his medicine, which is represented by the head of the animal to be offered, or by a medicine bag, if the deity be an invisible being. The dance follows; which, as well as that of the buffalo, consists of little more than an exhibition of the most foul and revolting indecencies.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE AMONG THE INDIANS.

"We had an opportunity to see an instance of the summary justice of the Indians. A young Minnetaree had carried off the daughter of Cagonomokshe, the Raven Man, second chief of the upper village of the Mandans; the father went to the village and found his daughter, whom he brought home, and took with him a horse belonging to the offender. This reprisal satisfied the vengeance of the father and of the nation, as the young man would not dare to reclaim his horse, which from that time became the property of the injured party. The stealing of young women is a most common offence against the village police, and the punishment of it is always measured by the power or the passions of the kindred of the female. A voluntary elopement is, of course, more rigorously chastised. One of the wives of The Borgne, or chief, deserted him in favor of a man who had been her lover before the marriage, and who, after some time, left her, so that she was obliged to return to her father's house. As soon as he heard it, The Borgne walked there, and found her sitting near the fire. Without noticing his wife, he began to smoke with the father, when they were joined by the old men of the village, who, knowing his temper, had followed in hopes of appeasing him. He continued to smoke quietly with them till rising to return, when he took his wife by the hair, led her as far as the door, and with a single stroke of his tomahawk put her to death before her father's eyes; then, turning fiercely upon the spectators, he said that, if any of her relations wished

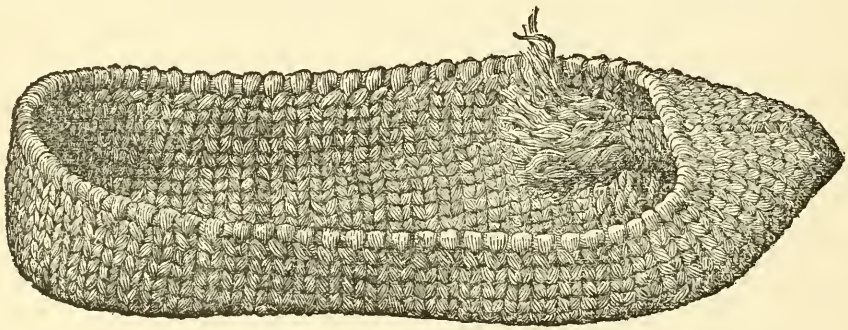
to avenge her, they might always find him at his lodge; but the fate of the woman had not sufficient interest to excite the vengeance of the family. The caprice or generosity of the same chief gave a very different result to a similar incident which occurred some time afterward. Another of his wives eloped with a young man, who, not being able to support her as she wished, they both returned to the village, and she presented herself before the husband, supplicating his pardon for her conduct. The Borgne sent for the lover; at the moment when the youth expected that he would be put to death, the chief mildly asked them if they still preserved their affection for each other; and on their declaring that want, and not a change of affection, had induced them to return, he gave up his wife to her lover, with the liberal present of three horses, and restored them both to his favor.

THE SNAKE INDIAN ART OF MAKING GLASS BEADS.

"A Mr. Garrow, a Frenchman, who has resided a long time among the Ricaras and Mandans, explained to us the mode in which they make their large beads: an art which they are said to have derived from some prisoner of the Snake Indian nation, and the knowledge of which is a secret even now confined to a few among the Mandans and Ricaras. The process is as follows: glass of different colors is first pounded fine and washed, till each kind, which is kept separate, ceases to stain the water thrown over it. Some well-seasoned clay, mixed with a sufficient quantity of sand to prevent its becoming very hard when exposed to heat, and reduced by water to the consistency of dough, is then rolled on the palm of the hand till it becomes of the thickness wanted for the hole in the bead: these sticks of clay are placed upright, each on a little pedestal or ball of the same material, about an ounce in weight, and distributed over a small earthen platter, which is laid on the fire for a few minutes, when they are taken off to cool.

"With a little paddle or shovel three or four inches long, and sharpened at the end of the handle, the wet pounded glass is placed in the palm of the hand; the beads are made of an oblong shape, wrapped in a

cylindrical form round the stick of clay, which is laid crosswise over it, and gently rolled backward and forward till it becomes perfectly smooth. If it be desired to introduce any other color, the surface of the bead is perforated with the pointed end of the paddle, and the cavity filled with pounded glass of that color. The sticks, with the strings of beads, are then replaced on their pedestals, and the platter deposited on burning coals or hot embers. Over the platter, an earthen pot, containing about three gallons, with a mouth large enough to cover the platter, is reversed being completely closed except a small aperture at the top, through which are watched the beads; a quantity of old dried wood, formed into a sort



BABY CRADLE OF SLIPPER FORM.

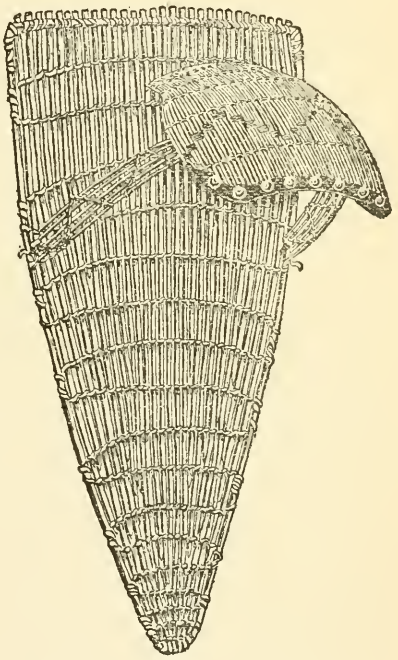
of dough or paste, is placed around the pot, so as almost to cover it, and afterward set on fire.

"The manufacturer then looks through the small hole in the pot till he sees the beads assume a deep red color, to which succeeds a paler or whitish red, or they become pointed at the upper extremity; on which the fire is removed, and the pot suffered to cool gradually; at length it is removed, the beads taken out, the clay in the hollow of them picked out with an awl or needle, and they are then fit for use. The beads thus formed are in great demand among the Indians, and used as pendants to their ears and hair, and are sometimes worn around the neck."

Thus even the Indians are not without some mechanical ingenuity. Their proficiency in making moccasins and baskets has long been well known. The squaws seem to have more remarkable handicraft than the men. It is quite customary for one tribe to learn from another how to

make trinkets and useful articles which are not only salable among the Indians themselves, but also to white traders.

Lewis and Clarke give us some account of the construction of Indian wigwams, or lodges: "In course of the day we passed some old Indian hunting camps, one of which consisted of two large lodges fortified with a circular fence twenty or thirty feet in diameter, and made of timber laid horizontally, the beams overlaying each other to the height of five feet, and covered with the trunks and limbs of trees that have drifted down the river. The lodges themselves are formed by three or more strong sticks, about the size of a man's leg or arm, and twelve feet long, which are attached at the top by a withe of small willows, and spread out so as to form at the base a circle of from ten to fourteen feet in diameter; against these are placed pieces of driftwood and fallen timber, usually in three ranges, one on the other, and the interstices are covered with leaves, bark, and straw, so as to form a conical figure, about ten feet high, with a small aperture in one side of the door. It is, however, at best, a very imperfect shelter against the inclemencies of the seasons.



PYRAMID INDIAN CRADLE.

"Captain Clarke and one of the hunters met this evening the largest brown bear we have seen since our journey began. As they fired he did not attempt to attack, but fled with a most tremendous roar; and such was his extraordinary tenacity of life, that, although he had five balls passed through his lungs, and five other wounds, he swam more than half across the river to a sand-bar, and survived twenty minutes. He weighed between five and six hundred pounds at least, and measured eight feet seven inches and a half from the nose to the extremity of the hind feet, five feet ten inches and a half round the breast, three feet eleven inches round the neck, one foot

eleven inches round the middle of the fore leg, and his claws, five on each foot, were four inches and three-eighths in length. This animal differs from the common black bear in having his claws much longer and more blunt; his tail shorter; his hair of a reddish or bay brown, longer, finer and more abundant, his liver, lungs and heart much larger even in proportion to his size, the heart particularly, being equal to that of a large ox, and his maw ten times larger. Besides fish and flesh, he feeds on roots and on every kind of wild fruit."

An extraordinary amount of game, both flesh and fowl, was met with by the explorers. This was providential. In this way the wants of the expedition were supplied, and food was abundant whenever the hunters were successful in making a capture. Of course, the party did not expect quail on toast or terrapin soup, nor such pastry as would do credit to a first-class hotel. They lived the "simple life" on coarse, yet heathful, fare.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE WITH A BEAR.

Another adventure with bears is narrated and is of a thrilling description: "Towards evening one day the men in the hindmost canoes discovered a large brown bear lying in the open grounds, about three hundred paces from the river. Six of them, all good hunters, immedately went to attack him, and, concealing themselves by a small eminence came unperceived within forty paces of him. Four of the hunters now fired, and each lodged a ball in his body, two of them directly through the lungs. The furious animal sprang up and ran opened-mouth upon them. As he came near, the two hunters who had reserved their fire gave him two wounds, one of which, breaking his shoulder, retarded his motion for a moment; but before they could reload he was so near that they were obliged to run to the river, and before they had reached it he had almost overtaken them. Two jumped into the canoe; the other four separated, and concealing themselves in the willows, fired as fast as they could reload.

"They struck him several times, but, instead of weakening the monster, each shot seemed only to direct him towards the hunters, till at last he pursued two of them so closely that they threw aside their guns and

pouches, and jumped down a perpendicular bank of twenty feet into the river; the bear sprang after them, and was within a few feet of the hindmost, when one of the hunters on shore shot him through the head, and finally killed him. They dragged him to the shore, and found that eight balls had passed through him in different directions. The bear was old, and the meat tough, so they took the skin only, and rejoined us at camp, where we had been as much terrified by an accident of a different kind.

A NARROW ESCAPE FROM DROWNING.

"This was the narrow escape of one of our canoes, containing all our papers, instruments, medicine, and almost every article indispensable for the success of our enterprise. The canoe being under sail, a sudden squall of wind struck her obliquely and turned her considerably. The man at the helm, who was unluckily the worst steersman of the party, became alarmed, and, instead of putting her before the wind, luffed her up into it. The wind was so high that it forced the brace of the squaresail out of the hand of the man who was attending it, and instantly upset the canoe, which would have turned bottom upward but for the resistance made by the awning. Such was the confusion on board, and the waves ran so high, that it was half a minute before she righted, and then nearly full of water, but by bailing her out she was kept from sinking until they rowed ashore.

"Besides the loss of the lives of three men, who, not being able to swim would probably have perished, we should have been deprived of nearly everything necessary for our purposes, at a distance of between two and three thousand miles from any place where we could supply the deficiency."

The parties which had been sent out to ascertain the character of the two rivers farther on, in order to determine which was the true Missouri, returned in the evening, but without any information that seemed to settle the point.

Under these circumstances, it became necessary that there should be a more thorough exploration, and the next morning Captains Lewis and Clarke set out at the head of two separate parties, the former to examine

the north, and the latter the south fork. In his progress Captain Lewis and his party were frequently obliged to quit the course of the river and cross the plains and hills, but he did not loose sight of its general direction, and very carefully and deliberately took the bearings of the distant mountains.

On the morning of the third day he became convinced that this river pursued a course too far north for his contemplated route to the Pacific, and he accordingly determined to return, but judged it advisable to wait till noon, that he might obtain a meridian altitude. In this, however, he was disappointed, owing to the state of the weather. Much rain had fallen, and their return was somewhat difficult, and not unattended with danger, as the following incident will show:

RESCUED FROM A TERRIBLE SITUATION.

"In passing along the side of a bluff at a narrow pass, thirty yards in length, Captain Lewis slipped, and, but for a fortunate recovery by means of his hand-pike, would have been precipitated into the river over a precipice of about ninety feet. He had just reached a spot where, by the assistance of his pike, he could stand with tolerable safety, when he heard a voice behind him cry out, 'Good God, captain, what shall I do?' He turned instantly, and found it was one of his party, who had lost his foothold about the middle of the narrow pass, and had slipped down to the very verge of the precipice, where he lay on his belly, with his right arm and leg over it, while with the other leg and arm he was with difficulty holding on, to keep himself from being dashed to pieces below.

"His dreadful situation was instantly perceived by Captain Lewis, who, stifling his alarm, camly told him that he was in danger; that he should take his knife out of his belt with his right hand, and dig a hole in the side of the bluff to receive his right foot. With great presence of mind he did this, and then raised himself on his knees. Captain Lewis then told him to take off his moccasins, and come forward on his hands and knees, holding the knife in one hand and rifle in the other. He immediately crawled in this way till he came to a secure spot. The men who had

not attempted this passage were ordered to return, and wade the river at the foot of the bluff, where they found the water breast high.

"This adventure taught them the danger of crossing the slippery heights of the river; but, as the plains were intersected by deep ravines almost as difficult to pass, they continued down the stream, sometimes in the mud of the low grounds, sometimes up to their arms in the water, and when it became too deep to wade, they cut foot holds with their knifes in the sides of the banks. In this way they travelled through the rain, mud, and water; and, having made only eighteen miles during the whole day, encamped in an old Indian lodge of sticks, which afforded them a dry shelter. Here they cooked part of six deer they had killed in the course of their route, and, having eaten the only morsel they had tasted during the whole day, slept comfortably on some willow boughs."

DISCOVERY OF THE SOURCES OF THE MISSOURI RIVER.

The limits of the present account of Lewis and Clarke, the daring pioneer heroes whose exploits are the theme of romantic history, will not permit us to follow them through all their experiences. By their bold enterprise new light was thrown upon our wonderful Northwest. The darkness that had hidden that territory from the rest of the nation was dissipated, and a world of marvels was revealed.

The sources of the Missouri River were discovered. Many other streams were traced, some of which were of amazing size. The character of the soil and vegetable products was ascertained. The majestic Rocky Mountains, many of their towering summits capped with snow, were found to be among the grandest marvels of the New World. Very complete information was obtained concerning the Indian tribes, remnants of some being still in existence. It was seen that Mr. Jefferson made no mistake in the vast importance he attached to the expedition. It was triumphantly achieved by men whose names will ever be eulogized in our pioneer history.

One of the most interesting and valuable features of the expedition, especially to the scientific world, relates to the animal life of the North-

West. The quadrupeds of the country extending from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific may be conveniently divided into domestic and wild animals. The first class embraces the horse and dog only.

The horse is confined principally to the nations inhabiting the great plains of the Columbia, extending from the Rocky Mountains to a range

INDIAN LIFE IN THEIR NATIVE FORESTS.

of mountains which pass the Columbia near the Great Falls. They appear to be of an excellent race; are lofty, elegantly formed, active, and hardy; and many of them appear like fine English coursers. Some of them are pied, with large spots of white irregularly distributed, and intermixed with a dark-brown bay; the greater part, however, are of a uniform color, marked with stars and white feet, and in fleetness and bottom, as well as in form and color, resemble the best blooded horses of Virginia. The natives suffer them to run at large in the plains, the grass of which affords them their only subsistence, their masters taking no trouble to lay in a winter's store for them; and, if they are not overworked, they will even at this season fatten on the dry herbage.

These plains are rarely moistened by rain, and the grass is consequently short and thin. The natives, excepting those of the Rocky Mountains, appear to take no pains in selecting the male horses for breed, and, indeed, those of that class appear much the more indifferent. The soil and climate of this country appear to be perfectly well adapted to the nature of the animals, which is said to be found wild in many parts. The several tribes of Shoshonees, who reside towards Mexico, on the waters of the Multnomah River, and particularly one of them, called Shaboboah, have also a great number of mules, which they prize more highly than horses.

THE ANIMALS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

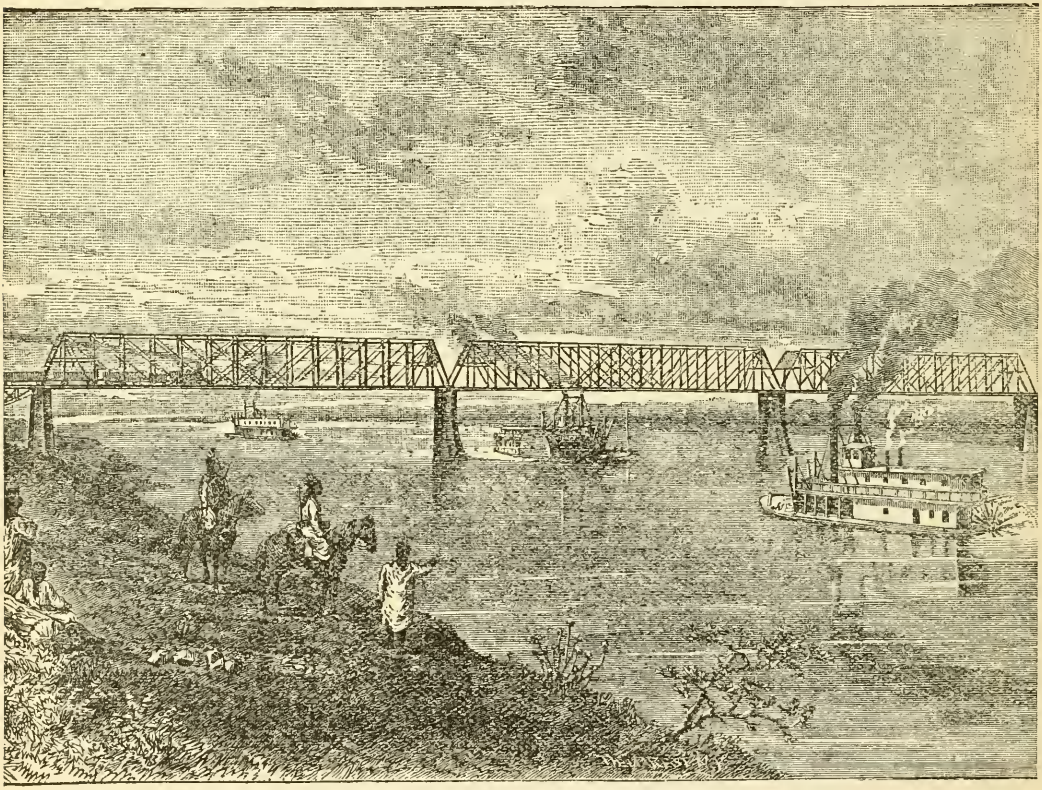
The dog is unusually small, about the size of an ordinary cur. He is usually parti-colored, black, white, brown, and brindle being the colors most predominent; the head is long, the nose pointed, the eyes are small, and the ears erect and pointed, like those of a wolf. The hair is short and smooth, excepting on the tail, where it is long and straight, like that of an ordinary cur-dog. The natives never eat the flesh of this animal, and he appears to be in no other way serviceable to them than in hunting the elk.

The second division comprehends the brown, white, or grizzly bear, the black bear, the common red deer, the black-tailed fallow deer, the mule deer, the elk, the large brown wolf, the small wolf of the plains, the large wolf of the plains, the tiger-cat, the common red fox, the silver fox, the fisher or black fox, the large red fox of the plains, the kit-fox or small fox of the plains, the antelope, the sheep, the beaver, the common otter, the sea-otter, the mink, the seal, the raccoon, the large gray squirrel, the small grey squirrel, the small brown squirrel, the ground squirrel, the rat, the mouse, the mole, the panther, the hare, the rabbit, and the polecat or skunk.

The brown, white, or grizzly bears, which seem all to be of the same family, with an accidental variation of colors only, inhabit the timbered parts of the Rocky Mountains. They are rarely found on the western side, and are more commonly below those mountains, in the plains, or on

their borders, amid copses of brush and underwood, and near the water course.

The sheep is found in many places, but mostly in the timbered parts of the Rocky Mountains. It lives in greater numbers on the chain of mountains forming the commencement of the woody country on the coast,



RAILROAD BRIDGE ACROSS THE MISSOURI RIVER.

and passing the Columbia between the Falls and Rapids. The party saw only the skins of this animal (which the natives dress with the wool on), and the blankets which they manufacture from the wool. The animal appears to be of about the size of our common sheep, and of a white color; the wool being fine on many parts of the body, but not equal in length to that of the domestic sheep. On the back, and particularly on the top of the head, the wool is intermixed with a considerable quantity of long straight hairs.

The party composing the expedition ascended the Missouri 2,600

CAPTURE AND DEATH OF THE INDIAN CHIEF SITTING BULL

HE WAS CHIEF OF THE SIOUX INDIANS AND WAS INSTRUMENTAL IN THE SLAUGHTER OF GENERAL CUSTER AND HIS ENTIRE COMMAND AT LITTLE HORN RIVER IN JUNE, 1876. IN 1890 HE WAS CAPTURED AND SHOT BY A BODY OF INDIAN POLICE

DEATH OF A SIOUX CHIEF IN AN ATTACK ON
UNITED STATES TROOPS

miles. To the three streams forming the Missouri they gave the names of Jefferson, Madison, and Gallatin. Leaving a guard for the boats, the remainder made their way across the mountains on horses that they had captured and tamed. Lewis and Clarke discovered the two rivers that bear their names and traced the Columbia River to its outlet in the Pacific Ocean.

In 1809 the expedition returned to St. Louis having been singularly fortunate in all its journeyings, and having made discoveries that opened the vast region which it traversed to the later march of civilization.

A donation of lands was made by Congress to the members of Captain Lewis's party. He was appointed Governor of Louisiana, and Clarke agent for Indian affairs. Captain Lewis died in 1809, by his own hand, when on his way to Philadelphia to superintend the publication of his journals. His mind had been affected and his health broken down by the severe hardships and sufferings he endured, but high on the immortal scroll that bears the names of our nation's most heroic pioneers stand the honored names of Lewis and Clarke.

DAVID CROCKETT.

CHAPTER V.

ECCENTRIC CHARACTER—IN THE WAR OF THE CREEK INDIANS—HIS MARRIAGE—REMOVAL TO A NEW SETTLEMENT—BACKWOODS MAGISTRATE—ADVENTURES WITH BEARS AND INDIANS—MEMBER OF THE STATE LEGISLATURE—MEMBER OF CONGRESS—TOUR THROUGH THE NORTH—GOES TO FIGHT FOR THE INDEPENDENCE OF TEXAS—AT THE FAMOUS SIEGE OF THE ALAMO—KILLED IN A DESPERATE ENCOUNTER.

The original humorist, backwoodsman, eccentric and famous David Crocket begins his autobiography on this wise: "Seeking no ornament or coloring for a plain, simple tale of truth, I throw aside all hypocritical and fawning apologies, and according to my own maxin, 'just go ahead.'

"Where I am not known, I might, perhaps, gain some little credit by having thrown around this volume some of the flowers of learning; but where I am known, the vile cheatery would soon be detected, and like the foolish jackdaw, that with borrowed tail attempted to play the peacock I should be justly robbed of my pilfered ornaments, and sent forth to strut without a tail for the balance of my time. I shall commence my book with what little I have learned of the history of my father, as all 'great men' rest many, if not most, of their hopes on their noble ancestry. Mine was poor, but I hope honest, and even that is as much as many a man can say."

David had a rough, frontier life in his boyhood, and it is a great credit to his natural ability, his pluck and perseverance, that he became a man of national reputation and one of the sturdy pioneers in the middle States and the Southwest. He seemed to have a genius when young for falling in love, and after one or two disappointments found a

wife who was well suited to his somewhat erratic disposition and was not annoyed by his oddities.

Among Crockett's military achievements the first was the part he acted in the war with the Creek Indians. We will let him recount this in his own off-hand way.

"I was living ten miles below Winchester, Va., when the Creek war commenced; and as military men are making so much fuss in the world at this time, I must give an account of the part I took in the defence of the country. If it should make me President, why I can't help it; such things will sometimes happen, and my pluck is, never to 'seek nor decline office.'

"It is true, I had a little rather not; but yet, if the government can't get on without taking another President from Tennessee, to finish the work of 'retrenchment and reform,' why, then, I reckon I must go in for it.

THE CREEK MASSACRE AT FORT MIMMS.

"The Creek Indians had commenced their open hostilities by a most bloody butchery at Fort Mimms. There had been no war among us for so long, that but few who were not too old to bear arms, knew anything about the business. I, for one, had often thought about war, and had often heard it described; and I did verily believe in my own mind, that I couldn't fight in that way at all; but my after experience convinced me that this was all a notion. For, when I heard of the mischief which was done at the fort, I instantly felt like going, and I had none of the dread of dying that I expected to feel. In a few days, a general meeting of the militia was called, for the purpose of raising volunteers; and when the day arrived for that meeting, my wife, who had heard me say I meant to go to the war, began to beg me not to turn out. She said she was a stranger in the parts where we lived, had no connections living near her, and that she and our little children would be left in a lonesome and unhappy situation if I went away.

"It was mighty hard to go against such arguments as these; but my countrymen had been murdered, and I knew that the next thing

would be that the Indians would be scalping the women and children all about there, if we didn't put a stop to it. I reasoned the case with her as well as I could, and told her that if every man would wait till his wife got willing for him to go to war, there would be no fighting done, until we would all be killed in our own houses; that I was as able to go as any man in the world, and that I believed it was a duty I owed to my country.

PIONEERS MEETING HOSTILE INDIANS.

Whether she was satisfied with this reasoning or not, she did not tell me, but seeing I was bent on it, all she did was to cry a little, and turn about to her work. The truth is, my dander was up, and nothing but war could bring it right again."

Having acted a gallant part in the war with the Creeks, Crockett enlisted in what is known as the Florida war. Here, too, his cool courage and patriotic devotion to the army were conspicuous. In every skirmish with the Indians his fearlessness was evident, and he soon became known as one of the most noted pioneer fighters. His wife having died he married again, and continues his amusing narrative:

"The place on which I lived was sickly, and I was determined to leave it. I therefore set out the next fall to look at the country which had been purchased of the Chickasaw tribe of Indians. I went on to a place called Shoal Creek, about eighty miles from where I lived, and here again I got sick. I took the ague and fever, which I supposed was brought on by my camping out. I remained here for some time, as I was unable to go farther; and in that time I became so well pleased with the country about there, that I resolved to settle in it. It was just only a little distance in the purchase, and no order had been established there; but I thought I could get along without order as well as anybody else. And so I moved and settled myself down on the head of Shoal Creek.

APPOINTED A BACKWOODS MAGISTRATE.

"We remained here some two or three years, without any law at all; and so many bad characters began to flock in upon us, that we found it necessary to set up a sort of temporary government of our own. I don't mean that we made any president, and called him the 'government,' but we met, and appointed magistrates and constables to keep order. We didn't fix any laws for them, though; for we supposed they would know law enough, whoever they might be; but so we left it to themselves to fix the laws.

"I was appointed one of the magistrates; and when a man owed a debt, and wouldn't pay it, I and my constable ordered our warrant, and then he would take the man, and bring him before me for trial. I would give judgment against him, and then an order for an execution would easily scarce the debt out of him. If any one was charged with marking his neighbor's hogs, or with stealing anything,—which happened pretty often in those days,—I would have him taken, and if there were tolerable grounds for the charge, I would have him well whipp'd and cleared.

"We kept this up till our Legislature added us to the white settlements in Giles county, and appointed magistrates by law, to organize matters in the parts where I lived. They appointed nearly every man a magistrate who had belonged to our corporation. I was then, of course,

made a squire, according to law; though now the honor rested more heavily on me than before. For, at first, whenever I told my constable, says I—"Catch that fellow and bring him up for trial,"—away he went, and the fellow must come, dead or alive; for we considered this a good warrant though it was only in verbal writing. But after I was appointed by the assembly, they told me my warrants must be in real writing, and signed; and that I must keep a book, and write my proceedings in it. This was a hard business on me, for I could just barely write my own name; but to do this, and write the warrants, too, was at least a huckleberry over my persimmon.

COMMON SENSE AND A HIGH REGARD FOR JUSTICE.

"I had a pretty well informed constable, however, and he aided me very much in this business. Indeed, I had so much confidence in him, that I told him, when we should happen to be out anywhere, and see that a warrant was necessary, and would have a good effect, he needn't take the trouble to come all the way to me to get one, but he could just fill out one; and then on the trial I could correct the whole business if he had committed any error. In this way I got on pretty well, till by care and attention I improved my handwriting in such a manner as to be able to prepare my warrants, and keep my record book without much difficulty. My judgments were never appealed from, and if they had been, they would have stuck like wax, as I gave my decisions on the principles of common justice and honesty between man and man, and relied on natural born sense, and not on law learning to guide me; for I had never read a page in a law book in all my life."

In short, common sense and a high regard for justice were conspicuous traits of Crockett. In commenting upon his experiences he says:

"I just now began to take a rise, as in a little time I was asked to stand for the Legislature in the counties of Lawrence and Heckman. I offered my name in the month of February, and started about the first of March with a drove of horses to the lower part of the State of North Carolina. This was in the year 1821, and I was gone upwards of three months.

I returned, and set out electioneering, which was a bran-fire new business to me. It now became necessary that I should tell the people something about the government, and an eternal sight of other things that I knowed nothing more about than I did about Latin and law, and such things as that. In those days none of us called General Jackson the government, nor did he seem in as fair a way to become so as I do now; but I knowed so little about it, that if any one had told me he was 'the government,' I should have believed it, for I had never read even a newspaper in my life, or anything else on the subject. But over all my difficulties, it seems to me I was born for luck, though it would be hard for any one to guess what sort.

A GREAT SQUIRREL HUNT ON DUCK RIVER.

"I went first into Heckman county, to see what I could do among the people as a candidate. Here they told me that they wanted to move their town nearer to the centre of the county, and I must come out in favor of it. Hanged if I knowed what this meant, or how the town was to be moved; and so I kept dark, going on the identical same plan that I now find is called 'noncommittal.' About this time there was a great squirrel hunt on Duck river, which was among my people. They were to hunt two days; then to meet and count the scalps, and have a big barbecue, and what might be called a tip-top country frolic. The dinner, and a general treat, was all to be paid for by the party having taken the fewest scalps. I joined one side, taking the place of one of the hunters, and got a gun ready for the hunt. I killed a great many squirrels, and when we counted scalps, my party was victorious.

"The company had everything to eat and drink that could be furnished in so new a country and much fun and good humor prevailed. But before the regular frolic commenced, I mean the dancing, I was called on to make a speech as a candidate; which was a business I was as ignorant of as an outlandish negro.

"A public document I had never seen, nor did I know there were such things; and how to begin I couldn't tell. I made many apologies, and tried to get off for I know'd I had a man to run against who could speak

prime, and I know'd, too, that I wasn't able to shuffle and cut with him. He was there, and knowing my ignorance as well as I did myself, he also urged me to make a speech. The truth is, he thought my being a candidate was a mere matter of sport; and didn't think for a moment, that he was in any danger from an ignorant backwoods bear hunter. But I found I couldn't get off, and so I determined just to go ahead, and leave it to chance what I should say. I got up and told the people I reckoned they know'd what I had come for, but if not, I could tell them. I had come for their votes, and if they didn't watch mighty close I'd get them, too. But the worst of all was, that I could not tell them anything about government. I tried to speak about something, and I cared very little what, until I choaked up as bad as if my mouth had been jamm'd and cramm'd chock full of dry mush. There the people stood, listening all the while, with their eyes, mouths, and ears all open, to catch every word I would speak.

DIFFIDENCE AS A PUBLIC SPEAKER.

"At last I told them I was like a fellow I had heard of not long before. He was beating on the head of an empty barrel near the road-side, when a traveler, who was passing along, asked him what he was doing that for? The fellow replied that there was some cider in that barrel a few days before, and he was trying to see if there was any then, but if there was he couldn't get at it. I told them that there had been a little bit of a speech in me a while ago, but I believed I couldn't get it out. They all roared out in a mighty laugh, and I told some other anecdotes, equally amusing to them, and believing I had them in a first-rate way, I quit and got down, thanking the people for their attention. But I took care to remark that I was as dry as a powder-horn, and that I thought it was time for us all to wet our whistles a little: and so I put off to the liquor stand, and was followed by the greater part of the crowd.

"I felt certain this was necessary, for I knowed my competitor could talk government matters to them as easy as he pleased. He had, however, mighty few left to hear him, as I continued with the crowd, now and then taking a horn, and telling good-humored stories, till he was done speak-

ing. I found I was good for the vote at the hunt, and when we broke up I went on to the town of Vernon, which was the same they wanted me to move. Here they pressed me again on the subject, and I could get either party by agreeing with them. But I told them I didn't know whether it would be right or not, and so couldn't promise either way.

A PROMISING CANDIDATE FOR THE LEGISLATURE.

"Their court commenced on the next Monday, as the barbecue was on Saturday, and the candidates for Governor and for Congress, as well as my competitor and myself, all attended. The thought of having to make a speech made my knees feel mighty weak, and set my heart to fluttering almost as bad as my first love scrape with the Quaker's niece. But as good luck would have it, these big candidates spoke nearly all day, and when they quit, the people were worn out with fatigue, which afforded me a good apology for not discussing the government. But I listened mighty close to them, and was learning pretty fast about political matters. When they were all done, I got up and told some laughable story, and quit. I found I was safe in those parts, and so I went home, and did not go back again till after the election was over. But to cut this matter short, I was elected, doubling my competitor, and nine votes over.

"A short time after this, I was in Pulaski, where I met with Colonel Polk, now a member of Congress from Tennessee. He was at that time a member elected to the Legislature, as well as myself; and in a large company he said to me, 'Well, colonel, I suppose we shall have a radical change of the judiciary at the next session of the Legislature.' 'Very likely, sir,' says I; and I put out quicker, for I was afraid some one would ask me what the judiciary was; and if I knowed I wish I may be shot. I don't indeed believe I had ever before heard that there was any such thing in all nature; but still I was not willing that the people there should know how ignorant I was about it. When the time for meeting of the Legislature arrived, I went on, and before I had been there long, I could have told what the judiciary was, and what the government was, too; and many other things that I had known nothing about before."

About this time Crockett lost all his property by a freshet which swept away a grist mill and distillery, for which he was largely in debt and had nothing to pay with. He resolved to emigrate again and "cut out" for the Obion, where the nearest house was seven miles distant, the next fifteen, and so on to twenty. An incident occurred which shows what hardships were endured by the sturdy backwoods pioneers. We will let Crockett relate it in his own language:

"I gathered my corn, and then set out for my Fall's hunt. This was in the last of October, 1822. I found bear very plenty, and, indeed, all sorts of game and wild varments, except buffalo. There was none of them. I hunted on till Christmas, having supplied my family very well all along with wild meat, at which time my powder gave out; and I had none either to fire Christmas guns, which is very common in that country, or to hunt with. I had a brother-in-law who had now moved out and settled about six miles west of me, on the opposite side of Rutherford's fork of the Obion river, and he had brought me a keg of powder, but I had never gotten it home. There had just been another of Noah's freshets, and the low grounds were flooded all over with water.

A DANGEROUS TRIP TO REPLENISH STOCK OF POWDER.

"I know'd the stream was at least a mile wide which I would have to cross, as the water was from hill to hill, and yet I determined to go on over in some way or other, so as to get my powder. I told this to my wife, and she immediately opposed it with all her might. I still insisted, telling her we had no powder for Christmas, and, worse than all, we were out of meat. She said, we had as well starve as for me to freeze to death or to get drowned, and one or the other was certain if I attempted to go.

"But I didn't believe the half of this; and so I took my woolen wrappers, and a pair of moccasins, and put them on, and tied up some dry clothes, and a pair of shoes and stockings, and started. But I didn't before know how much anybody could suffer and not die. This, and some of my other experiments in water, learned me something about it, and I therefore relate them.

"The snow was about four inches deep when I started; and when I got to the water, which was only about a quarter of a mile off, it looked like an ocean. I put in, and waded on till I come to the channel, where I crossed that on a high log. I then took water again, having my gun and all my hunting tools along, and waded till I came to a deep slough, that was wider than the river itself. I had crossed it often on a log; but behold, when I got there, no log was to be seen. I knowed of an island in the slough, and a sapling stood on it close to the side of that log, which was now entirely under water. I knowed further, that the water was about eight or ten feet deep under the log, and I jedged it to be about three feet deep over it.

A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF A TRYING POSITION.

"After studying a little what I should do, I determined to cut a forked sapling, which stood near me, so as to lodge it against the one that stood on the island, in which I succeeded very well. I then cut me a pole, and then crawled along on my sapling till I got to the one it was lodged against, which was about six feet above the water. I then felt about with my pole till I found the log, which was just about as deep under the water as I had judged. I then crawled back and got my gun, which I had left at the stump of the sapling I had cut, and again made my way to the place of lodgment, and then climbed down the other sapling so as to get on the log. I then felt my way along with my feet in the water, about waist deep, but it was a mighty ticklish business. However, I got over, and by this time I had very little feeling in my feet and legs, as I had been all the time in the water, except what time I was crossing the high log over the river, and climbing my lodged sapling.

"I went but a short distance before I came to another slough, over which there was a log, but it was floating on the water. I thought I could walk it, and so I mounted on it; but when I had got about the middle of the deep water, somehow or somehow else, it turned over, and in I went up to my head. I waded out of this deep water, and went ahead till I came to the highland, where I stopp'd to pull off my wet

clothes, and put on the others, which I had held up with my gun, above the water, when I fell in. I got them on, but my flesh had no feeling in it, I was so cold. I tied up the wet ones, and hung them up in a bush. I now thought I would run, so as to warm myself a little, but I couldn't raise a trot for some time; indeed, I couldn't step more than half the length of my foot.

"After a while I got better, and went on five miles to the house of my brother-in-law, having not even smelt fire from the time I started. I got there late in the evening, and he was much astonished at seeing me at such a time. I staid all night, and the next morning was most piercing cold, and so they persuaded me not to go home that day. I agreed, and turned out and killed him two deer; but the weather still got worse and colder, instead of better. I staid that night, and in the morning they still insisted I couldn't get home. I knowed the water would be frozen over, but not hard enough to bear me, and so I agreed to stay that day. I went out hunting again, and pursued a big he-bear all day, but didn't kill him. The next morning was bitter cold, but I knowed my family was without meat, and I determined to get home to them, or die a-trying.

PERSONAL COURAGE AND GREAT FORTITUDE.

"I took my keg of powder, and all my hunting tools, and cut out. When I got to the water, it was a sheet of ice as far as I could see. I put on to it, but hadn't got far before it broke through with me; and so I took out my tomahawk, and broke my way along before me for a considerable distance. At last I got to where the ice would bear me for a short distance, and I mounted on it, and went ahead; but it soon broke in again, and I had to wade on till I came to my floating log. I found it so tight this time, that I know'd it couldn't give me another fall, as it was frozen in with the ice. I crossed over it without much difficulty, and worked along till I got to my lodged sapling, and my log under the water.

"The swiftness of the current prevented the water from freezing over it, and so I had to wade, just as I did when I crossed it before.

When I got to my sapling, I left my gun, and climbed out with my powder keg first, and then went back and got my gun. By this time I was nearly frozen to death, but I saw all along before me, where the ice had been fresh broke, and I thought it must be a bear straggling about in the water. I, therefore, fresh primed my gun, and cold as I was, I was determined to make war on him, if we met.

"But I followed the trail till it led me home, and I then found it had been made by my young man that lived with me, who had been sent by my distressed wife to see, if he could, what had become of me, for they all believed that I was dead. When I got home, I wasn't quite dead, but mighty nigh it; but had my powder, and that was what I went for."

MAKES A TRIP THROUGH THE NORTHERN STATES.

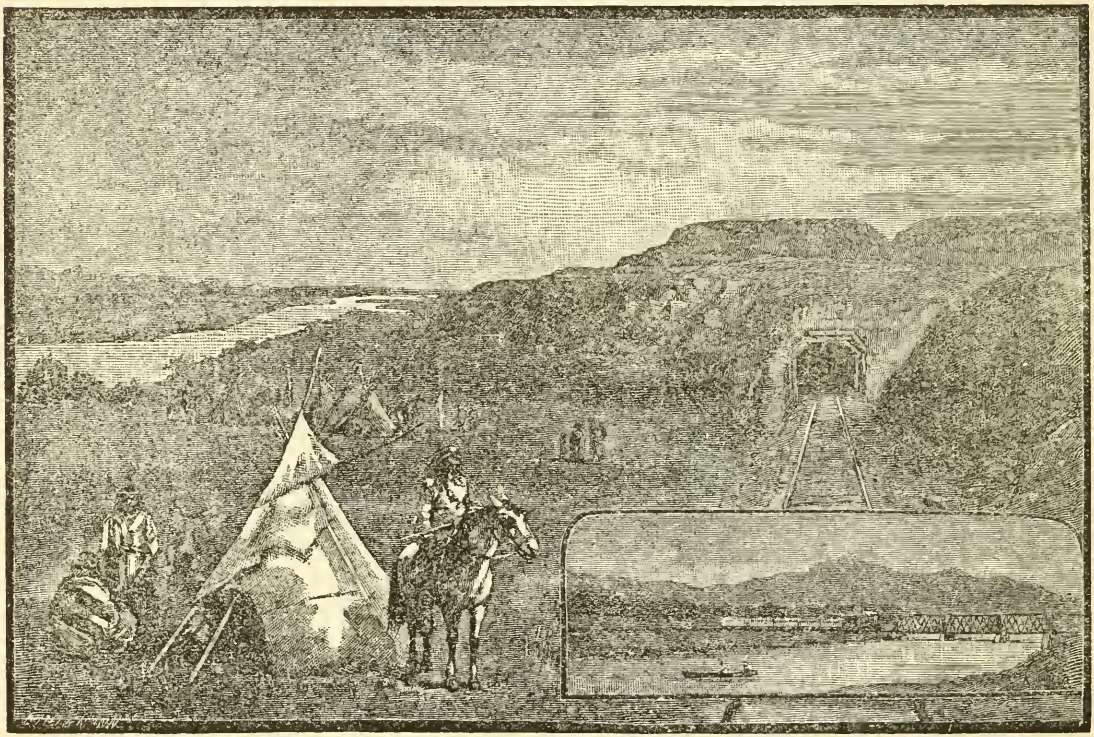
This incident of the difficult and perilous journey, for the purpose of obtaining a cask of powder, is one of the most remarkable and characteristic in the whole narrative. It exhibits that determined and resolute perseverance which raised Crockett from the humblest station to a position, which attracted the notice and the admiration of the whole country.

Crockett, as we have seen, gained distinction in that part of the State where he lived. Without attempting to follow his whole career, eccentric and often amusing, we will condense the narrative by stating that he was three times elected to Congress, although once defeated. His natural wit, and to some extent his lack of education, made him popular among the populace where he resided. His sturdy honesty was the admiration of all who knew him. Pioneer, hunter, legislator, Congressman, hitherto comprised the different roles in which he was known.

He made a tour through the Northern States and received a welcome such as is usually accorded to persons of the highest distinction. In Philadelphia, New York and other towns his progress was something like that of a conquering hero. His humble origin, his backwoods achievements, his military history, and his whole-souled, generous nature, were all elements that contributed to his immense popularity. In his speeches, or

his attempts at making speeches, he had a happy faculty of making some quaint anecdote do the service and carry the conviction to his hearers that others tried to gain by the most laborious argument. In short, he was Crockett, and there was only one Davy Crockett.

Colonel Crockett was always of a somewhat roving disposition. We next find him fighting for the independence of Texas. He had become a good deal disgusted with politics. On his way to Texas he received



INDIAN CAMP ON THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

marked public attentions, and the towns through which he passed, notably Little Rock, Arkansas, paid him becoming honors. Many persons are disposed to think that military ambition took him to the far Southwest. He met with many adventures on his journey, one of the most startling of which he relates as follows:

"After toiling for more than an hour to get my mustang which had been tied out and disabled, upon his feet again, I gave it up as a bad job, as little Van did when he attempted to raise himself to the moon by the

waistband of his breeches. Night was fast closing in, and as I began to think that I had just about sport enough for one day, I might as well look around for a place of shelter for the night, and take a fresh start in the morning, by which time I was in hopes my horse would be recruited. Near the margin of the river a large tree had been blown down, and I thought of making my lair in its top, and approached it for that purpose. While beating among the branches I heard a low growl, as much as to say, 'Stranger, the apartments are already taken.'

A DISAGREEABLE BED-FELLOW.

"Looking about to see what sort of a bed-fellow I was likely to have, I discovered, not more than five or six paces from me, an enormous Mexican cougar, eyeing me as an epicure surveys the table before he selects his dish, for I have no doubt the cougar looked upon me as the subject of a future supper. Rays of light darted from his large eyes, he showed his teeth like a negro in histerics, and he was crouching on his haunches ready for a spring; all of which convinced me that unless I was pretty quick upon the trigger, posterity would know little of the termination of my eventful career, and it would be far less glorious and useful than I intend to make of it.

"One glance satisfied me that there was no time to be lost, as Pat thought when falling from a church steeple, and exclaimed, 'This would be mighty pleasant, now, if it would only last,'—but there was no retreat either for me or the cougar, so I leveled my Betsey and blazed away. The report was followed by a furious growl, (which is sometimes the case in Congress,) and the next moment, when I expected to find the tarnal critter struggling with death, I beheld him shaking his head as if nothing more than a bee had stung him. The ball had struck him on the forehead and glanced off, doing no other injury than stunning him for an instant, and tearing off the skin, which tended to infuriate him the more.

"The cougar wasn't long in making up his mind what to do, nor was I either; but he would have it all his own way, and vetoed my motion to back out. I had not retreated three steps before he sprang at me like a

steamboat; I stepped aside and as he lit upon the ground, I struck him violently with the barrel of my rifle, but he didn't mind that, but wheeled around and made at me again. The gun was now of no use, so I threw it away, and drew my hunting knife, for I knew we should come to close quarters before the fight would be over. This time he succeeded in fastening on my left arm, and was just beginning to amuse himself by tearing the flesh off with his fangs, when I ripped my knife into his side, and he let go his hold much to my satisfaction.

A DESPERATE STRUGGLE WITH A COUGAR.

"He wheeled about and came at me with increased fury, occasioned by the smarting of his wounds. I now tried to blind him, knowing that if I succeeded he would become an easy prey; so as he approached me I watched my opportunity, and aimed a blow at his eyes with my knife, but unfortunately it struck him on the nose, and he paid no other attention to it than by a shake of the head and a low growl. He pressed me close, and as I was stepping backward my foot tripped in a vine, and I fell to the ground. He was down upon me like a nighthawk upon a June bug. He seized hold of the outer part of my right thigh, which afforded him considerable amusement; the hinder part of his body was towards my face; I grasped his tail with my left hand, and tickled his ribs with my hunting knife, which I held in my right.

"Still the critter wouldn't let go his hold; and as I found that he would lacerate my leg dreadfully, unless he was speedily shaken off, I tried to hurl him down the bank into the river, for our scuffle had already brought us to the edge of the bank. I stuck my knife into his side, and summoned all my strength to throw him over. He resisted, was desperate heavy, but at last I got him so far down the declivity that he lost his balance, and he rolled over and over till he landed on the margin of the river; but in his fall he dragged me along with him. Fortunately, I fell uppermost, and his neck presented a fair mark for my hunting knife. Without allowing myself time even to draw breath, I aimed one desperate blow at his neck, and the knife entered his gullet up to the handle, and

reached his heart. He struggled for a few moments, and died. I have had many fights with bears, but that was mere child's play; this was the first fight ever I had with a cougar, and I hope it may be the last."

As an illustration of the singular characters Crockett fell in with in Texas, he makes mention of one who seems to have been quite as "wild and wooly" and singular as himself. He was a well known hunter.

"I jocosely asked the ragged hunter, who was a smart, active young fellow, of the steamboat and alligator breed, whether he was a rhinoceros or a hyena, as he was so eager for a fight with invaders. 'Neither the one nor t'other, Colonel,' says he, 'but a whole menagerie in myself. I'm shaggy as a bear, wolfish about the head, active as a cougar, and can grin like a hyena, until the bark will curl off a gum log. There's a sprinkling of all sorts in me, from the lion down to the skunk; and before the war is over you'll pronounce me an entire zoological institute, or I miss a figure in my calculation. I promise to swallow Santa Anu without gagging, if you will only skewer back his ears, and grease his head a little."

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE EARLY WESTERN PIONEERS.

This shows the character of the genuine pioneers of the West in those early days.

Early in the last century pioneers from the United States began to find their way to Texas which was then a wild country, inhabited only by roving Indians and the garrisons of the few Spanish forts within its limits. One of these emigrants, Moses Austin, of Durham, Connecticut, conceived the plan of colonizing Texas with settlers from the United States.

For this purpose he obtained from the Spanish government, in 1820. the grant of an extensive tract of land; but before he could put his plans in execution he died. His son, Stephen F. Austin, inherited the rights of his father under this grant, and went to Texas with a number of emigrants from this country, and explored that region for the purpose of locating his grant. He selected as the most desirable site for his colony the country between the Brazos and Colorado rivers and founded a city, which he named Austin, in honor of the originator of the colony, to whom Texas

owes its existence as an American commonwealth. Having seen the settlers established in their new homes, Mr. Austin returned to the United States to collect other emigrants for his colony.

During his absence Mexico and the other Spanish provinces rose in revolt against Spain, and succeeded in establishing their independence. Texas being regarded as a part of the Mexican territory, shared the fortunes of that country. Upon his return to Texas, Austin, in consideration of the altered state of affairs, went to the city of Mexico and obtained from the Mexican government a confirmation of the grant made to his father. Such a confirmation was necessary in order to enable him to give the settlers valid titles to the lands of his colony. Mexico at first exercised but a nominal authority over the new settlements, and the colonists were allowed to live under their own laws, subject to the rules drawn up by Austin. In order to encourage settlement in Texas, the Mexican Congress on the second of May, 1824, enacted the following law, declaring: "That Texas is to be annexed to the Mexican province of Cohahuila, until it is of sufficient importance to form a separate State, when it is to become an independent State of the Mexican republic, equal to the other States of which the same is composed, free, sovereign, and independent in whatever exclusively relates to its internal government and administration."

EMIGRATION INTO MEXICO.

Encouraged by this decree, large numbers of Americans emigrated to Texas, and to these were added emigrants from all the countries of Europe. The population grew rapidly, new towns sprang up, and Austin's colony prospered in a marked degree, until 1830, when Bustamente having made himself by violence and intrigue president of the so-called Mexican republic, prohibited the emigration of foreigners to the Mexican territory, and issued a number of decrees very oppressive to the people, and in violation of the constitution of 1824. In order to enforce these measures in Texas, he occupied that province with his troops, and placed Texas under military rule. The Texans resented this interference with their rights, and finally compelled the Mexican troops to withdraw from the province.

In 1832 another revolution in Mexico drove Bustamente from power, and placed Santa Anna at the head of affairs as president or dictator.

Santa Anna did not allow them to remain long in suspense, but at once despatched a force under General Cos, to disarm the Texans. On the second of October, 1835, Cos attacked the town of Gonzalez, which was held by a Texan force, but was repulsed with heavy loss. A week later, on the ninth of October, the Texans captured the town of Goliad, and a little later gained possession of the mission house of the Alamo. Both places was garrisoned, and the Texan army, which was under the command of Austin, in the course of a few months succeeded in driving the Mexicans out of Texas.

FAMOUS GENERAL SAM HOUSTON.

On the twelfth of November, 1835, a convention of the people of Texas met at the city of Austin, and organized a regular State government. Prominent among the members was General Sam Houston, a settler from the United States. Soon after the meeting of the convention General Austin resigned command of the army, and was sent to the United States as the commissioner of that State to this government, and was succeeded as commander-in-chief by General Sam Houston.

As soon as Santa Anna learned that his troops had been driven out of Texas, and that the Texans had set up a State government, he set out for that country with an army of seventy-five hundred men. He issued orders to his troops to shoot every prisoner taken, and intended to make the struggle a war of extermination. He arrived before the Alamo late in February, 1836. This fort was very strong, and was held by a force of one hundred and forty Texans under Colonel Travis. It was besieged by the whole Mexican army, and was subjected to a bombardment of eleven days. At last, on the sixth of March, the garrison being worn out with fatigue, the fort was carried by assault.

The battle was desperate until daylight, when only six men belonging to the Texan garrison were found alive. They were instantly surrounded, and ordered by General Castrillon to surrender, which they did,

BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT THEN GO AHEAD—DAVID CROCKETT.

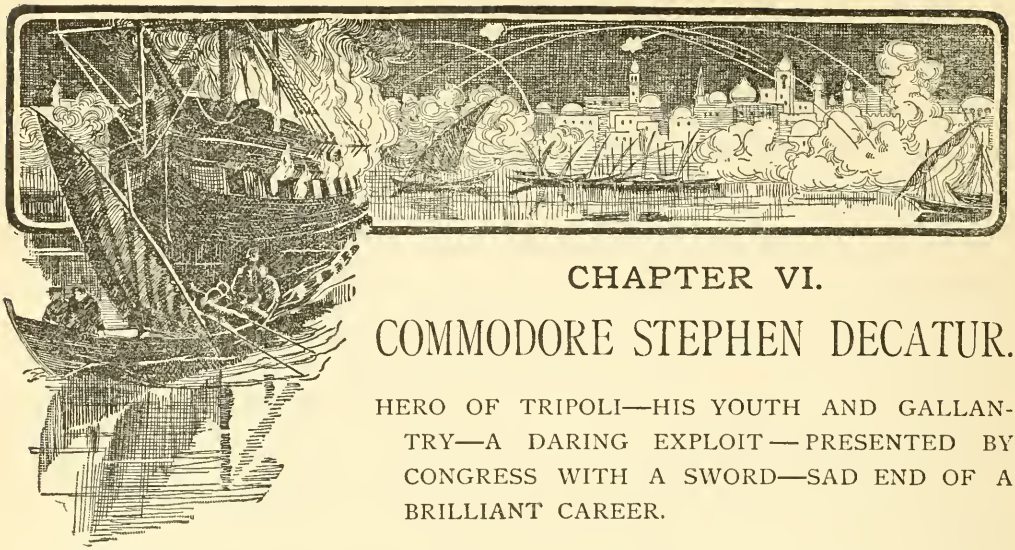
under a promise of his protection, finding that resistance any longer would be madness. Colonel Crockett was of the number. He stood alone in an angle of the fort, the barrel of his shattered rifle in his right hand, in his left his huge Bowie knife dripping blood. There was a frightful gash across his forehead, while around him there was a complete barrier of about twenty Mexicans, lying pell mell, dead and dying.

A BRAVE STRUGGLE BY THE TEXAN GARRISON.

General Castrillon was brave and not cruel, and disposed to save the prisoners. He marched them up to that part of the fort where stood Santa nna and his murderous crew. The steady fearless step and undaunted tread of Colonel Crockett, on this occasion, together with the bold demeanor of the hardy veteran, had a powerful effect on all present. Nothing daunted he marched up boldly in front of Santa Anna, and looked him sternly in the face, while Castrillon addressed "his excellency,"—"Sir, here are six prisoners I have taken alive; how shall I dispose of them?" Santa Anna looked at Castrillon fiercely, flew into a violent rage, and replied, "Have I not told you before how to dispose of them? Why do you bring them to me?" At the same time his brave officers plunged their swords into the bosoms of their defenceless prisoners.

Colonel Crockett seeing the act of treachery, instantly sprang like a tiger at the ruffian chief, but before he could reach him a dozen swords were sheathed in his indomitable heart; and he fell and died without a groan, a frown on his brow, and a smile of scorn and defiance on his lips. Castrillon rushed from the scene, apparently horror-struck, sought his quarters, and did not leave them for several days, and hardly spoke to Santa Anna after.

It is safe to say that among the heroic pioneers whose trials, hardships and dangers redeemed our country from the wilderness and the savages, no experiences and achievements are more noted and thrilling than those of Davy Crockett. His well known saying, "Be sure you are right then go ahead" has passed into a popular proverb.



CHAPTER VI.

COMMODORE STEPHEN DECATUR.

HERO OF TRIPOLI—HIS YOUTH AND GALLANTRY—A DARING EXPLOIT—PRESENTED BY CONGRESS WITH A SWORD—SAD END OF A BRILLIANT CAREER.

Away back in the early part of the nineteenth century we had great naval commanders. One of these was Stephen Decatur. Commodore Decatur came of a seafaring stock. The love of the waves was inherited from his father, who was a prominent naval man. When eight years of age young Decatur made his first voyage under his father's care, and it is said that even at this early period he determined to follow the footsteps of his sire. Through the aid of Commodore Barry, on April 30, 1796, he obtained a warrant as midshipman, and was placed on board of the frigate United States. At that time he was only nineteen years of age; a handsome boy, well formed, courageous, graceful and attractive.

Decatur labored hard to make himself master of his profession, and he soon became a skilful officer, competent to command and direct, and worthy of extreme respect. His superior officers soon recognized his ability and exceptional merits.

He became a famous naval hero in our little Tripolitan war. At the beginning of the century there were many American vessels upon the seas, carrying goods to all parts of the world; and they had to share the fate of the ships of other nations from the pirates of the Mediterranean Sea. For several of the Mohammedan States upon the northern shore of Africa—Tripoli, Tunis, Algeria and Morocco—made a

business of robbing all the passing merchant vessels they could catch, unless they were well paid for letting them alone.

After the Americans had made peace with England they began to think about the right of paying robbers to let them alone. So, in 1803, when Tripoli asked for a larger sum than usual, it was refused. Of course, the angry little State began at once to capture our vessels, thinking to bring us to terms. But still President Jefferson refused, and, instead of the money, he sent out the little American navy of gunboats. Among the other officers was Stephen Decatur, then first lieutenant on board the Argus. He was only about twenty-three years old, but he had been in the navy four years and had already become known as a brave and skilful officer, with a talent for managing men as well as ships.

EMBARKS IN A DANGEROUS UNDERTAKING.

After the little squadron had been in the Mediterranean for some time, one of the vessels, the Philadelphia, in some way, got aground in the harbor of Tripoli, and was captured. Decatur asked permission of the commander, Commodore Preble, to try to get her back. This, the chief said, could not be done, but after awhile he told Decatur that he might go and burn the frigate so that the Tripolitans could never use her. The lieutenant set about the task at once.

The Intrepid, a small boat, was made ready, twenty men were picked out of the squadron's crew, and, one calm, dark night, under Decatur's command, the party set out on their perilous errand.

The Philadelphia was a good-sized frigate, carrying forty guns, and now she was surrounded with other gunboats and batteries, ready to fire on the Americans at any moment. Decatur managed to enter the harbor and get alongside of the Philadelphia before the Tripolitans knew that the peaceable-looking little vessel was manned by the hated "Americanoes." Then they raised a great cry and rushed on deck, but it was too late. Decatur and his men were on board, with drawn swords. The frightened men of Tripoli were in too great a panic to fight, so in five minutes the deck was cleared, and before they regained their senses the ship was in

flames from stem to stern and the Intrepid was gliding safely out of the harbor.

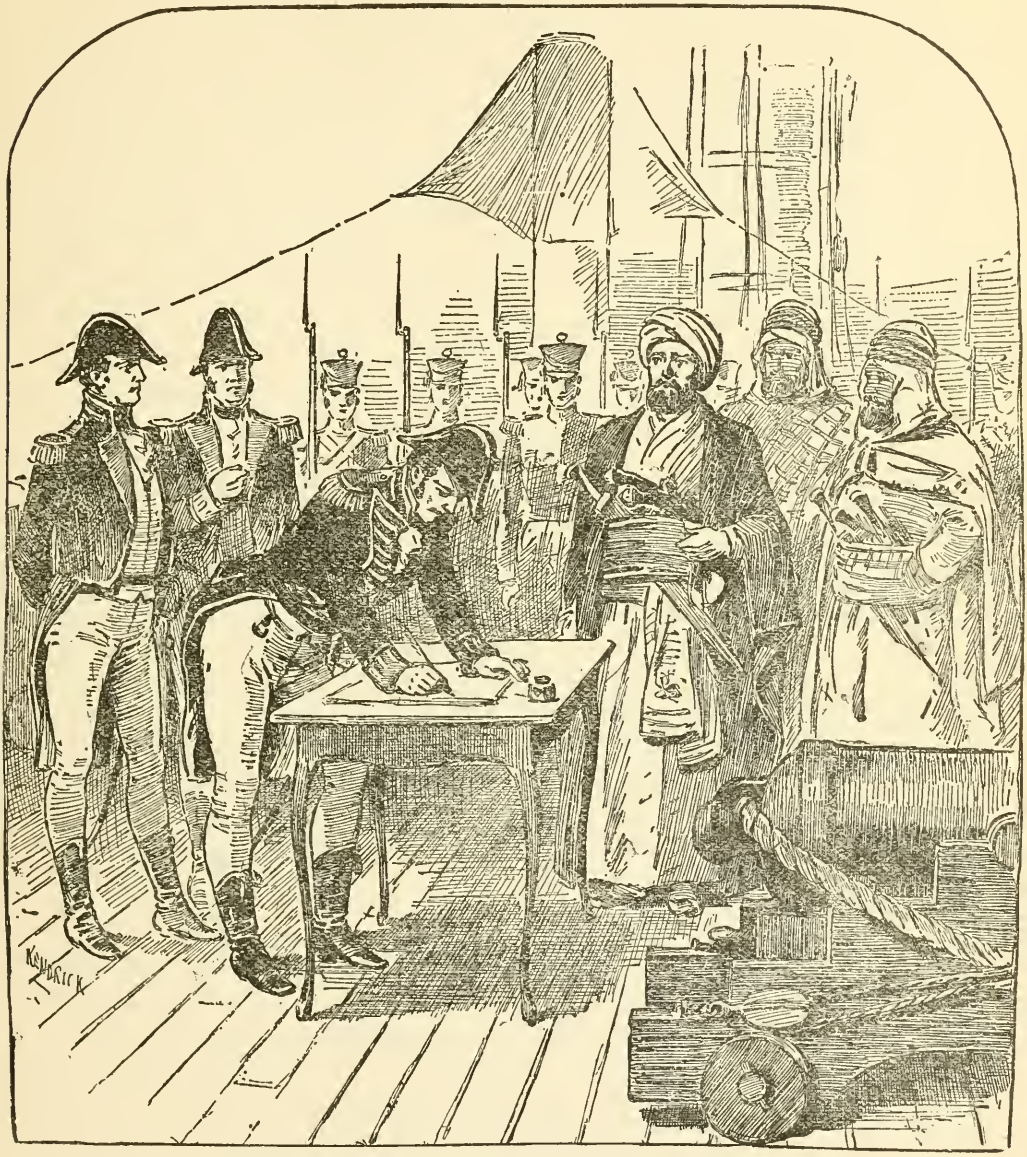
For this gallant deed, Dacatur was made a captain and presented with a sword by Congress. More decided measures were soon taken against the power of the Mediterranean pirates. A land expedition attacked them on the easterly side, while the town was also bombarded from the harbor, and Decatur, with three American gunboats, had a desperate fight with nine of the enemy's vessels. He succeeded in capturing two of them, by a close and sharp conflict. Just after the first one was taken, he heard that his brother, James Decatur, had boarded another ship whose commander had pretended to surrender, and had been treacherously slain by the enemy.

COMMODORE DECATUR.

Calling to his men to follow, he rushed on board of the murderer's vessel, seizing the treacherous commander, and killed him in a deadly hand-to-hand struggle. Decatur's men, following close upon him, had surrounded him in the fight and beaten back the Tripolitans that tried to force their way to the relief of their chief. One, more successful than the others in eluding the Americans' swords, was just aiming a fatal blow at Decatur, when one of his followers, who had lost the use of both arms, rushed up and received the blow intended for Decatur on his own head.

Several attacks were now made upon Tripoli by Commodore Preble, in each of which Decatur took an active part. His name, it is said,

became a terror all along the Barbary coast, and helped to frighten the Bey or chief of the State into making peace the next year, when he heard



DECATUR AND THE DEY OF ALGIERS.

that he was coming to attack him again as one of the leading commanders of a still larger force than Preble's.

While our government was busy with England, in the war of 1812,

the Dey of Algiers—seeming not to think of how affairs between America and his neighbors of Tunis and Tripoli had ended—employed some of his ships in seizing our merchant vessels and holding Americans in slavery; but he did not keep it up long after the Great Britain affairs were settled. Three months after Decatur returned to New York from Bermuda, he was at the head of a squadron bound for Algeria. In a month he passed the straits of Gibraltar, and captured two of the Algerine squadron. He then pushed on to the State and soon convinced the Dey that the best thing he could do would be to immediately sign a treaty promising never more to molest American ships again, and to restore at once all the Americans he held captives.

OUR NAVAL POWER A SURPRISE.

The work accomplished by Decatur caused the whole of Europe to respect the naval power of the United States. They had done what none of the old navies dared to attempt. They had put a stop to the piracies of the Barbary States, and were the means of freeing the ships of Europe as well as of America from their robberies and from the heavy taxes they had demanded from all nations for many years.

During the seven years of peace that followed the Tripolitan wars, Commodore Decatur was put in command of a squadron in the Chesapeake Bay, and a little later of the frigate Chesapeake. And then, although he was but 28 years old, he received the rank and title of commander of the navy.

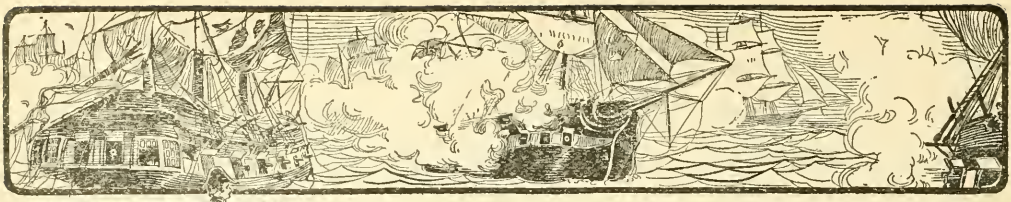
When the War of 1812 broke out, he was guarding the entrance to Chesapeake Bay, and his first act after the outbreak was to capture the English frigate, Macedonia, for which act Congress voted him a gold medal.

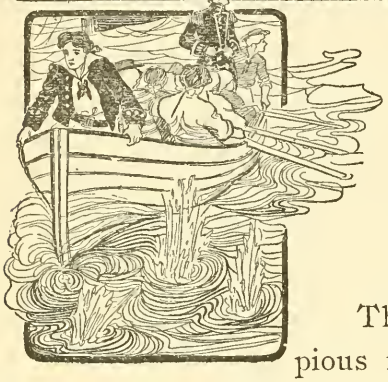
After the War of 1812, Commodore Decatur held the office of navy commissioner for five years, until his death, which occurred in a duel with Commodore Barron. It had once been Decatur's duty, as a member of court martial, to try Commodore Barron for misconduct, and from that day Barron imagined that Decatur was his personal enemy, and insisted

upon challenging him to a duel, a challenge which, in those days, no man considered it honorable to decline. And thus it was that Commodore Decatur ended his brilliant career on the 22d of March, 1820. Decatur was born at Sinnepuxent, Maryland, January 5, 1779.

His name will always hold high rank among the heroes of our navy, of whom there are many that have distinguished themselves. Although we are not what would be called a maritime people, and make no boast of ruling the sea, yet whenever the emergency has been presented, our sailors have proved that they were masters of the situation. Let the country be grateful to them. The men who "go down to the sea in ships" and brave not only the dangers of the deep, but the added dangers of battle with a formidable foe, should be honored and rewarded by their countrymen.

All the honors bestowed on Decatur were but poor compensation to a man who, one might almost say, sailed round the world in search of death. Or, if not seeking death, he was prepared for it whenever demanded in the path of duty. And finally, not only was his death lamented, but especially the barbaric manner in which it occurred. Fortunately, public sentiment concerning dueling has changed, and the man who gives the challenge is now considered the coward.





CHAPTER VII.

COMMODORE OLIVER H. PERRY.

HERO OF LAKE ERIE—BORN TO BE A SAILOR—EXTRAORDINARY VALOR IN BATTLE—FOREMOST RANK IN THE GALLERY OF GREAT COMMANDERS—GRAPHIC STORY OF HIS EXPLOITS.

The temples reared to their deities by the pious inhabitants of Greece and Rome, and even the temple erected and devoted to Jehovah by Solomon have been razed to their foundations; but the memories of their patriotic warriors still live in the minds, not only of their countrymen, but of all civilized men. The martial deeds of Leonidas and Alexander, of Cincinnatus and Scipio, of the Maccabees and their like have outlasted the granite and the marble, the silver and the bronze. The United States, brief as has been her existence as a nation, has not lacked martial spirits to carry our beautiful banner into the fiercest frays, and in no battles have finer traits of valor been displayed than in our naval wars.

Among our foremost naval heroes may well be rated Oliver Hazard Perry. He was born at Newport, Rhode Island, in 1785.

At thirteen, when his father retired to Westerly, a small village, Oliver could boast of being exceedingly well educated for one of his few years. He was an inveterate reader—fortunately of the best class of books, by which his mind was expanded, while his morals were improved. He, however, did not settle down into a demure boy; he was as fond of innocent sport as any of his companions, and freely participated in all that was going on among his boyish associates, particularly in rowing and sailing. But this love of sport did not make Oliver indifferent to the future. On the contrary, the future hero was deeply thinking about

his future profession. His mother's ancestors had many of them been engaged in warlike deeds, and her animated recitals of the battles in which they had figured had filled the lad's soul with longings to participate in similar adventures.

As he was scarcely ever out of sight of the sea in daylight, a person of his active habits and fearless disposition naturally desired to be a sailor, while his father's eminence as a nautical man put it in his way to enter the navy. At Newport, in 1806, at a social entertainment, Oliver, now a lieutenant in the navy, first became acquainted with the young lady whom he afterwards married. Miss Elizabeth Champlin Mason was only sixteen, but already she displayed much of the beauty, talent, and many other admirable qualities which afterwards characterized her through life.

About this time Perry was associated with his friend, Lieutenant Samuel G. Blodgett, to attend to the building of seventeen gunboats at Newport. This marks the high opinion already entertained at Washington of his abilities and reliableness. In June of 1807, Perry proceeded to New York with his fleet of gunboats, but not before he had been accepted by Miss Mason as her lover.

DIRECTED TO BUILD FLOTILLA FOR GOVERNMENT.

So well satisfied was the government with Lieutenant Perry's management of the gunboat building at Newport, that they forthwith ordered him to begin the construction of a flotilla of similar vessels at Westerly. This employment lasted until April, 1809, when the construction was finished. During a visit to Washington, Perry obtained a year's leave of absence, and availed himself of that honorable leisure to make Miss Mason his wife.

While the brave officer and his young wife were enjoying themselves on their wedding tour, the probabilities of trouble with England daily increased. The British cruisers continued to overhaul and search American vessels, even in our own waters, seizing seamen under various pretexts, frequently alleging that they were English deserters. Not only

were the outrages most illegal, but they were generally accompanied with aggravating insolence or downright brutality.

Toward the close of the year, Perry endeavored again to get into active service, not only engaging the offices of influential friends, but addressing the Secretary of the Navy personally, thus:

OFFERED SERVICES TO HIS COUNTRY.

"I have instructed my friend, Mr. W. S. Rodgers, to wait on you with a tender of my services for the Lakes. There are fifty or sixty men under my command that are remarkably active and strong, capable of performing any service. In the hope that I should have the honor of commanding them whenever they should meet the enemy, I have taken unwearied pains in preparing them for such an event. I beg, therefore, sir, that we may be employed in some way in which we can be serviceable to our country."

On February 1st, 1813, Perry received a communication that greatly cheered him. Commodore Chauncey, in reply to a letter of his, said that he had urged the Secretary to order him to the Lakes. This letter conveyed a high compliment from the commodore. "You are the very person that I want for a particular service, in which you may gain reputation for yourself and honor for your country."

He was to be given command of the fleet which it was determined to organize on the waters of Lake Erie. Accordingly, Perry was directed to proceed with all due haste to the lake, taking with him a detachment of his best sailors from Newport. Two powerful brigs were to be built, and launched on the lake. "You will, doubtless, command in chief. This is the situation Mr. Hamilton mentioned to me two months past, and which, I think, will suit you exactly; you may expect some warm fighting, and, of course, a portion of honor." So wrote his friend Rodgers.

On the auspicious 22d of February, Capt. Perry started for Sackett's Harbor. It was a difficult, disagreeable, and even hazardous journey. At the very outset, a violent tempest met him in crossing to Narragan-

sett. But difficulties inspired instead of daunting him. He spent but a few hours taking leave of his family—as it seemed, possibly forever. He had for companion his brother Alexander, a boy of twelve; they traveled in an open sleigh a great part of the route.

The interval between Perry's arrival at Sackett's Harbor and the 4th of September was spent by the vigilant and painstaking officer in a series of operations as important, if not as brilliant to read of, as winning battles. He had to be continually urging lagging officials to forward supplies and men. More particularly was he deficient in medical men and officers, both commissioned and warrant. It must be remembered that he had to meet a squadron of the British navy, and that that Power had just come out of a series of naval wars in which their officers had had a practical education in maritime fighting, in which the greatest navies of the old world had been completely annihilated. The English sailors were mostly veterans, trained to the use of large and small guns, while the marines proper have always been deservedly classed as the flower of their country's infantry.

LEADER OF AN IMPORTANT EXPEDITION.

With us, on the contrary, the few officers that survived from our small wars on the Mediterranean pirates had been honorably dismissed from the navy, and had obtained situations in mercantile service, and were scattered in sailing vessels over distant seas. Our marine corps scarcely amounted to a corporal's guard to every vessel. As we had no navy yards like England's, France's, or even Sweden's, in which millions upon millions of dollars' worth of timber, canvas, cordage, chains, anchors, guns and such necessary munitions had been accumulating for decades of years, it fell to Perry's lot to be builder, provider, purveyor, and even paymaster for the whole expedition.

Meanwhile General Harrison, commanding the Western levies, was impatiently urging the young naval officer to break the British power on the Lakes, and thus afford his army an opportunity to commence active operations against the common enemy. It was about this time

that Perry obtained reliable news as to the strength of the British squadron under Captain Robert H. Barclay:

"The Detroit, of five hundred tons and nineteen guns, all long, except two twenty-four pound carronades; the ship Queen Charlotte, of four hundred tons and seventeen guns, three of them being long guns, the Detroit and Queen Charlotte having each one of the long guns on a pivot; the schooner Lady Prevost, of two hundred and thirty tons and thirteen guns, three being long guns; the brig Hunter, of one hundred and eighty tons and ten guns; the sloop Little Belt, of one hundred tons and three guns, two long twelves and one long eighteen, and the schooner Chippeway, of one hundred tons, mounting one long eighteen, making in all sixty-three guns, thirty-five of which were long."

PITTED AGAINST A VETERAN OFFICER.

Captain Barclay was one of Nelson's officers at Trafalgar, and was badly wounded in that battle; he was known to be skilful, courageous, and ambitious of honorable renown. The officers under him were of approved capacity and courage. By official report his crews consisted of four hundred and seventy sailors and marines. Add the officers, and the count stood at full five hundred men.

The fleet under Oliver Hazard Perry consisted mainly of vessels of less than five hundred tons; the Lawrence and Niagara were the only ships that exceeded that tonnage, and consequently could not be rated as men-of-war. The bulk of the American squadron were weakly built and had not even bulwarks of any strength. Their principal armament was long guns. The brigs mounted each twenty guns, two long twelves and eighteen thirty-two pound carronades. It was only by forcing the fighting and coming quickly to close quarters that these could be made to tell. Captain J. D. Elliott commanded the Niagara. The other officers were excellent seamen and of unquestioned courage, but they were mere tyros as naval officers. The whole force, in officers and men, of our squadron amounted to four hundred and ninety; of these, one hundred and sixteen were on the sick lists of the different vessels on the

morning of the action, seventy-eight cases being of bilious fever. In tonnage, guns and men, the British force outnumbered ours.

Just previous to the 10th of September, Perry became satisfied that Barclay intended to give battle. Accordingly he summoned his officers to meet him on the quarter-deck of his ship, the Lawrence, and furnished them each with their corrected instructions—we quote from Mackenzie's spirited recital—and he further explained to them verbally his views with regard to whatever contingency might occur. He now produced a battle-flag, which he had caused to be privately prepared by Mr. Hambleton before leaving Erie, and the hoisting of which to the main royal mast of the Lawrence was to be his signal for action—a blue flag, bearing in large white letters, "Don't give up the ship!" the dying words of the hero whose name she bore.

COMMODORE PERRY.

When about to withdraw, he stated to them his intention to bring the enemy from the first to close quarters, in order not to lose by the short range of his carronades, and the last emphatic injunction with which he dismissed them was that he could not, in case of difficulty, advise them better than in the words of Lord Nelson, "If you lay your enemy close alongside, you cannot be out of your place!"

On the 10th of September, Barclay's fleet was observed coming towards ours. After some very delicate evolutions, Perry told his sailing-master to lead in a certain direction. The officer showed that such a plan had its disadvantages. "I care not," said Perry, "let to leeward or to windward! they shall fight to-day."

The Lawrence was ready for action by ten o'clock, when the enemy hove to in line of battle on the larboard tack, advancing at about three

knots an hour. The weather was glorious, and the British vessels, with their royal ensigns and newly-painted hulls glistening in the bright sunshine, formed a magnificent spectacle. Never had two braver fleets contended for the mastery.

Controversialists have sought to diminish the skill and bravery of either of the officers and men ; but the gallant heroes who had done all the fighting did but little of the writing.

The English commander had arranged his fleet with the Chippeway, of one long eighteen pivot, leading ; the Detroit, of nineteen guns, next ; the Hunter, of nineteen guns, third ; the Queen Charlotte, seventeen guns, fourth ; the Lady Prevost, of thirteen guns, fifth ; and the Little Belt, of three guns, last.

IN LINE OF BATTLE AND EAGER FOR THE FRAY.

Captain Perry, passing ahead of the Niagara, got into position to match the Detroit, placing the Scorpion, of two long guns, ahead, and the Ariel, of four short twelves, on his weather bow, where, with her light battery, she might be partially under cover. The Caledonia, of three long twenty-fours, came next, to encounter the Hunter ; the Niagara next, so as to be opposite her designated antagonist, the Queen Charlotte ; and the Somers, of two long thirty-twos, the Porcupine, of one long thirty-two, Tigress, of one long twenty-four, and Trippe, of one long thirty-two, in succession towards the rear, to encounter the Lady Prevost and Little Belt.

The line being formed, Perry now bore up for the enemy, distant, at ten o'clock, about six miles. He now produced the lettered burgee which he had exhibited as the concerted signal for battle. Having unfurled it, he mounted on a gun-slide, and, calling his crew about him, thus briefly addressed them : "My brave lads ! this flag contains the last words of Captain Lawrence ! Shall I hoist it ?" "Ay, ay, sir !" resounded from every voice in the ship, and the flag was briskly swayed to the main-royal masthead of the Lawrence. The answer was given by three such rousing cheers as few but American sailors know how to give.

Slowly but steadily our fleet went on in the direction of the leading line of the foe, the leading vessels under reefed sails, but the remainder having every yard of canvas set that could possibly draw. No preparations remained to make at this hour.

Captain Perry, now having made all right in reference to his public duties, seized a few moments to attend to his private matters, giving instructions what was to be done provided he fell in the approaching action. All official papers were prepared with sinkers, to be thrown overboard, while he destroyed all his private documents. "It appeared," says Mr. Hambleton, "to go hard with him to part with his wife's letters. After giving them a hasty reading he tore them to ribbons, observing that, let what would happen, the enemy should not read them, and closed by remarking, 'This is the most important day of my life.'"

A thrilling bugle blast from the Detroit rang over the waters, and was followed by vehement cheering from the British sailors.

SIGNALS GIVEN FOR THE BATTLE.

It was now within a few minutes of noon, the Detroit having reached within between one and two miles of our leading vessel. The Detroit began the fight by sending a round shot at the Lawrence. It, however, fell short of its mark. The proper signals were now flown for every ship to engage her designated antagonist. The Ariel, Scorpion, Lawrence and Caledonia were in their proper stations, in the rotation given, distant from each other less than a cable's length. Some distance astern the other vessels were drawing into action.

In a few moments the Detroit's second shot came hurtling over the waves, striking the Lawrence and tearing through the bulwarks. Instantly the long guns of the British squadron sent their shot in the direction of the American ships, some of them missing, but some carrying death in their train. Just at noon the Lawrence was suffering from the severe fire of the British, which she returned from her twelve-pounder. Perry now, by speaking trumpet, ordered the Caledonia and the Niagara to discharge their long guns. The vessels still further

astern also commenced cannonading, but they were too far off to do any material injury.

The Lawrence was at a great disadvantage in fighting the Detroit, as this latter vessel was armed almost entirely with long guns, while Perry had to depend almost entirely on the carronades. For this reason Perry was impatient for his own ship and his consorts to close with all possible haste. Elliott, of the Niagara, received and transmitted the order to the line, but for some inexplicable reason he did not apply the order to his own conduct, but held off, occasionally discharging shots from her twelve-pounder, without damaging the enemy.

MURDEROUS FIRE BY A WHOLE BATTERY.

The Lawrence kept firing on toward the British line, every moment receiving shot in her hull and spars. Trying the experiment, he found that his shot fell short, so he ceased firing until quarter past noon ; then he let fly his entire starboard broadside when he was less than four hundred yards away. Then, as he neared the Detroit, he discharged a quick and murderous fire into her. The Lawrence, however, had meanwhile been terribly riddled by the Detroit and her sister craft. But now the action was continued by her with augmented fury, and, notwithstanding the overpowering odds with which she was assailed, the whole battery of the enemy, amounting, in all, to thirty-four guns, being almost entirely directly against her, she continued to assail the enemy with steady and unwavering effort.

In this unequal contest she was sustained by the Scorpion and Ariel on her weather bow. The commander of the Caledonia, animated by the same gallant spirit and sense of duty, followed the Lawrence into action, and closed with her antagonist, the Hunter ; but the Niagara had not made sail when the Lawrence did, but got embarrassed with the Caledonia. One of the British vessels, in the smoke, had closed up behind the Detroit, and opened her fire at closer quarters upon the Lawrence. In this unequal contest the Lawrence continued to struggle desperately against such overpowering numbers.

The first division of the starboard guns was directed against the Detroit, and the second against the Queen Charlotte, with an occasional shot from her after-gun at the Hunter, which lay on her quarter, and with which the Caledonia continued to sustain a hot though unequal engagement. The Scorpion and Ariel, from their stations on the weather bow of the Lawrence, made every effort that their inconsiderable force allowed. The smaller vessels away in the stern of Perry's line were far too distant to be of any service. The will was not wanting, but the ability was not there. Terrific as were the odds against the Lawrence, being in the ratio of thirty-four guns to her ten in battery, she continued, with the aid of the Scorpion, Ariel and Caledonia, to sustain the contest for more than two hours with great bravery.

ALMOST A COMPLETE WRECK.

At this time, however, her rigging had been much shot away, and was hanging down or towing overboard; sails torn to pieces, spars splintered and falling upon deck, braces and bowlines cut, so as to render it impossible to trim the yards or keep the vessel under control. Such was the condition of the vessel aloft; on deck the destruction was even more terrible. One by one the guns were dismounted until only one remained that could be fired; the bulwarks were riddled by round shot passing completely through. The slaughter was dreadful.

All this while Perry continued to keep up a fire from his single remaining carronade, though to man it he was obliged to send repeated requests to the surgeon to spare him another hand from those engaged in removing the wounded, until the last had been taken. It is recorded by the surgeon that when these messages arrived, several of the wounded crawled upon deck to lend a feeble aid at the guns.

The conduct of Perry throughout this trying scene was well calculated to inspire the most unbounded confidence in his followers, and to sustain throughout their courage and enthusiasm. When a gap would occasionally be made among a gun's crew by a single round shot or a stand of grape or canister, the survivors would for a moment turn to

Perry, exchange a glance with him, and step to fill the place of their comrades.

In the hottest of the fight, Yarnall, the first lieutenant, came to Perry and told him that the officers in the first division under his command were all killed or disabled. Perry sent him the required aid; but soon after he returned with the same complaint of a destruction of his officers, to which he replied: "You must endeavor to make out by yourself; I have no more to furnish you."

GALLANT LIEUTENANT STRUCK DOWN BY A SHOT.

We may give another incident to show the carnage which occurred on the deck of the Lawrence, and the destruction by which her commander was so closely surrounded. The command of the marines of the Lawrence was intrusted to Lieutenant John Brooks, a gay, amiable, and intelligent young officer, whose numerous good qualities were enhanced in their effects by the rarest personal beauty. He was addressing Perry with a smile and in an animated tone, with regard to some urgent point of duty, when he was struck down by a shot. The terrible hurt made him utter an agonized cry, and he besought Perry to shoot him dead. He was tenderly taken below deck.

Little Midshipman Perry, then but twelve years old, had his clothes rent, and received more than one ball through his hat, when a part of a hammock was torn from its netting and dashed against the lad's side. As it luckily happened he was merely stunned, and the captain saw him again on duty in a few minutes.

The critical moment had now arrived which was to call out all the best qualities of a great commander. Nothing like it had ever occurred before in all the strange mutations of a naval action. When the last cannon of the Lawrence had been rendered unserviceable; when but twenty persons, including his little brother and himself, were able even to make a show of being able-bodied, it became evident that some new measure must be resorted to. Heretofore, in such a case, there had been but one way: to strike the flag. And such a course could have been

honorably taken. But Perry was "made of sterner stuff," and his whole soul seemed imbued with Lawrence's noble motto, "Don't give up the ship."

He had striven with might and main to get his vessels built and launched; he had hurried his superiors into furnishing him with supplies and men; he had given General Harrison to hope that his squadron would strike a blow that would cut the Gordian knot by which the eager armies of the West were bound, as Samson by the green withes; he had evidently made up his mind that he would never be taken out of his ship unless he was sewed up in a hammock. Moments now were priceless, and Perry rapidly made up his mind what to do. The Lawrence was helplessy drifting, sailless and rudderless, when, as for a moment the smoke was blown away, he was able to take the bearings of his surroundings. Lieutenant Forrest called his attention to the queer way in which the Niagara was handled. She was well on the larboard beam of the Lawrence; the Caledonia, at the same time, was passing on the starboard beam, between the enemy and Perry's stricken ship. Forrest said plainly that the Niagara was evidently determined not to help them; as she seemed to carefully avoid coming into close action. "Then I must fetch her up," was Perry's sententious remark. And he quickly called his boat.

PERRY PUSHES OFF IN AN OPEN BOAT.

He wss convinced that the Niagara was scarcely injured at all; and he vowed that the flag of his country should not be pulled down on any vessel that he was on board of. His reliable second was at once placed in command of what was now little more than a floating hulk. The boat was at the larboard gangway, the word was given, the oars took water, but ere they shoved off, Perry exclaimed, "If a victory is to be had, I'll have it!"

When Perry shoved off in the boat that bore "Caesar and his fortunes," it was just half past two. The Niagara was at that moment passing her larboard beam, some half mile away. The wind had increased, and she was quickly going away from the British fleet. Perry stood at

his full height, his breast charged with the grandeur of his design ; to take a fresh vessel, and dash back in the midst of the enemy, who had already deemed him whipped, and once again try conclusions with his stubborn adversary. Had not Perry been something more than merely a brave officer, the idea would never have occurred to him.

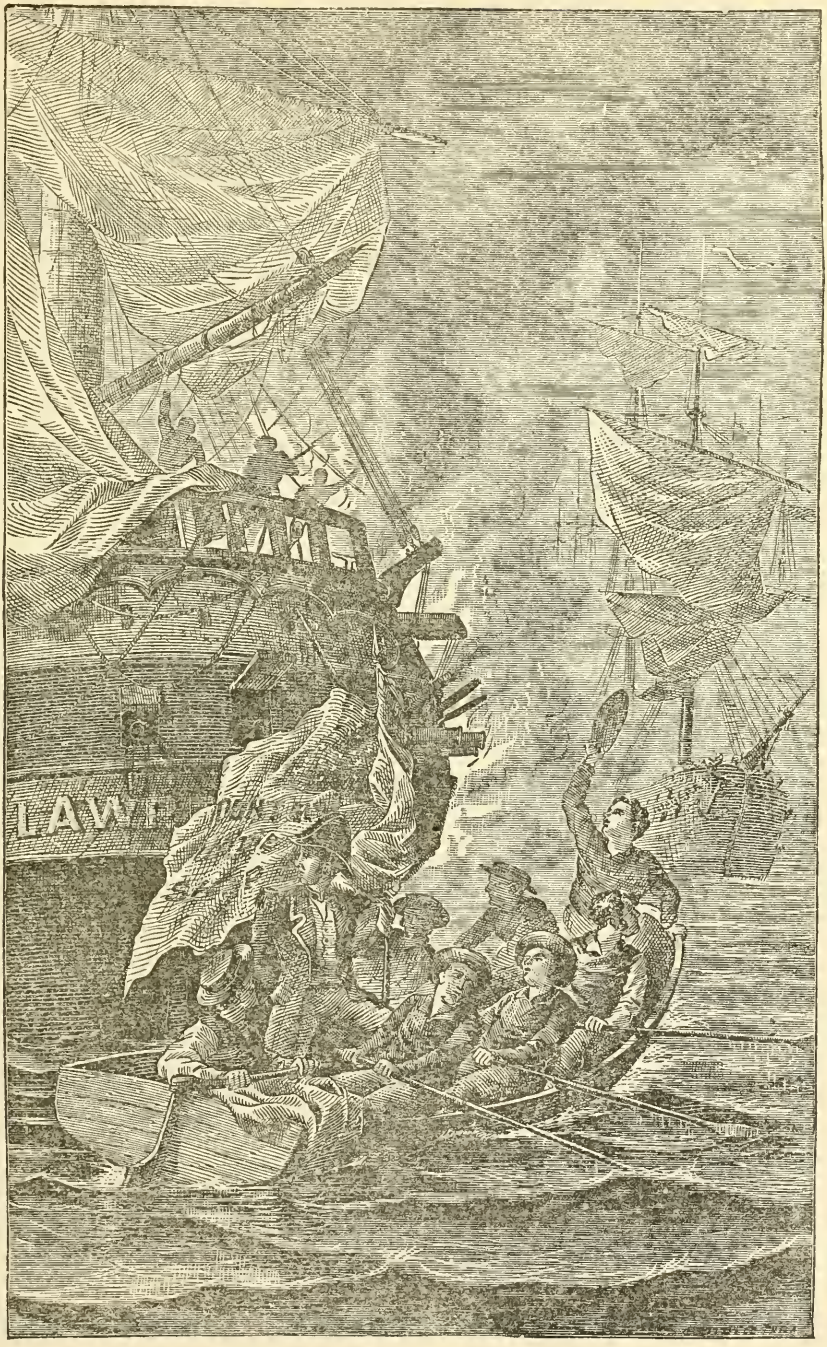
But, as we have seen, almost from his infancy he had been on the water. He had played on the rolling logs in the harbor before he ever had any experience in managing a skiff, and he had rowed and sailed in every sort of craft that could be kept afloat on the stormy, tide-vexed shores of Narragansett. So that it was second nature for him, for the nonce, to leap into a boat, and stand proudly erect in her. Nelson, it is said, used to get seasick in a gun-brig, so he certainly would never have thought of an admiral taking to a barge in the height of a furious battle.

STANDS ERECT IN THE FACE OF THE ENEMY.

So it will be seen that it was almost providential that Perry possessed the qualifications that he owned. Quick as had been the captain's resolve and its execution, the enemy almost as quickly saw his design.

Great guns and musketry were rapidly sending their missiles, in the hope of sending the little boat to destruction. In vain Perry's crew begged of him to be seated, and it was only when they declared that they would not pull another stroke while he remained standing that he finally yielded. It hardly needs telling that the brave fellows, some wounded and dying, followed every movement of Perry and his brave crew as they made the desperate passage from ship to ship; and as they saw him step on the deck of the Niagara they saluted him with soul-fraught cheers.

As there was nothing to be gained by keeping the Lawrence a mere floating target for British guns, her few remaining officers held a brief consultation and resolved to surrender. As the colors fluttered down, their descent was saluted with cheers by the foe, who knew too well the stuff of which her gallant defenders were made. About this time young Brooks died, and Mr. Hambleton, the purser, volunteering to a post of danger,



COMMODORE PERRY'S VICTORY ON LAKE ERIE.

had his shoulder fearfully torn. He was working at the last gun that fired a shot.

The British had their hands too full in working out their own safety to give any further heed to the condition of the Lawrence. When Perry reached the deck of the Niagara, he was met at the gangway by Captain Elliott, who inquired how the day was going. Captain Perry replied, badly; that he had lost almost all of his men, and that his ship was a wreck; and asked what the gunboats were doing so far astern. Captain Elliott offered to go and bring them up; and Captain Perry consenting, he sprang into the boat and went off on that duty.

LOUD CHEERS ALL ALONG THE LINE.

Perry at once ordered that the Niagara should be prevented from escaping out of action. The top-gallant sails were set, and the signal for "close action" was given. As the pennants were seen, loud cheers resounded down the line. By great efforts Lieutenant Holdup Stevens, who had been astern of the line in the Trippe, soon closed up to the assistance of the Caledonia, and the remaining vessels approached rapidly, to take a more active part in the battle, under the influence of the increasing breeze.

The helm had been put up on board the Niagara, sail made, and the signal for close action hove out at forty-five minutes after two, the instant after Perry had boarded her. With the increased breeze, seven or eight minutes sufficed to traverse the distance of more than half a mile which still separated the Niagara from the enemy. The Detroit made an effort to wear, in order to present her starboard broadside to the Niagara, several of the larboard guns being disabled. As this evolution commenced on board the Detroit, the Queen Charlotte was running up under her lee. The evolution of wearing, which was not quickly enough done on board the Queen, resulted in the latter running her bowsprit and head-booms foul of the mizzen rigging of the Detroit.

The two British ships were thus foul of each other and they so remained, when the Niagara, shortening sail, went slowly under the bows

of the Detroit, within short pistol-shot, and sent a broadside into each vessel ; so that, entangled as they were, they received fearful showers of grape and canister. The sterns of the Little Belt and the Lady Prevost were treated to the same awful fire, while the marines, by their skilfully aimed shots, swept their decks. At this juncture the small vessels also came into close action to windward, and poured in a destructive fire of grape and canister ; their shot and that of the Niagara, whenever it missed its mark, passing the enemy and taking effect reciprocally on our own vessels, which were thus exposed to danger.

ENEMY'S SHIPS HAUL DOWN THEIR FLAGS.

All resistance now ceased ; an officer appeared on the taffrail of the Queen to signify that she had struck, and her example was immediately followed by the Detroit. Both vessels struck in about seven minutes after the Niagara opened this most destructive fire, and about fifteen minutes after Perry took command of her. The Hunter struck at the same time, as did the Lady Prevost, which lay to leeward under the guns of the Niagara. The battle had begun on the part of the enemy at a quarter before meridian ; at three the Queen Charlotte and Detroit surrendered, and all resistance was at an end. As the cannonade ceased and the smoke blew over, the two squadrons, now owning one master, were found completely mingled. Now a glorious yet sad time had come. The form of taking possession of the British captured ships was to be gone through with. When our boarding officer reached the Detroit, she was in a fearful state. Her bulwarks were in slivers, strong oak as they were ; the Lawrence's carronade shots were sticking in her sides. The deck looked like a veritable slaughter-house.

A grapeshot had lodged in Captain Barclay's thigh making a fearful wound. The brave man had been taken below when senseless, but on recovering consciousness he was carried on deck to see if resistance was hopeless. Then the Niagara threw in her fire, and a second grapeshot, passing through the right shoulder, fractured the blade to atoms.

The rest of the enemy's vessels were found to be also much cut to

pieces, especially the Queen Charlotte, which had lost her brave commander, Captain Finnis, very early in the action; her first lieutenant had been soon after mortally wounded, and the loss of life on board of her was very severe; she was also much cut to pieces both in hull and spars. The other vessels suffered in like proportion. The Lady Prevost had both her commander and first lieutenant wounded, and, besides other extensive injury, had become unmanageable from the loss of her rudder. Lieutenant Bignal, commanding the Hunter, and Campbell, the Chippeway, were also wounded, thus leaving only the commander of the Little Belt fit for duty at the close of the action.

Indeed, in the official account of Commodore Barclay, it is stated that every commander and every officer second in command was disabled. The total of killed and wounded rendered by Commodore Barclay in his official report was forty-one killed, including three officers, and ninety-four wounded, nine of whom were officers. The returns, on account of the condition of the commanders and their seconds in command, could not have been very complete, and the numbers of killed and wounded are believed to have been greater. The killed of the British squadron were thrown overboard as they fell, with the exception of the officers.

SCENES TO MAKE ONE SHUDDER.

On every side were to be seen objects calculated to harrow the most obdurate heart. And our own vessels were full of scenes that made the boldest shudder. Our whole fleet had lost twenty-seven brave men killed outright, while ninety-six had been wounded.

But the lamentation over the heroic victors and their worthy antagonist could not lessen the brilliancy of this splendid victory. The British were superior in almost every way: their vessels were larger, their guns heavier, their sailors better trained, and their marines were veterans; while the commander and many of his subaltern officers had been in many battles under the glance of "Britannia's god of war," as Byron styled Horatio Nelson. To the nautical skill, ready invention, and indomitable prowess of one man the victory was in great part due, and

that man had but just attained his twenty-seventh year; and strangest fact of all, he had never seen a naval battle! He had dashed boldly into action with the Lawrence, counting upon the support of those immediately around him, and trusting that the rear of his line would soon be able to close up to his support.

Passing from the Lawrence under the enemy's fire, saved from death, as if miraculously, by the protecting genius of his country, he reached the Niagara, and by an evolution unsurpassed for genius and hardihood, bore down upon the enemy, and dashed with his fresh and uninjured vessel through the enemy's line. It was thus that the battle of Lake Erie was won, not merely by the genius and inspiration, but eminently by the exertions of one man.

"MET THE ENEMY AND THEY ARE OURS."

As soon as Perry had taken all precautions for securing his numerous prisoners and seeing to the comfort of the wounded, he lost no time in communicating the result of the battle to the expectant General Harrison. For this victory was of paramount importance to the furtherance of his plans. The great victory was announced in this brief way:

"DEAR GENERAL: We have met the enemy, and they are ours. Two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop.

"Yours, with very great respect and esteem,

"O. H. PERRY."

To the Secretary of the Navy he also wrote at once. His despatch read as follows:

"U. S. Brig Niagara, off the Westernmost Sister, head of Lake Erie, Sept. 10, 1813, 4 P. M.

"SIR: It has pleased the Almighty to give to the arms of the United States a signal victory over their enemies on this lake. The British squadron, consisting of two ships, two brigs, one schooner and one sloop, have this moment surrendered to the force under my command, after a sharp conflict.

"I have the honor to be, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"O. H. PERRY."

Not a solitary syllable of self-glorification. He tamely terms that a "sharp conflict" which bears comparison with any naval conflict ever

fought. The ships were as speedily as possible brought to anchor. So few were his guards that he had to take extra precautions to prevent a possibility of the prisoners rising during the night.

Perry, at the request of his officers, had hitherto worn a uniform round jacket; he now resumed his undress uniform, and, standing on the after part of the deck, received the officers of the different captured vessels as they came to tender the surrender of their vessels and their own submission as prisoners. At the head of them was an officer of the Forty-first Regiment, who acted as marine officer on board the Detroit, and was charged by Commodore Barclay with the delivery of his sword; he was in full dress. When they had approached, picking their way among the wreck and carnage of the deck, they held their swords with the hilts towards Perry, and tendered them to his acceptance. With a dignified and solemn air, the most remote possible from any betrayal of exultation, and in a low tone of voice, he requested them to retain their side-arms; inquired with deep concern for Commodore Barclay and the wounded officers, tendering to them every comfort his ship afforded, and expressing his regret that he had not a spare medical officer to send to them.

SAVED BY A WOMAN'S PRAYERS.

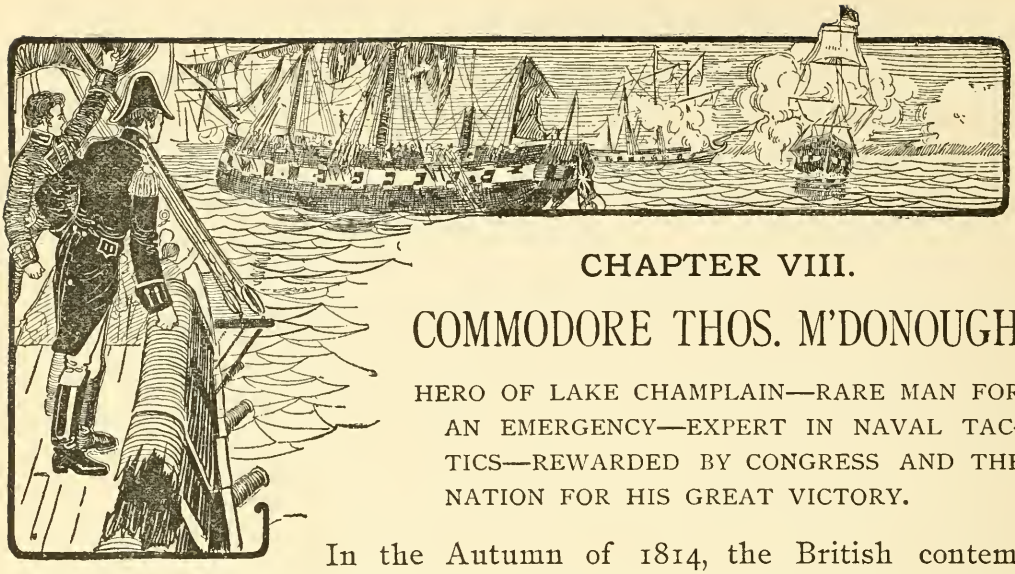
As it was impossible to reserve all the killed of the Lawrence for burial on shore, the seamen were buried at nightfall alongside, the able-bodied of the crew, so much less numerous than the killed, being assembled around to perform the last sad offices. His little brother, though he had received several musket-balls through his dress, had met with no injury, and was now dozing in his hammock. An allusion to these facts awakened the same sense of a controlling Providence which, in beginning his report, had led him to ascribe the victory to the pleasure of the Almighty. "I believe," he said, "that my wife's prayers have saved me."

For this brilliant victory Perry was made a captain and received from Congress a gold medal. In the Capitol at Washington, is a magnificent historic painting, which represents the hero of Lake Erie

passing in a small open boat from the Lawrence to the Niagara through the fiery storm of battle.

The personal appearance of Perry is thus described by one who was well acquainted with him: "He was lofty in stature, and of a most graceful contour. He was easy and measured in his movements, and calm in his air. His brow was full, massive and lofty, his features regular and elegant, and his eye full, dark and lustrous. His mouth was uncommonly handsome, and his teeth large, regular and very white. The prevailing expression of his countenance was mild, benignant and cheerful, and a smile of amiability, irresistibly pleasing, played in conversation about his lips. His whole air was expressive of health, freshness, comfort and contentment, bearing testimony to a life of temperance and moderation."

Perry died of yellow fever in the Island of Trinidad, in August 1819. At the proper time a national vessel was despatched to convey the remains to Newport, where a granite monument records his acts but cannot help to immortalize his fame.



CHAPTER VIII.

COMMODORE THOS. M'DONOUGH

HERO OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN—RARE MAN FOR AN EMERGENCY—EXPERT IN NAVAL TACTICS—REWARDED BY CONGRESS AND THE NATION FOR HIS GREAT VICTORY.

In the Autumn of 1814, the British contemplated an invasion of the northern and least populous counties of New York, with a large force, following the route laid down for General Burgoyne, in his unfortunate expedition of 1777. It was most probably intended to occupy a portion of the northern frontier, with the expectation of turning the circumstance to account in the pending negotiations, the English commissioners soon after advancing a claim to drive the Americans back from their ancient boundaries, with a view to leave Great Britain the entire possession of the lakes.

In such an expedition, the command of Champlain became of great importance, as it flanked the march of the invading army for more than a hundred miles, and offered many facilities for forwarding supplies, as well as for annoyance and defence. Until this season, neither nation had a force of any moment on the water, but the Americans had built a ship and a schooner, during the winter and spring; and when it was found that the enemy was preparing for a serious effort, the keel of a brig was laid. Many galleys, or gunboats, were also constructed.

The American squadron lay in Otter Creek, at the commencement of the season; and near the middle of May, as the vessels then launched were about to quit port, the enemy appeared off the mouth of the creek, with a force consisting of the Linnet brig, and eight or ten galleys, under the orders of Captain Pring, with a view to fill the channel. For this pur-

pose two sloops loaded with stones were in company. A small work had been thrown up at the mouth of the creek some time previously, by Captain Thornton of the artillery, and Lieutenant Cassin was despatched with a party of seamen, to aid that officer in defending the pass. After a cannonading of some duration, the enemy retired without effecting his object, and the vessels got out. In this affair, no one was hurt on the side of the Americans, although shells were thrown from one of the galleys.

On the other hand, the English were not idle. In addition to the small vessels they had possessed the previous year, they had built the brig just mentioned, or the Linnet, and as soon as the last American vessel was in frame, they laid the keel of the ship. By constructing the latter, a great advantage was secured, care being taken, as a matter of course, to make her of a size sufficient to be certain of possessing the greatest force. The American brig, which was called the Eagle, was launched about the middle of August; and the English ship, named the Confiance, on the 25th of the same month.

COMMODORE M'DONOUGH.

As the English army was already collecting on the frontier, the utmost exertions were made by both sides, and each appeared on the lake as he got ready. Captain M'Donough, who still commanded the American force, was enabled to get out a few days before his adversary; and cruising being almost out of the question on this long and narrow body of water, he advanced as far as Plattsburg, the point selected for the defence, and anchored, the 3d of September, on the flank of the troops which occupied the entrenchments at that place.

About this time, Sir George Prevost, the English commander-in-

chief, with a force that probably amounted to 12,000 men, advanced against Plattsburg, then held by Brigadier General Macomb at the head of only 1,500 effectives. A good deal of skirmishing ensued; and from the 7th to the 11th, the enemy was employed in bringing up his battering train, stores, and reinforcements. Captain Downie, late of the Montreal, on Lake Ontario, had been sent by Sir James Yeo, to command on this lake, and render all possible aid to the infantry.

YOUNG OFFICER SEVERELY WOUNDED.

On the 6th, Captain M'Donough ordered the galleys to the head of the bay, to annoy the English army, and a cannonading occurred which lasted two hours. The wind coming on to blow a gale that menaced the galleys with shipwreck, Mr. Duncan, a midshipman of the Saratoga, was sent in a gig to order them to retire. It is supposed that the appearance of the boat induced the enemy to think that Captain M'Donough himself had joined his galleys; for he concentrated a fire on the galley Mr. Duncan was in, and that young officer received a severe wound, by which he lost the use of his arm. Afterwards one of the galleys drifted in, under the guns of the enemy, and she also sustained some loss, but was eventually brought off.

Captain M'Donough had chosen an anchorage a little to the south of the outlet of the Saranac. His vessels lay in a line parallel to the coast, extending north and south, and distant from the western shore near two miles. The last vessel at the southward was so near the shoal, as to prevent the English from passing that end of the line, while all the ships lay so far out towards Cumberland Head, as to bring the enemy within reach of carronades, should he enter the bay on that side. The Eagle, Captain Henley, lay at the northern extremity of the American line, and what might, during the battle, have been called its head, the wind being at the northward and eastward; the Saratoga, Captain M'Donough's own vessel, was second; the Ticonderoga, Lieutenant Commandant Cassin, third; and the Preble, Lieutenant Charles Budd, last. The Preble lay a little farther south than the pitch of Cumberland

Head. The first of these vessels just mentioned was a brig of 20 guns, and 150 men, all told; the second a ship of 26 guns, and 212 men; the third a schooner of 17 guns and 110 men; the last a sloop, or cutter, of 7 guns and 30 men.

The galleys, on an average, had about 35 men each. The total force of the Americans present consisted, consequently, of 14 vessels, mounting 86 guns, and containing about 850 men, including officers and a small detachment of soldiers, who did duty as marines, none of the corps having been sent on Lake Champlain. To complete his order of battle, Captain M'Donough directed two of the galleys to keep in-shore of the Eagle, and a little to windward of her, to sustain the head of the line; one or two more to lie opposite to the interval between the Eagle and Saratoga; a few opposite to the interval between the Saratoga and Ticonderoga; and two or three opposite the interval between the Ticonderoga and Preble. The Americans were, consequently, formed in two lines, distant from each other about 40 yards; the large vessels at anchor, and the galleys under their sweeps, for the purpose of greater safety.

SUPERIOR STRENGTH OF THE ENEMY.

The force of the enemy was materially greater than that of the Americans. The whole force of Captain Downie consisted of sixteen or seventeen vessels, as the case may have been, mounting in all ninety-five or ninety-six guns and carrying about 1000 men.

On the 3d of September the British gunboats sailed from Isle aux Noix under the orders of Captain Pring to cover the left flank of their army. On the 4th that officer took possession of Isle au Motte, where he constructed a battery and landed some supplies for the troops. On the 8th the four larger vessels arrived under Captain Downie, but remained at anchor until the 11th, waiting to receive some necessaries. At daylight on the morning just mentioned, the whole force weighed and moved forward in a body.

The guard-boat of the Americans pulled in shortly after the sun had risen and announced the approach of the enemy. As the wind was

fair, a good working breeze at the northward and eastward, Captain M'Donough ordered the vessels cleared and preparations made to fight at anchor. Eight bells were striking in the American squadron as the upper sails of the English vessels were seen passing along the land, in the main lake, on their way to double Cumberland Head. The enemy had the wind rather on his port quarter. The Finch led, succeeded by the Confiance, Linnet and Chubb; while the gunboats, all of which, as well as those of the Americans, had two latine sails, followed without much order, keeping just clear of the shore.

LINE OF BATTLE FORMED.

The first vessel that came round the Head was a sloop, which is said to have carried a company of amateurs, and which took no part in the engagement. She kept well to leeward, stood down towards Crab Island and was soon unobserved. The Finch came next, and soon after the other large vessels of the enemy opened from behind the land and hauled up to the wind in a line abreast, lying-to until their galleys could join. The latter passed to leeward and formed in the same manner as their consorts. The two squadrons were now in plain view of each other, distant about a league. As soon as the gunboats were in their stations, and the different commanders had received their orders, the English filled, with their starboard tacks aboard, and headed in towards the American vessels in a line abreast, the Chubb to windward and the Finch to leeward, most of the gunboats, however, being to leeward of the latter.

The movements of the Finch had been a little singular ever since she led round the Head, for she is said not to have hove-to, but to have run off half way to Crab Island with the wind abeam, then to have tacked and got into her station after the other vessels had filled. This movement was probably intended to reconnoitre or to menace the rear of the Americans. The enemy was now standing in, close-hauled, the Chubb looking well to windward of the Eagle, the vessel that lay at the head of the American line, the Linnet laying her course for the bows of the same brig, the Confiance intending to fetch far enough ahead of the Saratoga

to lay that ship athwart hawse, and the Finch, with the gunboats, standing for the Ticonderoga and Preble.

As a matter of course the Americans were anchored with springs. But not content with this customary arrangement, Captain M'Donough had laid a kedge (small anchor) broad off on each bow of the Saratoga, and brought their hawsers in upon the two quarters, letting them hang in loops under water. This timely precaution gained the victory.

LOUD CHEERS WHEN A ROOSTER CROWED.

As the enemy filled the American vessels sprung their broadsides to bear, and a few minutes were passed in the solemn and silent expectation that, in a disciplined ship, precedes a battle. Suddenly the Eagle discharged, in quick succession, her four long eighteens. In clearing the decks of the Saratoga some hen-coops were thrown overboard, and the poultry had been permitted to run at large. Startled by the reports of the guns a young cock flew upon a gun-slide, clapped his wings and crowed. At this animating sound the men spontaneously gave three cheers. This little occurrence relieved the usual breathing time between preparation and the combat, and it had a powerful influence on the known tendencies of the seamen.

Still Captain M'Donough did not give the order to commence, although the enemy's galleys now opened, for it was apparent that the fire of the Eagle, which vessel continued to shoot, was useless. As soon, however, as it was seen that her shot told, Captain M'Donough himself sighted a long twenty-four and the gun was fired. This shot is said to have struck the Confiance near the outer hawse-hole, and to have passed the length of her deck, killing and wounding several men and carrying away the wheel. It was a signal for all the American long guns to open, and it was soon seen that the English commanding ship, in particular, was suffering heavily. Still the enemy advanced, and in the most gallant manner, confident if he could get the desired position that the great weight of the Confiance would at once decide the fate of the day.

But he had miscalculated his own powers of endurance. The

anchors of the Confiance were hanging by the stoppers, in readiness to be let go, and the bower was soon cut away, as well as a spare anchor in the port fore-chains. In short, after bearing the fire of the American vessels as long as possible, and the wind beginning to baffle, Captain Downie found himself reduced to the necessity of anchoring while still at the distance of about a quarter of a mile from the American line. The helm was put a-port, the ship shot into the wind, and a kedge was let go, while the vessel took a sheer and brought up with her starboard bower. In doing the latter, however, the kedge was fouled and became of no use.

POSITIONS OF CONTENDING SHIPS.

In coming to, the halyards were let run and the ship hauled up her courses. At this time the Linnet and Chubb were still standing in, farther to windward, and the former, as her guns bore, fired a broadside at the Saratoga. The Linnet soon after anchored, somewhat nearer than the Confiance, getting a very favorable position forward of the Eagle's beam. The Chubb kept under way, intending, if possible, to rake the American line. The Finch got abreast of the Ticonderoga, under her sweeps, supported by the gunboats.

The English vessels came to in very handsome style, nor did the Confiance fire a single gun until secured, although the American line was now engaged with all its force. As soon as Captain Downie had performed this duty, in a seamanlike manner, his ship appeared a sheet of fire, discharging all her guns at nearly the same instant, pointed principally at the Saratoga. The effect of this broadside was terrible in the little ship that received it. After the crash had subsided Captain M'Donough saw that nearly half his crew was on the deck, for many had been knocked down who sustained no real injuries.

It is supposed, however, that about forty men, or near one-fifth of her complement, were killed and wounded on board the Saratoga by this single discharge. The hatches had been fastened down, as usual, but the bodies so cumbered the deck that it was found necessary to remove the fastenings and to pass them below. The effect continued but a

moment, when the ship resumed her fire as gallantly as ever. Among the slain was Mr. Peter Gamble, the first lieutenant. By this early loss but one officer of that rank, acting Lieutenant Lavellette, was left in the Saratoga. Shortly after Captain Downie, the English commanding officer, fell also.

On the part of the principal vessels the battle now became a steady, animated, but, as guns were injured, a gradually decreasing cannonade. Still, the character of the battle was relieved by several little incidents that merit notice. The Chubb, while manœuvering near the head of the American line, received a broadside from the Eagle that crippled her, and she drifted down between the opposing vessels until near the Saratoga, which ship fired a shot into her and she immediately struck.

CONSIDERED A FAVORABLE OMEN.

Mr. Platt, one of the Saratoga's midshipmen, was sent with a boat to take possession. This young officer threw the prize a line and towed her down astern of the Saratoga, and in-shore, anchoring her near the mouth of the Saranac. This little success occurred within a quarter of an hour after the enemy had anchored, and was considered a favorable omen, though all well knew that on the Confiance alone depended the fate of the day. The Chubb had suffered materially, nearly half of her people having been killed and wounded.

About an hour later, the Finch was also driven out of her berth, by the Ticonderoga; and being crippled, she drifted down upon Crab Island Shoal, where, receiving a shot or two from the gun mounted in the battery, she struck, and was taken possession of by the invalids belonging to the hospital. At this end of the line, the British galleys early made several desperate efforts to close; and soon after the Finch had drifted away, they forced the Preble out of the American line, that vessel cutting her cable and shifting her anchorage to a station considerably in-shore, where she was of no more service throughout the day. The rear of the American line was certainly its weakest point; and having compelled the little Preble to retreat, the enemy's galleys were emboldened

to renew their efforts against the vessel ahead of her, which was the Ticonderoga. This schooner was better able to resist them, and she was very nobly fought.

Her spirited commander, Lieutenant Commandant Cassin, walked the taffrail where he could watch the movements of the enemy's galleys, amidst showers of canister and grape, directing discharges of bags of musket-balls, and other light missiles, effectually keeping the British at bay. Several times the English galleys, of which many were very gallantly fought, closed quite near, with an intent to board ; but the great steadiness on board the Ticonderoga beat them back, and completely covered the rear of the line for the remainder of the day. So desperate were some of the assaults, notwithstanding, that the galleys have been described as several times getting nearly within a boathook's length of the schooner, and their people as rising from the sweeps in readiness to spring.

AMERICANS BADLY DAMAGED.

While these reverses and successes were occurring in the rear of the two lines, the Americans were suffering heavily at the other extremity. The Linnet had got a very commanding position, and she was admirably fought; while the Eagle, which received all her fire, and part of that of the Confiance, having lost her springs, found herself so situated, as not to be able to bring her guns fairly to bear on either of the enemy's vessels. Captain Henley had run his topsail-yards, with the sails stopped, to the mast-heads, previously to engaging, and he now cut his cable, sheeted home his topsails, cast the brig, and running down, anchored by the stern, between the Saratoga and Ticonderoga, necessarily a little in-shore of both. Here he opened afresh, and with better effect, on the Confiance and galleys, using his larboard guns. But this movement left the Saratoga exposed to nearly the whole fire of the Linnet, which brig now sprung her broadside in a manner to rake the American ship on her bows.

Shortly after this important change had occurred at the head of the lines, the fire of the two ships began materially to lessen, as gun after gun became disabled; the Saratoga, in particular, having had all her

long pieces rendered useless by shot, while most of the carronades were dismounted, either in the same manner, or in consequence of a disposition in the men to overcharge them. At length but a single carronade remained in the starboard batteries, and on firing it, the navel bolt broke, the gun flew off the carriage, and it actually fell down the main hatch. By this accident, the American commanding vessel was left in the middle of the battle, without a single available gun. Nothing remained but to make an immediate attempt to wind the ship.

MANEUVERING FOR ADVANTAGES.

The stream anchor suspended astern, was let go accordingly. The men then clapped on the hawser that led to the starboard quarter, and brought the ship's stern up over the kedge; but here she hung, there not being sufficient wind, or current, to force her bows round. A line had been bent to a bight in the stream cable, with a view to help wind the ship, and she now rode by the kedge and this line, with her stern under the raking broadside of the Linnet, which brig kept up a steady and well-directed fire. The port batteries having been manned and got ready, Captain M'Donough ordered all the men from the guns, where they were uselessly suffering, telling them to go forward.

By rowsing on the line, the ship was at length got so far round that the aftermost gun would bear on the Confiance, when it was instantly manned, and began to play. The next gun was used in the same manner, but it was soon apparent that the ship could be got no farther round, for she was now nearly end-on to the wind. At this critical moment, Mr. Brum, the master, bethought him of the hawser that led to the larboard quarter. It was got forward under the bows, and passed aft to the starboard quarter, when the ship's stern was immediately sprung to the westward, so as to bring all her port guns to bear on the English ship, with fatal effect.

As soon as the preparations were made to wind the Saratoga, the Confiance attempted to perform the same evolution. Her springs were hauled on, but they merely forced the ship ahead, and having borne the

fresh broadside of the Americans, until she had scarcely a gun with which to return the fire, and failing in all her efforts to get round, about two hours and a quarter after the commencement of the action, her commanding officer lowered his flag. By hauling again upon the starboard hawser, the Saratoga's broadside was immediately sprung to bear on the Linnet, which brig struck about fifteen minutes after her consort.

The enemy's galleys had been driven back, nearly or quite half a mile, and they lay irregularly scattered, and setting to leeward, keeping up a desultory firing. As soon as they found that the large vessels had submitted, they ceased the combat, and lowered their colors. At this proud moment, it is believed, on authority entitled to the highest respect, there was not a single English ensign, out of sixteen or seventeen, that had so lately been flying, left abroad in the bay!

LAMENTABLE DESTRUCTION OF LIFE.

In this long and bloody conflict, the Saratoga had twenty-eight men killed, and twenty-nine wounded, or more than a fourth of all on board her; the Eagle thirteen killed, and twenty wounded, which was sustaining a loss in nearly an equal proportion; the Ticonderoga six killed, and six wounded; the Preble two killed; while on board the ten galleys, only three were killed, and three wounded. The Saratoga was hulled fifty-five times, principally by twenty-four-pound shot; and the Eagle, thirty-nine times.

According to the report of Captain Pring, of the Linnet, dated on the 12th of September, the Confiance lost forty-one killed, and forty wounded. It was admitted, however, that no good opportunity had then existed to ascertain the casualties. At a later day, the English themselves enumerated her wounded at eighty-three. This would make the total loss of that ship 124; but even this number is supposed to be materially short of the truth. The Linnet is reported to have had ten killed, and fourteen wounded. This loss is also believed to be considerably below the fact. The Chubb had six killed, and ten wounded. The Finch was reported by the enemy to have had but two men wounded.

No American official report of the casualties in the English vessels has been published; but by an estimate made on the best data that could be found, the Linnet was thought to have lost fifty men, and the two smaller vessels taken, about thirty between them. No account whatever has been published of the casualties on board the English galleys, though the slaughter in them is believed to have been very heavy.

SCENE OF THE BATTLE OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

As soon as the Linnet struck, a lieutenant was sent to take possession of the Confiance. Bad as was the situation of the Saratoga, that of the prize was much worse. She had been hulled 105 times; had probably near, if not quite, half her people killed and wounded; and this formidable floating battery was reduced to helpless impotency.

As the boarding officer was passing along the deck of the prize, he

accidentally ran against a lock-string, and fired one of the Confiance's starboard guns. Up to this moment the English galleys had been slowly drifting to leeward, with their colors down, apparently waiting to be taken possession of; but at the discharge of this gun, which may have been understood as a signal, one or two of them began to move slowly off, and soon after the others followed, pulling but a very few sweeps. It is not known that one of them hoisted her ensign. Captain M'Donough made a signal for the American galleys to follow, but it was discovered that their men were wanted at the pumps of some of the larger vessels, to keep them from sinking, the water being found over the berth-deck of the Linnet, and the signal was revoked. As there was not a mast that would bear any canvas among all the larger vessels, the English galleys escaped, though they went off slowly and irregularly, as if distrusting their own liberty.

GALLANT CONDUCT OF AMERICAN OFFICERS.

Captain M'Donough applauded the conduct of all the officers of the Saratoga. Mr. Gamble died at his post, fighting bravely; Mr. Lavallette, the only lieutenant left, displayed the cool discretion that marks the character of this highly respectable and firm officer, and Mr. Brum, the master, who was entrusted with the important duty of winding the ship, never lost his self-possession for an instant. Captain Henley praised the conduct of his officers, as did Lieutenant-Commandant Cassin. The galleys behaved very unequally; but the Borer, Mr. Conover; Netley, Mr. Breese; one under the orders of Mr. Robins, a master, and one or two more, were considered to have been very gallantly handled.

There was a common feeling of admiration at the manner in which the Ticonderoga, Lieutenant-Commandant Cassin, defended the rear of the line, and at the noble conduct of all on board her.

The Saratoga was twice on fire by hot shot thrown from the Confiance, her spanker having been nearly consumed. No battery from the American shore, with the exception of the gun or two fired at the Finch from Crab Island, took any part in the naval encounter; nor could any,

without endangering the American vessels equally with the enemy. Indeed the distance renders it questionable whether shot would have reached with effect, as Captain M'Donough had anchored far off the land, in order to compel the enemy to come within range of his short guns.

The Americans found a furnace on board the Confiance, with eight or ten heated shot in it, though the fact is not stated with any view to attribute it to the enemy as a fault. It was an advantage that he possessed, most probably in consequence of the presence of a party of artillerists, who had a share in the hot fight.

COMMANDER'S SPLENDID SKILL AND BRAVERY.

Captain M'Donough, who was already very favorably known to the service for his personal intrepidity, obtained a vast accession of reputation by the results of this day. His dispositions for receiving the attacks were highly judicious and seamanlike. By the manner in which he anchored his vessels, with the shoal so near the rear of his line as to cover that extremity, and the land of Cumberland Head so near his broadside as necessarily to bring the enemy within reach of his short guns, he made all his force completely available. The English were not near enough, perhaps, to give to carronades their full effect; but this disadvantage was unavoidable, the assailing party having, of course, a choice in the distance.

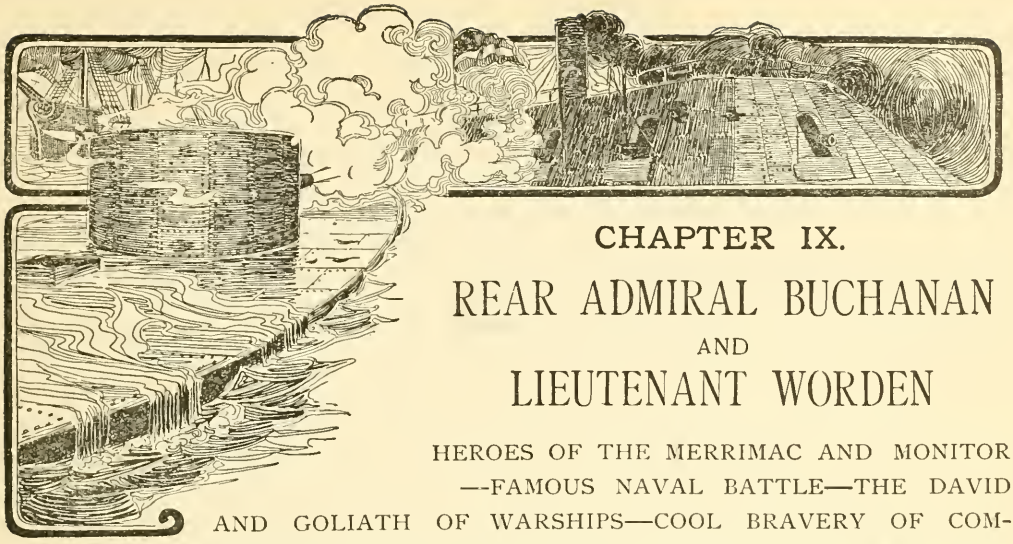
All that could be obtained, under the circumstances, appears to have been secured, and the result proved the wisdom of the actual arrangement. The personal deportment of Captain M'Donough in this engagement, like that of Perry in the battle of Lake Erie, was the subject of general admiration in his little squadron. His coolness was undisturbed throughout all the trying scenes on board his own ship, and although lying against a vessel of double the force, and nearly double the tonnage of the Saratoga, he met and resisted her attack with a constancy that seemed to set defeat at defiance. The winding of the Saratoga, under such circumstances, exposed as she was to the raking broadsides of the Confiance and Linnet, especially the latter, was a bold, seamanlike, and masterly measure, that required unusual decision and fortitude to imagine and execute.

Most men would have believed that, without a single gun on the side engaged, a fourth of their people cut down, and their ship a wreck, enough injury had been received to justify submission; but Captain M'Donough found the means to secure a victory in the desperate condition of his own vessel.

Captain M'Donough, besides the usual medal from Congress, and various compliments and gifts from different states and towns, was promoted for his services. Captain Henley also received a medal. The legislature of Vermont presented the former with a small estate on Cumberland Head, which overlooked the scene of his triumph. The officers and crews met with the customary acknowledgements, and the country generally placed the victory by the side of that of Lake Erie. In the navy, which is better qualified to enter into just estimates of force, and all the other circumstances that enhance the merits of nautical exploits, the battle of Plattsburg Bay is justly ranked among the very highest of its claims to glory.

The consequences of this victory were immediate and important. During the action, Sir George Prevost had skirmished sharply in front of the American works, and was busy in making demonstrations for a more serious attack. As soon, however, as the fate of the British squadron was ascertained, he made a precipitate and unmilitary retreat, abandoning much of his heavy artillery, stores, and supplies, and from that moment to the end of the war, the northern frontier was cleared of the enemy.

The gallant sailor who won the battle of Lake Champlain lives in history as Commodore M'Donough. He died in 1825.



CHAPTER IX.

REAR ADMIRAL BUCHANAN AND LIEUTENANT WORDEN

HEROES OF THE MERRIMAC AND MONITOR —FAMOUS NAVAL BATTLE—THE DAVID AND GOLIATH OF WARSHIPS—COOL BRAVERY OF COMMANDERS—FIGHT THAT REVOLUTIONIZED NAVAL WARFARE.

In tracing the history of the great western campaign of our Civil War, in 1862, it will be noticed that an important part was played by gunboats on the Tennessee and Ohio rivers. It was naturally to be expected that war vessels, suitably constructed, would play an equally important part in the bays and rivers more to the east, and which connect themselves with the waters of the Atlantic.

One of the great events of the early part of 1862 was the appearance in Hampton Roads of the powerful iron-clad man-of-war Merrimac, which had been reconstructed by the Confederate Government and named Virginia. When the Norfolk Navy Yard was abandoned by the Nationals, this vessel was scuttled and sunk. In her original form she was a powerful steam frigate of forty guns, and she had cost the government, for building and furnishing her, a sum not less than a million and a quarter dollars. The Confederates found little difficulty in raising her, and the hull being in perfect condition, a substantial basis existed for the construction of a gigantic and dangerous vessel.

A plan was furnished by Lieutenant John M. Brooke, formerly of the National navy; and, reconstructed after the fashion of the shot-proof raft which had been used in Charleston harbor, she became one of the strongest and most destructive engines of war which had ever been seen

floating on any waters. When properly cut down she was covered with an iron roof projecting into the water. At or below the water line the mail extended the opposite way, so that a shot striking above the water-mark would glance upward, and below the water mark would glance downward. She was simply a broadside ironclad with sloping armor. Her great bulk enabled her to carry a formidable battery. She was armed with a powerful steel beak, and carried eleven guns, with a one hundred-pound rifled Armstrong at each end.

A MONSTER FITTED TO CREATE TERROR.

Such a monster might well be a terror as a surprise. It was known that the vessel was undergoing reconstruction, and that it was intended to make her a terrible engine of war; but strange rumors were circulated to her disadvantage by the Confederate authorities; and it is probable that, until she was seen at Hampton Roads, she was somewhat despised by the officers of the National navy. The Southern newspapers artfully circulated that "the Merrimac was a failure," and, the wish being father to the thought, the statement was too readily believed by the Federals. Her commander was Franklin Buchanan, who was born in Baltimore, and entered the navy about 1815. He was captain when the Civil War broke out, but resigned his commission in 1861, entered the Confederate service, and was noted for his bravery and his ability in handling war craft. He commanded the iron-clad Tennessee in Mobile Bay, August, 1864, where he was defeated by Admiral Farragut and taken prisoner.

The intrepid Buchanan, as we have said was the commander of the Merrimac, and his exploits on this occasion stamped him as a hero of the highest rank. About noon, on Saturday, the 8th of March, observers at Fortress Monroe saw a strange object, "looking like a submerged house, with the roof only above water," moving down the Elizabeth River toward Hampton Roads. It was the dreadful Merrimac. Two smaller armed steamboats accompanied her. Almost immediately after their appearance, two other Confederate gunboats came down from Richmond and took positions in the James River, a little above Newport

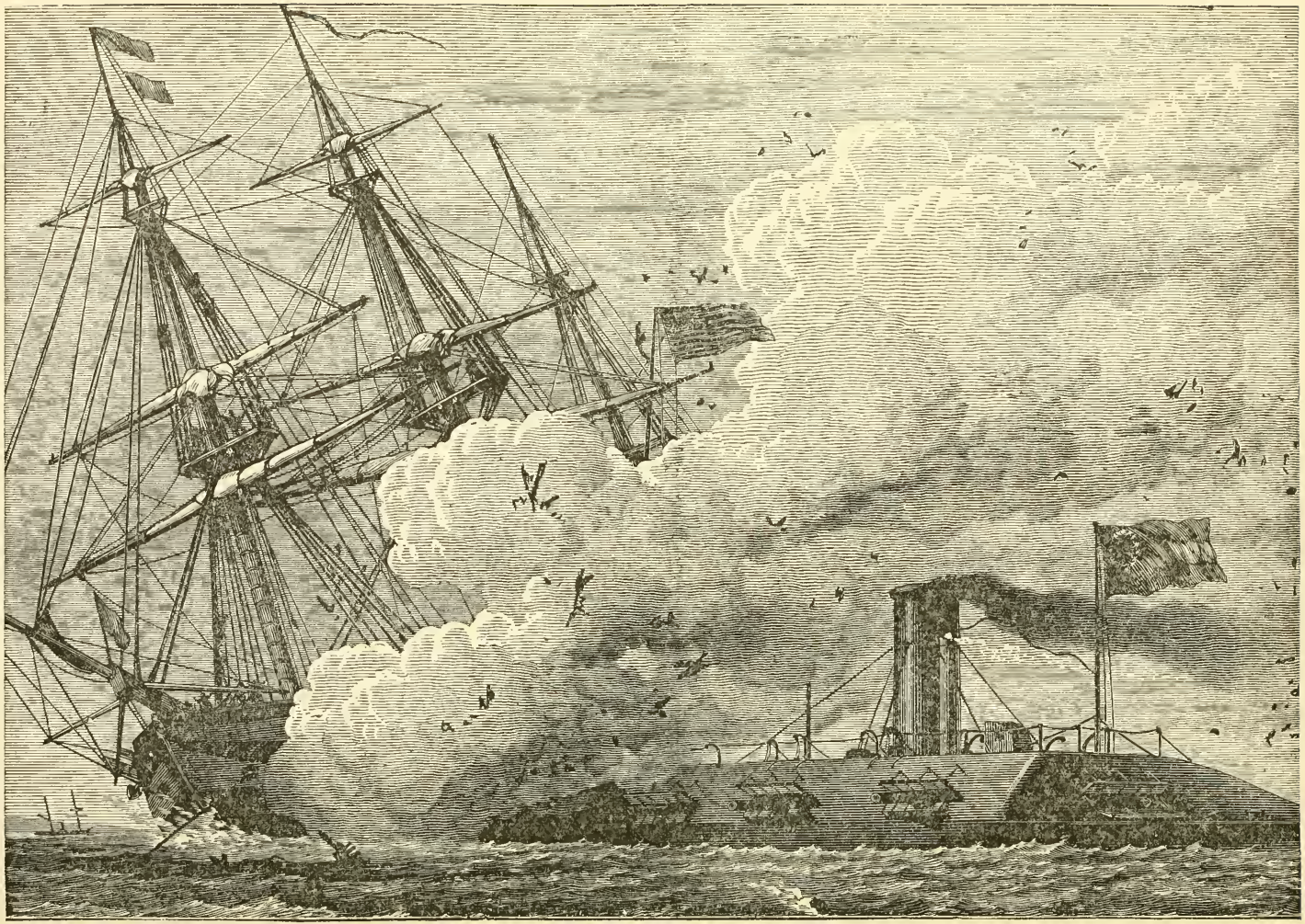
News. Signal guns were at once fired from the Union batteries and by the ships Cumberland and Congress, lying off and blockading the James River, to give warning to the rest of the National fleet.

Accompanied by the two smaller vessels the Merrimac moved steadily on towards the Cumberland and Congress. The Congress, a sailing frigate, was commanded by Lieutenant Joseph B. Smith. The sloop of war, Cumberland, 24 guns and 376 men, was commanded temporarily by Lieutenant George Morris. Pursuing the Congress, and giving and receiving a broadside, the Merrimac made straight for the Cumberland. This vessel had been placed across the channel so as to bring her broadside to bear on her antagonist; and as the Merrimac approached she opened upon the monster and poured forth a rapid fire. It was no use. The heavy shot from the nine and ten inch guns of the Cumberland glanced from her rival's shield of iron, "like so many peas." The Merrimac seemed stunned for an instant by the weight of the shot; but she quickly recovered; and having increased her speed, she rushed against the Cumberland, striking her with her steel prow about amidships, and "literally laying her open."

AN IMPENETRABLE COAT OF MAIL.

Before striking the Cumberland, the Merrimac had received some seven or eight broadsides; but they produced no impression on her invulnerable coat of mail. As she struck, she opened her ports and poured in on the unfortunate Cumberland, now rapidly filling with water, a most destructive fire. The Cumberland fought well; but the combat was unequal. Buchanan gradually drew off the Merrimac; and again opening his ports, he rushed against his disabled antagonist, this time completely crushing in her side.

It was now all over with the Cumberland. Giving a parting fire to the monster which was retiring from the ruin it had wrought, with apparent indifference, Morris ordered his men to jump overboard and save themselves. This was quickly done; and in a few minutes afterwards, the vessel went down in fifty-four feet of water, carrying with her about



THE MERRIMAC SINKING THE CUMBERLAND.

one hundred of dead, sick and wounded, who could not be moved. The topmast of the Cumberland remained partially above the water, with her flag flying from its peak.

It was now nearly four o'clock in the afternoon. Having finished the Cumberland, the Merrimac now turned her attention to the sailing frigate Congress. We have seen that just as the Merrimac appeared by the way of the Elizabeth River two other vessels came down the James, as if by a preconcerted arrangement. These vessels were the Yorktown and the Jamestown, or, as the latter was now called, the Patrick Henry. While the Merrimac was engaged with the Cumberland, the Yorktown and the Jamestown, which had successfully passed the National batteries at Newport News, had tackled the Congress. Until the Cumberland went down the Congress made a gallant and successful resistance. With the help of the Zouave, she then managed to run aground under cover of the strong batteries just named.

ON FIRE IN A NUMBER OF PLACES.

There she was beyond reach of the Merrimac's prow, but she was not beyond the range of her guns. As soon, therefore, as that vessel came up she opened fire upon the unfortunate Congress, which could not reply with her stern guns, one of which was soon dismounted by the Merrimac's shot and the other had the muzzle knocked off. Lieutenant Smith, Acting Master Moore and Pilot William Rhodes, with nearly half the crew, were killed or wounded. The Merrimac moved backward and forward slowly, firing at a range of less than a hundred yards. The Congress now took fire in several places.

Further resistance would have been worse than foolishness, and so Lieutenant Prendergast hauled down the flag. A tug came alongside to haul her off, but the batteries on shore drove off the tug, and the Merrimac, despite the white flag which was flying over her in token of surrender, again opened fire upon the battered and helpless vessel. Later in the day the Merrimac returned and set the Congress on fire by red-hot shot, and her magazine exploded with a tremendous noise.

Those of her crew which survived the first attack had meanwhile made good their escape. About one half of the whole, 218 out of 434, responded to the call of their names next morning at Newport News. In little more than two hours the Merrimac had destroyed two of the best ships in the National service; and Buchanan, her commander, had the satisfaction—if satisfaction it was—of killing or drowning more than three hundred of his old comrades.

HURRIED TO THE SCENE OF ACTION.

When the Merrimac first made her appearance in the early part of the day, the flag-ship of the National squadron, the Roanoke, Captain John Marston, and the steam frigate Minnesota, Captain Van Brunt, were lying at Fortress Monroe, several miles distant. These were at once signalled to hurry forward to the assistance of the Cumberland, the Congress, and the other vessels now so sorely menaced. It was not possible for them to be forward in time to render any effective aid. Flag-officer Marston had responded to the signal as quickly as possible. His own ship was disabled in its machinery; but, with the help of two tugs, he set out for the scene of action.

The Minnesota was ordered to hasten in the same direction. When passing Sewall's Point, the Minnesota came within range of a Confederate battery there, and had her mainmast crippled. This, however, was not the only misfortune which she was destined to experience; she drew twenty-three feet of water; and although it was known that the water was dangerously shallow, it was thought that, the botton being soft, it would be possible to push her through. It was a mistake. When within about a mile and a half of Newport News, the vessel grounded and stuck fast.

While in this helpless condition, the Merrimac, having destroyed the Cumberland, and having retired after her first attack on the Congress, came down upon her. Fortunately it was not possible for the Merrimac to get within a mile of her intended victim, her own heavy draught preventing a nearer approach. At this distance, an ineffective

fire was opened by both vessels. Some of the smaller armed steamboats ventured nearer, and with their rifled guns killed and wounded several men on board the Minnesota. Some of these, however, paid dearly for their rashness ; for, grounded as she was, her guns were ably handled, and with great rapidity.

It was now seven o'clock ; and counting, no doubt, on an easy victory on the morrow, the Merrimac, with her companion ships, retired behind Sewall's Point. The Minnesota still lay fast in the mud ; and although during the night several attempts were made to get her off, it was found impossible to move her. The Roanoke and the St. Lawrence, on their way to the scene of conflict, had both got aground ; but with the rising tide they were relieved, and moved down the Roads.

CRISIS OF IMMENSE IMPORT.

It was Saturday night, March 8th, and when the sun went down the prospect for the following morning was the reverse of cheering to the National commanders. There could be no doubt that the Merrimac would renew the battle in the morning. In such a case, the result, unless some unexpected aid arrived, would be disastrous in the extreme. The Minnesota would be the first victim, and helpless as she was, her destruction was certain. If any of the other vessels were spared they would surely endeavor to make their escape. The harbor of Hampton Roads would be lost. The Merrimac would be free to prosecute her work of destruction. Fortress Monroe would be in danger, and who could say that the harbor of New York was safe while such a monster was afloat ?

General Wool, commander of Fortress Monroe, telegraphed to Washington that the capture of the Minnesota was all but certain, and that "it was thought the Merrimac, Jamestown and Yorktown would pass the fort to-night." It was the opinion of that officer that if the Merrimac, instead of passing on, attacked the fortress, it would not be possible to hold the place for more than a few days.

Happily relief was at hand. At nine o'clock that night the

Monitor, Ericsson's new iron-clad turret ship, arrived at Fortress Monroe from New York. This vessel, which was a dwarf beside the Merrimac, and which was of novel form and appearance, had been built at Green Point, Long Island, New York, under the direction of its inventor, Captain John Ericsson—a Swede by birth, but who had been a resident of the United States for twenty years. Ericsson had already won distinction as a practical scientist in Sweden and in England, and in 1842, having come to the United States, he built for the government the United States steamer Princeton, the first screw-propeller in the world. The Monitor was one of three vessels—the other two were the Galena and the New Ironsides—which were constructed to meet the emergency and by special requirement of the government.

SINGULAR LOOKING VESSEL.

Ericsson's plan was to secure the greatest possible power, both for attack and resistance, with the least possible exposure of surface. The hull of the Monitor admirably met all those requirements. It was buoyant, yet it was almost entirely under water. It presented to the enemy a target which was wonderfully small, but which, because of the concentration of iron and timber, was absolutely impregnable—proof against the heaviest artillery of the day. Concentration was Ericsson's object in the construction of the hull, so far as defence or resistance was concerned. He followed the same plan in regard to the offensive part of the ship.

In the centre of his raft-like vessel he fixed a revolving cylinder of wrought iron, of sufficient diameter to allow of two heavy guns and just high enough to give the gunners standing room. When finished the total length of the Monitor was 172 feet. This covered the armor and what is called the "overhang." The length of the hull proper was 124 feet. Her total beam over armor and backing was 41⅓ feet—the beam of the hull proper being 34 feet. Her depth was 11 feet; her draught 10 feet. The diameter of the turret inside was 20 feet; the height was 9 feet; the thickness 8 inches, there being 5 inches of wrought iron and 3

feet of oak. The total weight, with everything on board, was 900 tons.

As an engine of war, the Monitor was, in the strictest sense of the word, a novelty. Nothing of the kind had ever before existed. Not unnaturally, therefore, very different opinions prevailed as to the fitness of the vessel for the purposes contemplated. Had the Monitor gone to the bottom as she slid from the stocks at Greenpoint, she would only have fulfilled the predictions and justified the expectations of many prominent scientific men who were present when she was launched. The strange-looking little ship, as we shall presently see, was to have a different and more glorious future.

According to the terms of the contract the Monitor was not to be accepted by the government until her seagoing powers were tested, and until she had made trial of her strength with the heaviest guns of the enemy. This, therefore, was her trial trip; and never, perhaps, in the history of any ship of war was a trial trip more severely tested or more completely successful. Lieutenant John L. Worden was in command.

COMMANDER OF THE MONITOR.

Worden was born in Westchester county, New York, March 12, 1818. He entered the navy in 1834, and became a lieutenant in 1840. In April, 1861, he was sent as a bearer of despatches to Fort Pickens or Pensacola. He was arrested as he was returning by land, and was kept in prison seven months. After leaving command of the Monitor, he was made captain in February, 1863, and commanded the ironclad Montauk in the operations against Fort Sumter in April of that year. In June, 1868, he was appointed a commodore. His superb courage, admirable skill as a commander, and noble qualities as a man, are fully recognized in our naval history.

Having assumed command of the Monitor, he started with the odd little craft from New York. The weather was extremely rough. For three days the Monitor battled with the storm; but more than once victory was doubtful. The sea rolled over her decks, the turret alone

being above the water. At one time the tiller-rope was thrown off the wheel, and the situation was really critical. The draft pipe was choked by the pouring down of the water; and but for the ventilation obtained through the turret, the men would have been suffocated. More than once during the vogage the fires were extinguished. After such a voyage the crew, as was to be expected, were completely exhausted.

We have seen that the Monitor reached Fortress Monroe at 9 o'clock, on the evening of Saturday, the 8th of March. But for this storm the Monitor might have been up in time to prevent the disaster of the previous day; for it is now known that the Confederates, informed by spies of the forwardness of the Monitor, had made almost superhuman efforts to have the work on the Merrimac finished, so as to give her an opportunity of destroying the National fleet at Hampton Roads before her great rival could appear on the scene.

ON THE EVE OF THE GREAT COMBAT.

As it was, Lieutenant Worden lost no time after his arrival at Fortress Monroe. Within a few minutes he had reported to the flag officer in the Roads, received orders and sailed to join the disabled fleet. Soon after midnight, on the morning of the 9th, he anchored his little vessel alongside the Minnesota.

Never did relief arrive more opportunely. It was a night to be remembered—that of the 8th of March, 1862, at Hampton Roads. The Confederates were flushed with success. The Nationals were downcast, as well they might be, but by no means desperate. Norfolk was illuminated; and the Confederate officers and sailors were rejoicing and carousing with her grateful citizens. On the one side, there was the certain conviction that to-morrow would bring with it an easy victory. On the other side there was a sullen determination to resist to the last, and a dim, ill-defined hope that some effective aid was to be expected from the strange little vessel which had just arrived.

As the night wore on, the waters and the adjacent coast were brilliantly lit up by the flames of the burning Congress; and ever and

anon, at irregular intervals, a shotted gun would boom over the dull waters and startle the quiet air, as the spreading flames ignited its charge. The ship had been burning for ten hours, when, about one o'clock, the fire having reached the magazine, she blew up with a terrific noise, filling the air and strewing the waters far and wide with masses of burning timber.

Sunday morning broke beautiful and clear. The Congress had disappeared; but the masts and yards of the Cumberland projected above the water, and her ensign was flying in its accustomed place. As sad evidences of the suddenness of her destruction, the dead bodies of her brave defenders floated in large numbers around the ship. Before the sun had fully revealed himself, and paled by his brighter light the lurid flames of the burning fragments of the Congress, the Merrimac was seen coming down from Sewall's Point. Evidently she was bent on completing the work of the previous day. The drums of the Merrimac beat to quarters and there were quick preparations.

GAVE ORDERS FOR INSTANT ATTACK.

Worden was ready. Taking his position at the peep-hole of the pilot-house of the Monitor, he gave orders for an immediate attack. The Merrimac made direct for the Minnesota, and from the course she took it was apparently the intention of her commander to capture that vessel, if possible, and carry her back as a prize to Norfolk, where hundreds of people lined the shores, awaiting his triumphant return. As she approached the stern guns of the Minnesota opened upon her, but to little purpose, for the stacks and the sloping sides of the huge monster had been smeared with tallow, and the shot, heavy as it was, glanced harmlessly off. Meanwhile the little Monitor, to the astonishment of all, ran out from under the Minnesota's quarter and placed herself alongside of the Merrimac, completely covering the Minnesota "as far as was possible with her diminutive dimensions."

The contrast was striking. It was more—it was almost ridiculous. David and Goliath! It seemed as if the Merrimac had but to move upon

the insignificant, almost invisible thing, touch it with her iron prow, and make an end of it forever. But it was not so. This other giant had found more than a match in this other stripling. The Merrimac let fly a broadside, and the turret of the Monitor began to revolve. Both vessels, as we have shown already, were heavily armed. The Merrimac had on each side two 7½-inch rifles and 4 9-inch Dahlgrens. The Monitor had in her turret two 11-inch guns, each capable of flinging a shot of 168 pounds. The turret kept revolving, but the ponderous shot of the Monitor rattled in vain against the mail-clad sides of the Merrimac. Broadside followed broadside in rapid succession, but the heavy metal discharged by the guns of the Merrimac made no impression on the wrought-iron citadel of the Monitor, which stood like a Gibraltar.

BATTLE ROYAL BETWEEN GIANTS.

Unlike as were the two ships, it was really a battle of giants. "Gun after gun," says Captain Van Brunt, of the Minnesota, "was fired by the Monitor, which was returned with whole broadsides from the enemy, with no more effect apparently than so many pebble stones thrown by a child, clearly establishing the fact that wooden vessels cannot contend with iron clad ones, for never before was anything like it dreamed of by the greatest enthusiasts in maritime warfare." After the first vigorous onset there was some manœuvring for positions, the Monitor seeking the port holes of the Merrimac, the latter all the while pouring her heavy shot on the invulnerable turret of her plucky little antagonist. One bolt from a rifle-gun struck the turret squarely, and penetrated the iron. "It then broke short off and left its head sticking in."

Five times the Merrimac attempted to run the Monitor down, but on each occasion she received, at the distance of a few feet, the heavy shot of the 11-inch guns. In one of these encounters the Merrimac got aground, and the Monitor, being light of draught, steamed easily around, moving and hitting like a skilled pugilist, her lightning-like fire striking her antagonist at every vulnerable point. The Merrimac began to show signs of punishment. Her armor plate was bending under the blows.

As if despairing of accomplishing anything definite or satisfactory with the Monitor, the Merrimac turned away from her agile and rather dangerous antagonist and renewed her attack on the Minnesota. Van Brunt, as he himself tells us, was on his guard, and gave the monster a warm reception. He opened upon her all his broadside guns, with a ten-inch pivot gun besides. So terrific was the broadside that "it was enough," to quote Van Brunt's language, "to blow out of the water any timber built ship in the world." It produced, however, but very little effect.

MONITOR CHASES HER ANTAGONIST.

The Merrimac gave a hearty response. From her rifled bow gun she flung one of her terrible shells, which went crashing through the side of the Minnesota, exploding on its way two charges of powder, and finally bursting in the boatswain's apartments, tearing four rooms into one and setting the ship on fire. Another shell burst the boiler of the tugboat Dragon, which lay alongside the Minnesota. During the encounter, which was brief, the guns of the Minnesota had hit the Merrimac at least fifty times, producing little or no impression.

A second time the Monitor comes to the aid of the Minnesota. The Merrimac finds it necessary to change her position, and in doing so, again gets grounded. The Minnesota again finds her opportunity, and her heavy guns are opened on her stranded foe. The broadsides are now telling on the thick armor-plates of the Merrimac. Catesby Jones, who was in command, Buchanan having been wounded on the previous day, evidently regarded his situation as critical, and, accordingly, as soon as he got the Merrimac afloat, he turned her prow toward Norfolk. The Monitor gave chase. Irritated by the pertinacity of the little ship, the Merrimac turned round on her pursuer and rushed upon her at full speed, as if resolved to run her down. It was a vain attempt, although, judging from the appearance of things, it was by no means either unnatural or unwise

The huge beak of the Merrimac grated on the deck of the Monitor and was wrenched. Such a blow had sent the Cumberland down on

the Saturday. Such a blow, had it been possible to deal it, would doubtless have proved equally fatal to the Minnesota, or indeed to any wooden ship afloat. It left the Monitor uninjured. The little vessel glided nimbly out from under her antagonist, and in doing so, the two ships being almost in actual contact, she opened upon her with one of her heavy turret guns, striking her with a force which seemed to crush in her armor. Quick as lightning the concentrated shot of the Merrimac rattled against the turret and pilot-house of the Monitor. The encounter was terrific; but the armor of both vessels was shot-proof, and for the first time in naval warfare, heavy and well-directed cannon were found to be comparatively worthless, doing little damage.

SHOTS THAT TOLD WITH STARTLING EFFECT.

At this stage the Monitor hauled off for the purpose of hoisting more shot into her turret. Catesby Jones, imagining that he had silenced his small but formidable antagonist, made another move towards the Minnesota. Before he had time to open fire, the Monitor was steaming up towards him. He changed his course at once; and it was now noticeable that the Merrimac was sagging at her stern. A well-directed shot from the Monitor had hit the Merrimac at the junction of the casemate with the ship's side and caused a leak. Another shot about the same moment had penetrated the boiler of one of the Merrimac's tenders, enveloping her in steam, and scalding a large number of her crew. Latterly the Monitor had been firing low, and every shot told with greater or less effect

The Monitor, however, was not to be allowed to escape uninjured. The last shot fired by the Merrimac was the most effective. It struck the pilot-house of the Monitor opposite the peep-hole through which Worden at that moment was looking. It cut the iron plank in two, inflicted a severe wound on Worden, and knocked him senseless to the floor, Lieutenant Green, who commanded the guns, and Chief Engineer Steiners, who worked the turret, being at the same moment stunned and stupefied, but not severely injured. Green and Steiners recovered

quickly enough to keep the gunners at work; but Worden did not for some time recover consciousness. When he did so, his first question was, "Did we save the Minnesota?"

The battle was now ended. The Merrimac steered at once for Norfolk. The Monitor soon afterwards steered for Fortress Monroe, the severe mishap which had befallen her commander preventing her from following up her victory and forcing the battle to a surrender. Worden was really badly injured. His face was much disfigured and he was completely blind. Removed to the city of Washington, his life for a time was despaired of; but he revived, and, being unwilling to retire, he rendered his country further good service before the war was ended. As soon as the Merrimac retired the Minnesota was got afloat by throwing some of her heavy guns overboard. She was saved. The battle which began as early as eight o'clock in the morning was waged with great ferocity until after mid-day. The little Monitor did noble work and won a most decided victory over a very formidable foe.

THE LITTLE LION OF THE NAVY.

She acquired a reputation such as was never before enjoyed by any ship of war. Pilgrimages were organized and undertaken to visit the scene of the conflict and the victory, and all ranks and classes of the people, from the President downward, rushed to see the "little wonder" —the strange vessel which had done such effective work. The excitement was not confined to this country alone. The success of the Monitor created a profound interest throughout the civilized world, and nowhere more than in the British Isle. It was felt and confessed not only that sea-girt nations must in future depend for protection on other than wooden walls, but that a new and terrible engine of war had been constructed. The battle of Hampton Roads had read the world a lesson.

In a masterly lyric, the scenes on board the Cumberland have been celebrated by the well-known poet, George H. Boker. We append his spirited production, which is a fine tribute to the valor of our Jack Tars.

"Stand to your guns, men!" Morris
cried;
Small need to pass the word;
Our men at quarters ranged themselves
Before the drum was heard.

And then began the sailors' jests:
"What thing is that, I say?"
"A 'long-shore meeting-house adrift
And standing down the bay?"

"So shot your guns and point them
straight:
Before this day goes by,
We'll try of what her metal's made."
A cheer was our reply.

"Remember, boys, this flag of ours
Has seldom left its place;
And where it falls, the deck it strikes
Is covered with disgrace.

"I ask but this; or sink or swim,
Or live or nobly die,
My last sight upon earth may be
To see that ensign fly!"

Meanwhile the shapeless iron mass
Came moving o'er the wave,
As gloomy as a passing hearse,
As silent as the grave.

Her ports were closed; from stem to
stern
No sign of life appeared:
We wondered, questioned, strained our
eyes,
Joked—everything, but feared.

She reached our range. Our broadside
rang;
Our heavy pivots roared;
And shot and shell, a fire of hell,
Against her side we poured.

God's mercy! from her sloping roof
The iron tempest glanced,
As hail bounds from a cottage-thatch,
And round her leaped and danced.

On, on, with fast increasing speed,
The silent monster came,
Though all our starboard battery
Was one long line of flame.

She heeded not; no guns she fired;
Straight on our bows she bore;
Through riving plank and crashing frame
Her furious way she tore.

Alas! our beautiful, keen bow,
That in the fiercest blast
So gently folded back the seas,
They hardly felt we passed.

Alas! alas! my Cumberland,
That ne'er knew grief before,
To be so gored, to feel so deep
The tusk of that sea-boar.

Once more she backward drew apace;
Once more our side she rent,
Then, in the wantonness of hate,
Her broadside through us sent.

The dead and dying round us lay,
But our foemen lay abeam;
Her open port-holes maddened us,
We fired with shout and scream.

We felt our vessel settling fast;
We knew our time was brief;
"Ho! man the pumps!" But they who
worked
And fought not, wept with grief.

From captain down to powder-boy,
No hand was idle then:
Two soldiers, but by chance aboard,
Fought on like sailor men.

And when a gun's crew lost a hand,
Some bold marine stepped out,
And jerked his braided jacket off,
And hauled the gun about.

Our forward magazine was drowned,
And up from the sick bay
Crawled out the wounded, red with blood,
And round us gasping lay;—

Yes, cheering, calling us by name,
Struggling with failing breath
To keep their shipmates at the post
Where glory strove with death.

With decks afloat and powder gone,
The last broadside we gave
From the guns' heated iron lips
Burst out beneath the wave.

"Up to the spar deck! save yourselves!"
Cried Selfridge. "Up my men!
God grant that some of us may live
To fight yon ship again!"

We turned: we did not like to go;
Yet staying seemed but vain,
Knee-deep in water; so we left;
Some swore, some groaned with pain.

We reached the deck. There Randall stood:
"Another turn, men—so!"
Calmly he aimed his pivot gun:
"Now, Tenny, let her go!"

It did our sore hearts good to hear
The song our pivot sang,
As rushing on from wave to wave
The whirring bomb-shell sprang.

Brave Randall leaped upon the gun,
And waved his cap in sport;
"Well done! well aimed! I saw that shell
Go through an open port!"

It was our last, our deadliest shot;
The deck was overflown;
The poor ship staggered, lurched to port,
And gave a living groan.

Down, down, as headlong through the waves
Our gallant vessel rushed;
A thousand gurgling, watery sounds
Around my senses gushed.

Then I remember little more;
One look to heaven I gave,
Where, like an angel's wing, I saw
Our spotless ensign wave.

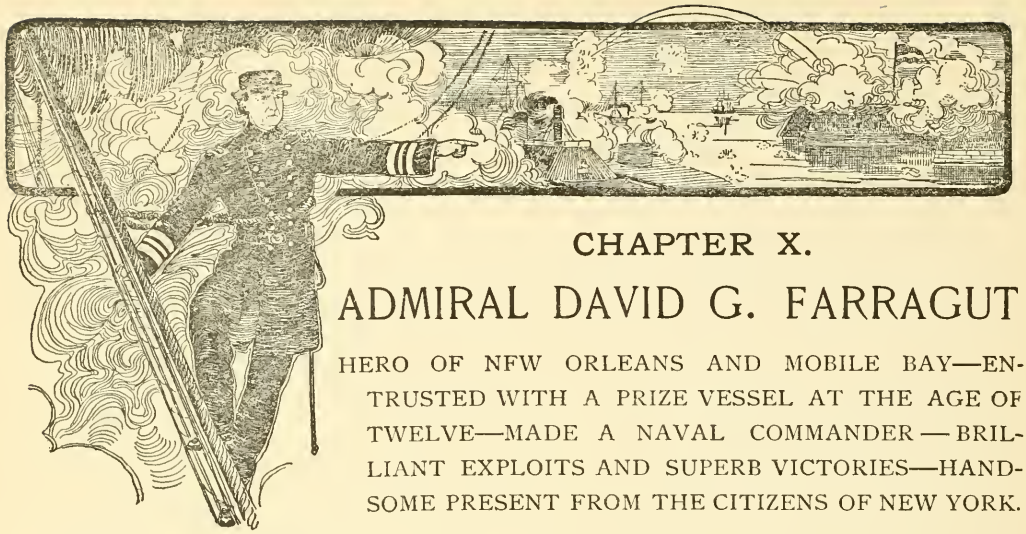
I tried to cheer. I cannot say
Whether I swam or sank;
A blue mist closed around my eyes,
And everything was blank.

When I awoke, a soldier lad,
All dripping from the sea,
With two great tears upon his cheeks,
Was bending over me.

I tried to speak. He understood
The wish I could not speak.
He turned me. There, thank God! the flag
Still fluttered at the peak!

And there, while thread shall hang to thread,
Oh, let that ensign fly!
The noblest constellation set
Against the northern sky—

A sign that we who live may claim
The peerage of the brave;
A monument that needs no scroll,
For those beneath the wave.



CHAPTER X.

ADMIRAL DAVID G. FARRAGUT

HERO OF NFW ORLEANS AND MOBILE BAY—ENTRUSTED WITH A PRIZE VESSEL AT THE AGE OF TWELVE—MADE A NAVAL COMMANDER — BRILLIANT EXPLOITS AND SUPERB VICTORIES—HANDSOME PRESENT FROM THE CITIZENS OF NEW YORK.

In 1776, George Farragut, the father of the admiral, emigrated to this country. He was born in Minorca in 1755, and traced his lineage through a long line of notable ancestors, back to Don Pedro Farragut, who was in the service of James I, King of Aragon. He took an active part in the Revolutionary War, and served the United States as "muster master of the militia of the District of Washington (East Tennessee), employed in actual service for the protection of the frontiers of the United States south of the Ohio, from the 1st of March, 1792, to the 26th of October, 1793." In 1810–11, he was sailing master of an expedition to the Bay of Pascagoula, and afterwards became magistrate at Pascagoula.

He had five children—three sons and two daughters. Of the former, David G. Farragut, was born at Campbell's Station, near Knoxville, Tenn., on the 5th of July, 1801. From his earliest years, he was inured to hardships and dangers by land and sea. His first experience on the sea was extremely distasteful to him ; but his father, by constantly taking him out on the water in all sorts of weather, soon overcame his fears, and a strong attachment to the sailors life replaced his first feeling of distaste. When David was but a little over eight years of age, he was adopted by Commodore Porter who had formed a warm friendship for David's father, and was taken by the commodore to Washington, where he was put to school.

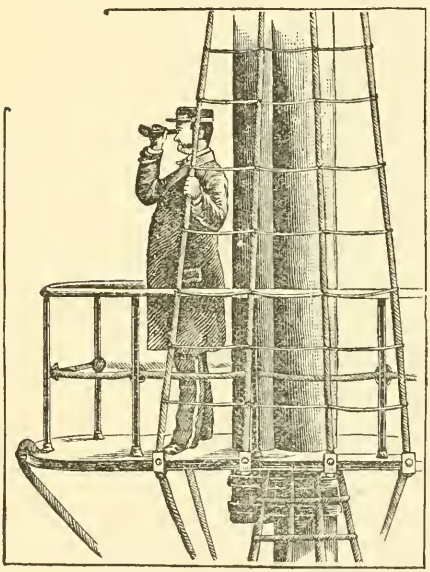
During his stay at Washington, he aroused the friendly interest of Paul Hamilton, Secretary of the Navy, who assured him that on the completion of his tenth year, he should receive a midshipman's warrant.

ADMIRAL DAVID G. FARRAGUT.

The boy then attended school at Chester, Pa., and on the 17th of December, 1810—several months before the promised time—he received the appointment in the navy, and served in the following summer under Commodore Porter, who commanded the Essex. David accompanied Porter on his

cruise to the West Indies in 1812, and throughout the war of that year displayed a precocity that was remarkable.

He was but twelve years of age, but was entrusted with one of the prize vessels captured by Commodore Porter; and it is related of the young prize master, that when the captain of the captured vessel flew into a fury at his diminutive captor's orders, and rushed below to load up his pistols, David, with a coolness of an old seaman, took complete command of the crew, issued his orders promptly, and informed the captain that if he came on deck with his pistols he would be thrown overboard. He took part in the bloody battle between the Essex and the Phœbe and Cherub, where he performed the duties of captain's aide, quarter-gunner, powder boy, and in fact everything that was required of him, as he states in his journal.



On his return after the war, he again attended school at Chester, Pa. He sailed to the Mediterranean in 1815 under Captain William M. Crane in the Independence, again in 1816 on the Macedonian, and a third time in 1817, on which occasion he made a very extensive cruise, spending nine months with the United States Consul at Tunis, studying languages and mathematics. He made still another cruise in the Mediterranean in 1819, this time as acting lieutenant on the Shark, and in the following year sailed home to pass his examination. In May, 1822, he was appointed to the sloop-of-war John Adams, carrying the United States representatives to Mexico and Guatemala, and upon his return joined the schooner Greyhound, of Commodore Porter's fleet, and assisted in the expedition against the freebooters of the West Indies.

He was subsequently made executive officer of the flagship Seagull of the same fleet, and remained in that position during a cruise amongst

the riffs of the Gulf. In the year 1823, he was married to Miss Susan C. Marchant, and in July of that year was ordered to the command of the Ferret, but during his voyage contracted the yellow fever and was taken to Washington, where he was placed in the hospital until his recovery.

He received the commission of lieutenant and was assigned to the Brandywine in 1825, on which vessel he again cruised in the Mediterranean, returning home in May 1826. From then until 1828, he remained at Norfolk, Va., with the exception of the first four months after his return, which were spent attending lectures at Yale College. During the next ten years, he was in command of various vessels, cruising chiefly about the northern coasts of South America and in the Gulf; and at the end of that time, he spent two years at home, taking care of his invalid wife, who died in 1840; serving on court-martial, and learning the trade of carpenter. From 1841–43, he was again cruising in South American waters, and in December of the latter year he married Miss Virginia Loyall, a very superior woman in character and cultivation.

COMMANDER IN THE MEXICAN WAR.

During the Mexican War, he obtained command of the Saratoga, and sailed to Vera Cruz with the purpose of capturing the castle of San Juan d'Ulloa, but found on his arrival that the castle had just surrendered to the land forces. On his return in 1848, he was appointed to the Norfolk Navy Yard, and in 1850 was engaged at Washington in compiling a book of ordnance regulations for the navy—a work which occupied him about a year and a half, at the end of which he returned to Norfolk.

From 1854 until 1858, he was establishing a navy yard on Mare Island, in the bay of San Francisco; and in July, 1858, he commanded the Brooklyn, conveying the United States Minister R. M. McLane to Vera Cruz, Mexico. During the latter part of 1860 and the beginning of 1861, Farragut was at Norfolk; but, as the symptoms of war grew more pronounced, he was notified that his free expression of Northern sentiments was distasteful. He therefore moved to Baltimore with his

family, and later to Hastings-on-the-Hudson, where he remained nearly a year.

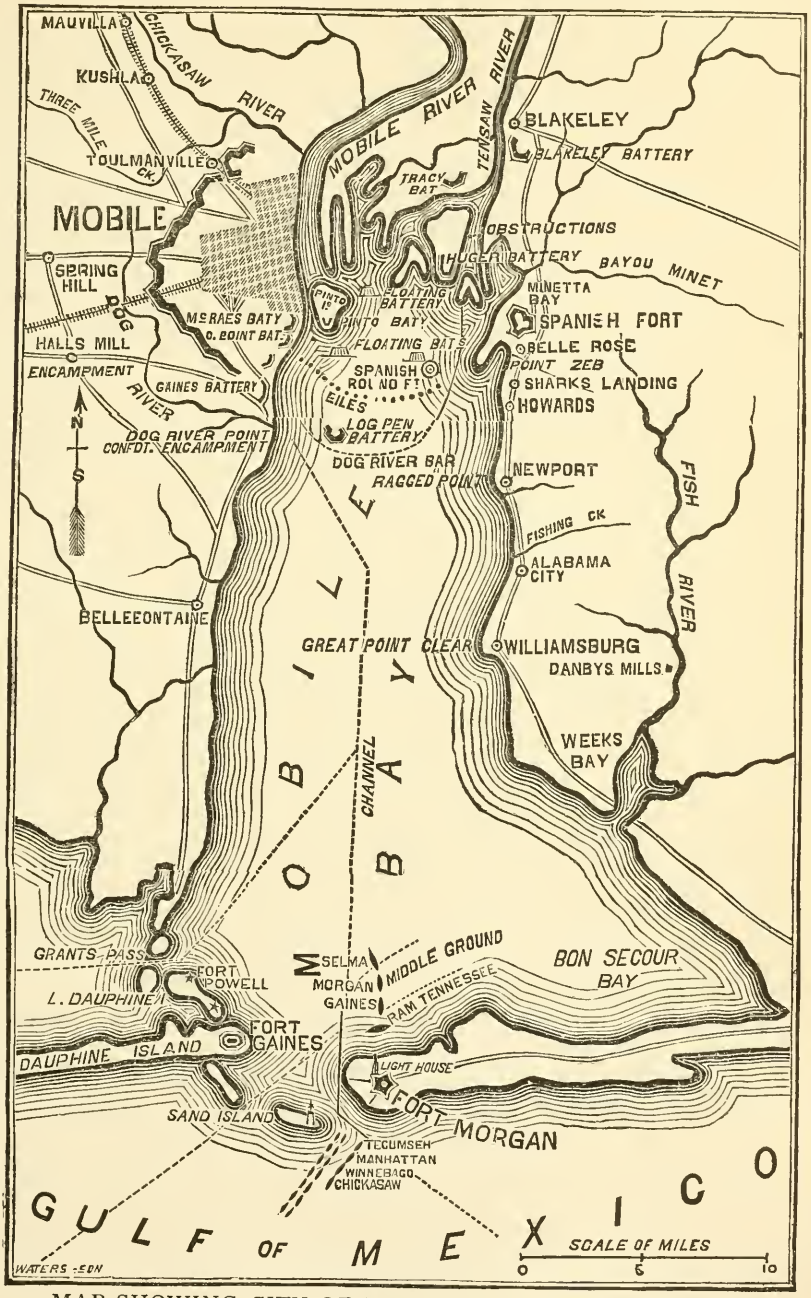
In December, 1861, he was suddenly ordered to Washington to join an expedition against New Orleans, and was placed in command of the steam sloop-of-war Hartford. His orders were "to collect such vessels as can be spared from the blockade, and proceed up the Mississippi River and reduce the defenses which guard the approaches to New Orleans, when you will appear off that city and take possession of it under the guns of your squadron." In the expedition an army of 15,000 men, commanded by General Benjamin F. Butler, constituted the land force, Farragut's fleet consisted of "six sloops-of-war, sixteen gunboats, twenty-one mortar schooners and five other vessels—carrying in all over 200 guns.

MASTER OF DETAILS OF SEAMANSHIP.

From the 18th of April the advance began. Farragut was a perfect master of all the details of seamship, and it was with extreme caution at every step, and with the exercise of the most consummate skill and bravery, that he successfully passed the Confederate obstructions—completely destroying the Confederate fleet sailing close to the forts (Jackson and St. Philip) on either bank of the river and silencing their guns by sweeping broadsides, until at length, on the 25th of April, the City of New Orleans was at his mercy—he having lost during the expedition 37 men and one vessel. The forts surrendered to Commodore Porter on April 28. It was Farragut's wish immediately afterwards to capture Mobile, but he was retained in the Mississippi for the purpose of effecting an opening throughout the whole length of the river. On July 16, he received the commission of rear-admiral.

In the spring of 1863, he assisted General N. P. Banks in the siege of Port Hudson, blockading the mouth of the Red River and remaining there until the surrender of Port Hudson on July 8. He then sailed to New York in the Hartford, and was received at that place with great public enthusiasm. His vessel was found, on examination, to have received 240 shots during her service of the past nineteen months.

In 1864, he was again at the Gulf, awaiting an opportunity for an attack on Mobile. Later he was reinforced by several iron-clads and troops under General Gordon Granger. On August 5th the attack began, and was conducted with even greater care than the advance on New Orleans. It was Farragut's habit to issue the most minute instructions to cover every possible contingency, and in this engagement he surveyed the whole field of action from a position in the port main rigging of the Hartford, which led the fleet into the bay



MAP SHOWING CITY OF MOBILE AND ITS DEFENCES.

The Confederate fleet was compelled to surrender after a terrible loss of life on both sides.

The National fleet lost 335 men, the Confederate fleet losing only a few, many more having been killed in the forts; 280 Confederate prisoners were taken, and a few days later the forts surrendered. At the close of this bloody fight the quartermaster said that the admiral came on deck at the time that the bodies of the killed were laid out, and, he adds, "It was the only time I ever saw the old gentleman cry; but tears came in his eyes like a little child."

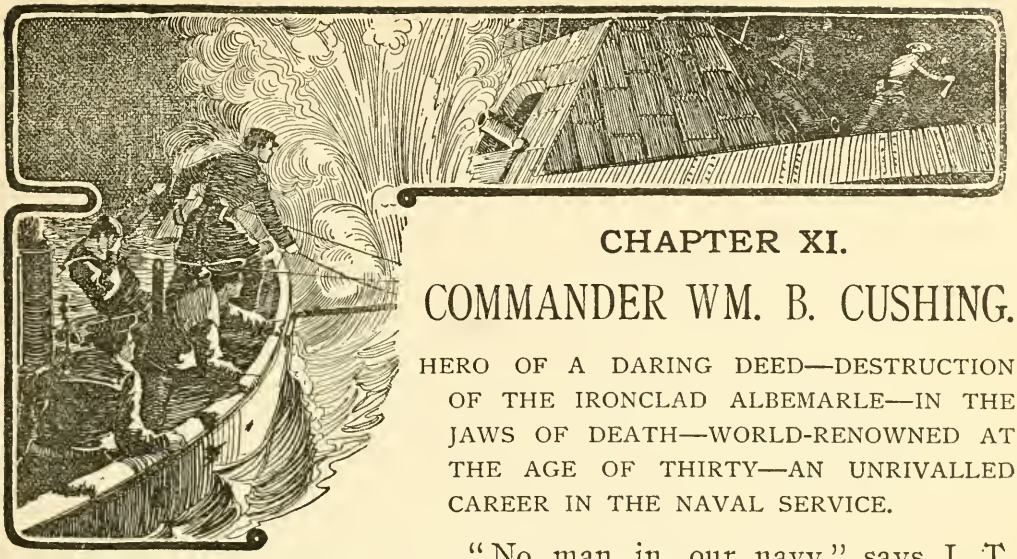
SPLENDID PUBLIC RECEPTION.

Farragut's health gave way in November, and, returning home, he reached New York on December 12, where another public reception was given him, and he was presented with a purse of $50,000 to purchase a New York home. On July 6, 1865, he was tendered a complimentary dinner by the Union Club of Boston, on which occasion Oliver Wendell Holmes read a poem composed in honor of the admiral.

In July of the following year Congress created the grade of admiral and assigned it to Farragut, who assumed command of the Franklin and cruised for some time in European waters, during which he visited Minorca, the home of his ancestors. He returned and visited California in 1869. The following summer he spent at the house of Rear-admiral Pennock, in Portsmouth, N. H. One day he stepped aboard a dismantled sloop-of-war in the harbor, and, after a short visit, almost pathetic in its suggestion of former days, he went on shore, remarking sadly: "That is the last time I shall ever tread the deck of a man-of-war." His words proved prophetic indeed; for on August 14, 1870, his spirit passed away.

Farragut was a skilled and heroic commander, a thorough and cultured scholar, and a Christian man whose character was notably honest and pure. We append the last lines of the tribute of Dr. Holmes:

"I give the name that fits him best—
Ay, better than his own—
The Sea-king of the Sovereign West,
Who made his mast a throne."



CHAPTER XI.

COMMANDER WM. B. CUSHING.

HERO OF A DARING DEED—DESTRUCTION OF THE IRONCLAD ALBEMARLE—IN THE JAWS OF DEATH—WORLD-RENOWNED AT THE AGE OF THIRTY—AN UNRIVALLED CAREER IN THE NAVAL SERVICE.

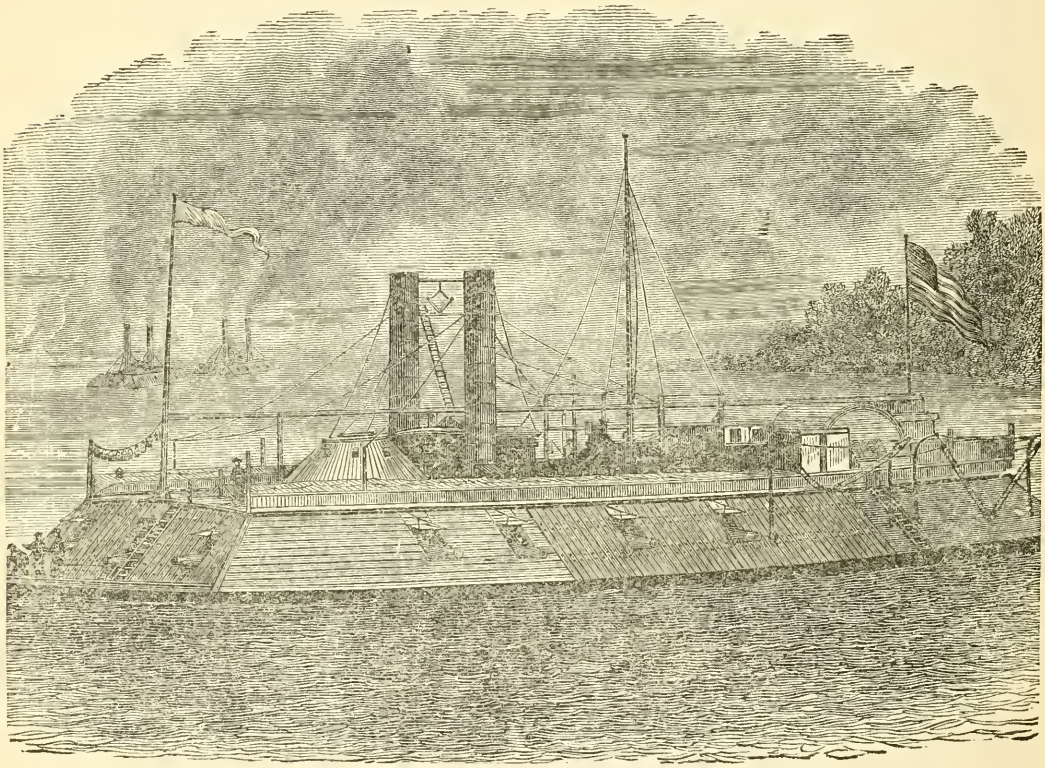
"No man in our navy," says J. T. Headley, "at his age has ever won so brilliant a reputation." This was said of Commander William B. Cushing, a brave naval officer, born in Wisconsin, about 1842.

During our Civil War the sounds and waters of North Carolina were early the scenes of important enterprises by the combined army and navy of the United States. The Hatteras forts, Roanoke Island, Newberne, Plymouth and other places were early captured, some of them after regular actions. A position was gained from which the important inland communication was threatened, which was vital to the Confederacy, while the commerce of the sound was, for the time being, entirely destroyed. It was important for them to regain what they had lost, and to this end they put forth every effort. Among other means they commenced and hastened to completion a formidable ironclad vessel.

In June, 1863, Lieutenant-Commander C. W. Flusser, an excellent and throughly reliable officer, had reported that a battery was building at Edward's Ferry, near Weldon, on the Roanoke River, to be cased with pine sills, fourteen inches square, and plated with railroad iron. The slanting roof was to be made of five inches of pine, five inches of oak, and railroad iron over that.

Unfortunately, the light draught iron-clads, which would have been

on hand to meet this vessel, turned out failures, and the light wooden gun-boats and "double enders" employed in the sounds had to encounter her. She was accompanied by a ram, which the Union fleet had no vessel fit to meet. In April, 1864, the Albemarle being completed, the Confederates were ready to carry out their plan of attack, which was the first to recapture Plymouth, by the assistance of the ram, and then



IRON-CLAD GUNBOAT.

send her into Albemarle Sound to capture or disperse our fleet. A force of ten thousand men, which they had collected, made an advance and gained possession of the town.

Lieutenant-Commander Flusser was then at Plymouth with four vessels, the Miami, "a double ender," and three ferry-boats, armed with nine-inch guns, and exceedingly frail in structure, called the Southfield, Ceres and Whitehead. At half-past nine, on the evening of April 18th, he wrote to Admiral Lee that there had been fighting there all

day, and he feared the enemy had had the best of it. "The ram will be down to-night or to-morrow. I shall have to abandon my plan of fighting the ram lashed to the Southfield. I think I have force enough to whip the ram, but not sufficient to assist in holding the town, as I should like." Six hours after writing this, Flusser lay dead upon the deck of his ship. Very early on the morning of the 19th of April the Whitehead, which had been stationed up the river, reported that the ram was coming down and evidently meant business.

EAGER TO JOIN IN BATTLE.

The Whitehead was in a critical position when she discovered the ram, for she was between her and a southern battery. Some obstructions had been placed to stop the Albemarle, but she passed them easily. A narrow passage or "thoroughfare" led down to Plymouth beside the main channel, and the Whitehead managed to run into this, unperceived by the ram, and so got down ahead of the Confederate vessel, which did not attack until half-past three in the morning. When the ironclad was seen coming down, the Miami and Southfield were lashed together, and Flusser, from the Miami, ordered them to meet her at full speed.

The Albemarle came on silently, with closed ports, and struck the Miami a glancing blow on her port bow, doing some damage but causing no leak. She then crushed the side of the Southfield, so that she at once began to sink. As she passed between the two vessels, the forward lashings parted and the Miami swung around. The after lashings were cut, and, after a number of the Southfield's men had succeeded in reaching the Miami that vessel steamed off down the river, leaving her consort to sink. The officer left in command by Flusser's death thus speaks of this unfortuate affair:

"As soon as the battery could be brought to bear upon the ram, both steamers, the Southfield and Miami, commenced firing solid shot from the one-hundred-pound Parrot rifles and eleven-inch Dahlgren guns, they making no perceptible indentations in her armor. Commander Flusser fired the first three shots from the Miami personally, the third

being a ten-second Dahlgren shell, eleven-inch. It was directly after that fire that he was killed by pieces of shell; several of the gunboat's crew were wounded at the same time.

"Our bow hawser being stranded, the Miami then swung round to starboard, giving the ram a chance to pierce us. Necessity then required the engine to be reversed in motion, to straighten the vessel in the river, to prevent going on the bank of the river, and to bring the rifle-gun to bear upon the ram. During the time of straightening the steamer the ram had also straightened, and was making for us. From the fatal effects of her prow upon the Southfield, and of our sustaining injury, I deemed it useless to sacrifice the Miami in the same way."

The gunboats being driven off, the Confederates captured Plymouth on April 20th. As it was expected that the Albemarle would at once enter the Sound, and attack the squadron there, all possible preparations were made to meet her and give her a warm reception.

DIRECTIONS GIVEN FOR THE COMBAT.

Four of the squadron were "double enders," the Miami, Mattabesett, Sassacus and Wyalusing. The smaller vessels were the Ceres, Commodore Hull, Seymour and Whitehead. They were all armed with 9-inch guns and 100-pound rifles. The senior officer in the sounds, Captain M. Smith, ordered the large vessels to pass as close as possible to the ram, delivering their fire, and rounding to immediately for a second discharge. He also suggested the vulnerable points of the ram, and recommended that an endeavor be made to foul her propeller, if possible.

He also directed, among other things, that a blow of the ram should be received as near the stern as possible, and the vessel rammed was to go ahead fast, to prevent her from withdrawing it, while the others attacked the propeller. If armed launches accompanied the ram they were to be met by the smaller vessels, with shrapnel, when approaching, and hand grenades when near. He leaves the question of ramming to each commander, on account of the peculiar construction of the "double-enders."

Small steamers were placed on picket, at the mouth of the Roanoke, and on the 5th of May the ram made its appearance, and chased the picket boats in. Signals were made, and the vessels got under way, and stood up to engage the ironclad. The Albemarle was accompanied by a small steamer which she had captured not long before. At about half-past four in the afternoon the Albemarle opened the battle by a shot which destroyed a boat and wounded several men on board the Mattabesett. The second shot damaged the same vessel's rigging. By this time the Mattabesett was very near the little steamer, which immediately surrendered.

The Mattabesett then gave the ram a broadside, at about one hundred and fifty yards, then rounded to under her stern, and came up on the other side. Her shot either broke, or glanced off the ram's armor, without any effect. She had the muzzle knocked off of one of her two guns, by a shot from the ram, but continued to use it during the remainder of the action. The Sassacus came gallantly on, in like manner, delivering her fire at the Albemarle. The latter then attempted to ram the Sassacus, but the latter crossed her bows, by superior speed.

SHOT THAT WENT CLEAR THROUGH.

At this time the ram had partially turned, and exposed her side to the Sassacus, when the wooden double-ender rushed at her, under full steam, in hope of either crushing in her side, or of bearing her down until she should sink. The Sassacus struck the ironclad fairly, and received, at the same moment, a 100-pounder rifle shot, which went through and through her. She struck the Albemarle a heavy blow, careening her, and bearing her down till the water washed across her deck.

The Sassacus kept her engines going, in the attempt to push the ram down, while many efforts were made to throw hand grenades down her deck hatch, and powder down her smoke stack, but without success, as there was a cap upon the stack.

Soon the ram swung round, and as soon as her guns would bear,

another 100-pound rifle shot went through the side of the Sassacus, through her coal bunker, and crashed into her starboard boiler. Instantly the whole ship was filled with steam, which scalded and suffocated her crew. All her firemen were scalded, and one was killed; and twenty-one men were instantly placed hors de combat. She was forced to withdraw from action.

The other gunboats continued the fight, and the Miami endeavored to explode against the ram a torpedo which she carried. But the Albemarle was skilfully handled, and succeeded, each time, in avoiding the blow. Two of the other gunboats endeavored to foul the propeller of the ram by laying out seines in her track. Although the nets seemed all about her, she escaped them. An observer from the shore has likened this curious scene to a number of wasps attacking a large horny beetle. In fine, the Albemarle proved invulnerable to the guns of the gunboats, even when discharged almost in contact with her sides.

CAME OFF BEST IN DESPERATE ENCOUNTER.

The action lasted for three hours, or until night came on. Everything that brave men could do to destroy the enemy it was their duty to encounter, was done by the gunboats, but the ironclad went back to Plymouth without serious damage, and without the loss of a man, after being the target, at short range, for more than two hundred shot from 11-inch and 9-inch guns, and more than one hundred shot from 100-pounder rifles.

The gunboats, other than the Sassacus, were very much damaged, and it was plain that they were unfit to meet the Albemarle, however ably handled or gallantly fought. The ram came out again on the 24th of May, but did not enter the Sound, apparently fearing torpedoes. The next day a party left the Wyalusing in a boat, with two torpedoes, to endeavor to destroy the Albemarle, as she lay at Plymouth.

They carried the torpedoes across the swamps on a stretcher, and then two of the party swam across the river with a line, and hauled the torpedoes over to the Plymouth shore. These were then connected by a bridle,

so that they should float down and strike on each side of the ram's bows. Unfortunately, they were discovered, and the plan failed.

Lines of torpedoes were then placed at the mouth of the Roanoke, to destroy the ram if she should come down again, and as this proceeding could not be kept secret, the ironclad did not again venture down. She lay quietly at Plymouth until the latter part of October, a constant threat to our fleet in the sounds, and preventing any attempt to recapture the town. She was very securely moored to a wharf, and a guard of soldiers was placed on board, in addition to her crew.

MONSTER ANCHORED AND GUARDED.

Every night fires were made on shore, to prevent the approach of an enemy unseen. More than this, she was surrounded by large logs, moored some thirty feet from her hull, all round, to keep off any boat which might approach with a torpedo. From the mouth of the Roanoke to where the Albemarle lay is about eight miles, and the stream there about two hundred yards wide.

The banks were well picketed by the enemy. About a mile below Plymouth was the sunken wreck of the Southfield, and about her were some schooners, which also formed a picket station in mid-stream. It seemed impossible for a boat to get up the river and not be discovered, and yet Lieutenant William B. Cushing, of the United States Navy, not only undertook to do so, but succeeded in destroying this formidable craft, "the terror of the sounds."

Admiral Ammen, of the Navy, has given a capital sketch of Cushing, in the "United Service Magazine," from which we shall borrow freely:

"William B. Cushing was born in Wisconsin, in November, 1842, and entered the Naval Academy in 1857, but resigned in March, 1861, entering the naval service afloat, as an Acting Master's Mate. His disposition and temperament would not permit him to remain at a naval school in time of war, as he would not have been able to give a single thought to theoretical study.

"In October, 1861, he was restored to his rank as Midshipman, and

on the 16th of July following he was, with many other young officers, made a Lieutenant, owing to the exigencies of the service growing out of the civil war. Henceforth, for nearly three years, his career was singularly conspicuous in deeds of daring, in a service where a lack of gallantry would have brought disgrace. It is plain, therefore, that it was the sagacity of his plans and his boldness in carrying them out that distinguished him.

"At the close of the war he was barely twenty-two and a half years of age, rather slightly built, about five feet in height, and boyish looking. He had large gray eyes, a prominent aquiline nose, yellowish hair, worn quite long, and withal, a rather grave expression of countenance. When speaking, his face would light up with a bright and playful smile. A comrade likened his springy, elastic step, high cheek bones and general physiognomy to that of an Indian. The first impression of a stranger who heard him speak, either of what he had done or hoped to do, would be that he was a boaster—but with those who knew him best there was no such idea; his form of speech was a mere expression, frankly uttered, of what he had done, or what he intended to do."

A SIMPLE AND UNASSUMING MANNER.

The foregoing is Admiral Ammen's estimate of the man. To some of it the writer must dissent. He accompanied Cushing on a short journey soon after the Albemarle affair, while the country was still ringing with his brilliant exploit, and when steamboats, railroads and hotels were refusing to accept any money from either him or his chance companions; and all sorts and conditions of men were being introduced to him, to have the honor of shaking his hand; and yet a more simple, boy-like, unassuming manner no one placed in such a position ever had.

He early received command of a small steamer, engaged in blockading, and would make expeditions in the inland waters in his boat, sometimes lying concealed all day, but always having some definite object commensurate with the risks involved. He more than once obtained important information in this way.

Not only did he have frequent engagements in his little vessel with field batteries of the enemy, but was successful in destroying schooners with supplies, saltworks and other things which tended to cripple his enemy.

In the winter of 1864, when blockading the Cape Fear River, Cushing determined to pay a visit to Smithville in a boat, with only six men. In entering the river, he had to pass Fort Caswell, and at Smithville, two miles above, he knew there was a battery of five guns, and a considerable garrison. About eleven o'clock at night he landed, one hundred yards above the battery, came into the village, and into a large house with a piazza, which was the headquarters of General Hebert.

BOLD ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE A GENERAL.

A major and captain of the general's staff were about going to bed, in a room on the piazza, when, hearing footsteps, and supposing his servant was there, the major threw up a window, and a navy revolver was at once thrust in his face, with a demand for surrender. He pushed the pistol aside, and escaped through the back door, calling to his companion to follow as the enemy were upon them. The latter failed to understand and was taken prisoner by Cushing and carried off. He pushed off down the river, knowing that an immediate alarm would be given. It was a beautiful moonlight night, but Cushing escaped unharmed.

This audacious effort to capture General Hebert was characteristic of Cushing, and was only frustrated by the fact that the general happened to spend the night in Wilmington instead of his own quarters.

At the capture of Newbern, Cushing distinguished himself in command of a battery of navy howitzers. In landing in the marsh, Cushing had lost his shoes, and, while pressing on, he encountered the servant of a Captain Johnson, of the army, who had a pair of spare boots slung over his shoulder. Cushing asked who was the owner of the boots, and said: "Tell the captain that Lieutenant Cushing, of the Navy, was barefooted, and has borrowed them for the day," and then put on the boots in haste, and pursued his way to the fight.

In the destruction of the Albemarle we see Cushing in another, and a truly heroic light. The newspaper correspondents had managed to make his task as difficult as possible, for they had, for several weeks, apprised the public, and of course the enemy, that Cushing was on his way from the North with a torpedo boat, to blow up the Albemarle. No method could have been taken to render the enemy more watchful, and the destruction of the ironclad impossible.

We have already spoken of the "cordon" of logs enclosing her as in a pen; the extra guards and fires, the howitzers ready loaded, and the pickets down the river. The enemy was very vigilant, and Cushing's approach was discovered. Yet we find him perfectly cool amidst a heavy fire from small arms and howitzers, standing forward in his launch, pushing his way at full speed over the logs, and only intent upon lowering his torpedo and striking the enemy's vessel at the proper time. He did this most effectually, but, at the very moment of doing so, a shell from one of the heavy guns of the Albemarle struck the torpedo boat, and she went down, swamped by the column of water and spray which rose high in the air when the torpedo exploded.

CUSHING'S REPORT OF HIS FAMOUS EXPLOIT.

Nothing could be more graphic or characteristic than Cushing's report of the affair, as follows:

"ALBEMARLE SOUND, N. C.,
"October 30, 1864.

"SIR:—I have the honor to report that the ironclad Albemarle is at the bottom of the Roanoke River. On the night of the 27th, having prepared my steam launch, I proceeded up towards Plymouth with thirteen officers and men, partly volunteers from the squadron. The distance from the mouth of the river to the ram was about eight miles, the stream averaging in width some two hundred yards, and lined with the enemy's pickets.

"A mile below the town was the wreck of the Southfield, surrounded by some schooners, and it was understood that a gun was mounted there to command the bend. I therefore took one of the Shamrock's cutters

in tow, with orders to cast off and board at that point, if we were hailed.

"Our boat succeeded in passing the pickets, and even the Southfield, within twenty yards, without discovery, and we were not hailed until by the lookouts on the ram. The cutter was then cast off, and ordered below, while we made for our enemy under a full head of steam. The Confederates sprung their rattle, rang the bell, and commenced firing, at the same time repeating their hail, and seeming much confused.

"The light of a fire ashore showed me the ironclad made fast to the wharf, with a pen of logs around her, about thirty feet from her side.

"Passing her closely, we made a complete circle, so as to strike her fairly, and went into her, bows on. By this time the enemy's fire was very severe, but a dose of canister, at short range, served to moderate their zeal and disturb their aim, much to our advantage.

AIR THICK WITH BULLETS.

"Paymaster Swan, of the Otsego, was wounded near me, but how many more I know not. Three bullets struck my clothing, and the air seemed full of them. In a moment we had struck the logs just abreast of the quarter port, breasting them in some feet, and our bows resting on them. The torpedo boom was then lowered, and by a vigorous pull I succeeded in diving the torpedo under the overhang and exploding it at the same time that the Albemarle's gun was fired. A shot seemed to go crashing through my boat, and a dense mass of water rushed in from the torpedo, filling the launch, and completely disabling her.

"The enemy then continued his fire at fifteen feet short range, and demanded our surrender, which I twice refused, ordering the men to save themselves, and, removing my own coat and shoes, springing into the river, I swam with others into the middle of the stream, the Confederates failing to hit us. The most of our party were captured, some were drowned, and only one escaped besides myself, and he in another direction. Acting Master's Mate Woodman, of the Commodore Hull, I met in the water half a mile below the town, and assisted him as best I could, but failed to get him ashore.

"Completely exhausted, I managed to reach the shore, but was too weak to crawl out of the water until just at daylight, when I managed to creep into the swamp close to the fort. While hiding, a few feet from

the path, two of the Albemarle's officers passed, and I judged, from their conversation, that the ship was destroyed.

"Some hours' travelling in the swamp served to bring me out well below the town, when I sent a negro in to gain information, and found that the ram was truly sunk. Proceeding to another swamp I came to a creek, and captured a skiff belonging to a picket of the enemy, and with this, by eleven o'clock the next night, had made my way out to the Valley City.

CONSPICUOUS BRAVERY OF A NAVAL OFFICER.

"Acting Master's Mate William L. Howarth, of the Monticello, showed, as usual, conspicuous bravery. He is the same officer who has been with me twice in Wilmington harbor. I trust he may be promoted when exchanged, as well as Acting Third Assistant Engineer Stotesbury, who, being for the first time under fire, handled his engine promptly and with coolness.

"All the officers and men behaved in the most gallant manner. I will furnish their names to the Department as soon as they can be procured.

"The cutter of the Shamrock boarded the Southfield, but found no gun. Four prisoners were taken there. The ram is now completely submerged, and the enemy have sunk three schooners in the river to obstruct the passage of our ships. I desire to call the attention of the Admiral and Department to the spirit manifested by the sailors on the ships in these sounds. But few men were wanted, but all hands were eager to go into action, many offering their chosen shipmates a month's pay to resign in their favor.

"I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"W. B. CUSHING,
"Lieutenant, U. S. N."

"Rear-Admiral D. D. PORTER,
"Commanding N. A. Squadron:

"The name of the man who escaped is William Hoftman, seaman on the Chicopee. He did his duty well, and deserves a medal of honor.

"Respectfully,
"W. B. CUSHING, U. S. N."

Cushing, for this daring piece of service, was himself advanced to the rank of lieutenant-commander.

Such men are never mere imitators, and his unvarying success in whatever he undertook was due to his clever planning and admirable execution. Attempts by those of inferior qualities in such respects would end in their capture or death.

PROMOTED FOR HIS GALLANT CONDUCT.

After the close of the war he was for some two years executive officer of the Lancaster, a position which required close attention and study to fulfill its duties in the best manner.

Afterwards he served three years in command of the Maumee, on the Asiatic station. He was promoted, in the regular order of vacancies, to commander, January 31, 1872, and soon after was ordered to the command of the Wyoming, on the home station, and was relieved at the end of a year, the vessel being put out of commission.

In the spring of 1874 he was ordered to the Washington Navy Yard, and the following August was detached at his own request. He then seemed in impaired health and expressed a desire to go South; after the lapse of a few days he showed signs of insanity, and was removed to the Government Hospital, where he died, December 17, 1874, at the age of thirty-two years and thirteen days.

His becoming insane was a great regret and surprise to his many friends and admirers, in and out of the naval service; it was, however, a consolation for them to know that it was not the result of bad habits or of causes within his control. His misfortune, and that of the naval service to which he belonged, was seemingly a lack of rigid early training, necessary to healthful thought in ordinary times, and to a continued development of those points in naval education which are so useful in peace and so essential to success in the higher grades.

There are few Cushings in the histories of navies; they can have no successful imitators; they pass away, as it were, before they reach their destined goal, regretted and admired.

CHAPTER XII

CAPTAIN JOHN PAUL JONES.

HERO OF A DESPERATE FIGHT—HIS RECKLESS BRAVERY—HAND TO HAND ENCOUNTER—MANY THRILLING ADVENTURES—AWARDED MEDAL BY CONGRESS.

Our American navy, both in its early and later history, has gained magnificent victories. Its superb achievements on the sea have rivalled the heroic exploits of our military forces on land. The grand qualities that make up the highest type of sailor have been exhibited many times, from the period of the Revolution down to our war with Spain.

One of the most desperate fights on the water occurred between the warship Serapis and the Bonhomme Richard. It was the first naval engagement that proved the prowess of the American sailor, and gave our heroes of the sea a renown that forms the most glowing record of our history. This remarkable action is interesting not only on account of its bloody and desperate character, and on account of the sensation it produced at the time, but because it illustrates one phase of our great struggle for independence.

The hero of this action, John Paul, was born at Kirkcudbright, in Scotland, July 6th, 1747 ; and was sent to sea, as an apprentice, at the age of twelve. He afterwards made voyages as mate of a slaver, then an honored and recognized employment for a portion of the English merchant marine. At twenty-one he had command of a vessel in the West India trade, so that his merits as a seaman were early recognized. He afterwards became a trader in a vessel of his own. At the age of twenty-

six he left the sea; and adopted the name of Jones. The reason for this does not clearly appear. He may have had some old scores to clear; and, settling in a new world, may have thought a new name necessary.

In December, 1775, he was appointed a first lieutenant in the United Colonial Navy, and ordered to the Alfred, our first flag-ship. He hoisted the first flag of the Colonies afloat; a yellow flag, with the pine tree and rattlesnake. In this ship he participated in several actions and was afterwards in command of the Providence, when he only escaped capture by excellent seamanship. He made many prizes in this ship.

CAPTURED MANY VALUABLE PRIZES.

On October 10th, 1776, he was named the eighteenth naval captain, and, in command of the Alfred and Providence, captured a valuable armed ship, and other prizes, again eluding recapture by good seamanship. He next went to European waters in command of the Ranger, 18, and there received from a French squadron, the first salute to the Stars and Stripes, by this time adopted.

He cruised in English waters, burning ships at White Haven, and spiking guns in batteries on shore; and then attempted to carry off the Earl of Selkirk. In this he failed, but having carried off some of that nobleman's plate, was branded by the English as a pirate. This epithet came with a bad grace from a nation then celebrated for thorough "looting" of every place which came into their hands, in India, and elsewhere. The real offence was that Jones was an English subject, who had renounced his allegiance, and was serving against the mother country; like all the rest of those engaged in the Revolution. During this cruise in the Ranger he took the Drake, of 20 guns.

After this he received from the French government an old Indiaman, called the Duc de Duras, which he renamed the "Bonhomme Richard," or Poor Richard, in allusion to the publication by Benjamin Franklin. He had some other armed vessels, mostly "letters of marque," under his command.

The Bonhomme Richard had 40 guns, and a mixed crew, of various

nationalities. Jones sailed under such hampering restrictions that he was prevented from carrying out many promising projects ; but at last, on the 23d of September, he fell in with a Baltic fleet of merchantmen, convoyed by the English frigate Serapis, 44 guns, and the Countess of Scarborough, 20 guns. The result of the engagement which ensued will be given hereafter.

DRIVEN BACK BY A SEVERE GALE.

To continue the sketch of Jones himself, we may say that, in 1780, the year after this action, he sailed for the United States, in the Ariel, but lost his masts in a severe gale of wind, and was obliged to return to France ; whence he sailed again and arrived safely, about the beginning of 1781. He was then launched in the America, 74 guns, which was presented by our Government to the French ; and he made a cruise in her as a volunteer.

In 1783 he was prize agent of the United States in Europe ; and finally, in 1787, while in Denmark, he resigned, and entered the Russian navy—hoisting his flag, as rear admiral, in the Vladimir, on the 28th of June, 1788. He found so much jealousy and enmity towards him that he resigned in about a year. Afterwards he resided in Holland and France, and was appointed Commissioner of the United States to Algiers —but his death occurred at this time, at the age of forty-five.

And now, to return to his cruise in the Bonhomme Richard :—Paul Jones had obtained so much celebrity for his cruise in the Ranger, that, after that ship departed for America he remained in France, in the hope of receiving a more important command. During the years 1778-9 various projects were discussed, in which he was to have a part. One idea was to make a descent upon Liverpool, with a body of troops to be commanded by La Fayette. These plans all came to nothing, and his offers of service were repulsed ; until at last a singular arrangement was proposed to him.

M. de Sartine, French Minister of Marine, in a letter of February, 14th, 1779, states that the king of France has decided to purchase, and

put at the disposition of Captain Jones, the Duras—an old Indiaman of some size, then at l'Orient. To this vessel were added three more, procured by means of M. le Ray de Chaumont, a banker who had connections with the French Ministry. Dr. Franklin, who, as Minister of the United States, was supposed, in a legal sense, to direct the whole affair, added the Alliance, 32, by virtue of authority from Congress.

THE SHIPS AND THEIR COMMANDERS.

The vessels thus procured formed a little squadron, composed of the Bonhomme Richard, Alliance, Pallas, Cerf, and Vengeance. The Pallas was a purchased merchantman; the Vengeance a small purchased brig; the Cerf was a large cutter, and, with the exception of the Alliance, the only vessel of the squadron built for war purposes. All but the Alliance were French built, and they were placed under the American flag by the following arrangement: the officers received appointments, which were to remain valid for a limited period only, from Dr. Franklin, who had been furnished blank commissions, to fill at his own discretion, ever since he had arrived in Europe.

The vessels were to show the American ensign and no other. In short, the French ships were to be considered as American ships during this particular service: and when it was terminated they were to revert to their former owners. The laws and provisions made for the American navy were to govern, and command was to be exercised, and to descend, according to its usage. Such officers as already had rank in the American navy took precedence, agreeably to dates of commission, and new appointments were regulated by priority of appointment.

By especial provision, Captain Jones was to be commander-in-chief, a post which his original commission entitled him to fill, as Captain Landais, the only other regular captain in the squadron, was his junior. The joint right of the American Minister and of the French Government to direct the movements of the squadron was recognized.

It is not exactly known from what source the money was obtained to fit out this squadron; and it is likely that it never will be known,

especially as the French Revolution destroyed so many records, public and private. Although the name of the king was used, it is possible that private adventure was at the bottom of the enterprise, although the French Government furnished vessels and the use of its stores. Dr. Franklin expressly stated that he made no advances for the ships employed.

As everything connected with this remarkable expedition has interest for us, it is as well to go a little further into the composition of the force fitted out by Jones. After many delays, the Bonhomme Richard was equipped and manned. It was intended to cast 18-pounders for her, but as that would take too much time, old 12's were substituted. With this change in armament, the Richard, as she was called by the sailors, got ready for sea. She was, properly, a single-decked ship, that is, carrying her armament on one gun-deck, with the usual additions on the quarter-deck and forecastle.

PLACES GUNS IN POSITION FOR THE FIGHT.

But Commodore Jones, with a view to attacking the enemy's large convoys, caused 12 ports to be cut in the gun-room, below, where six old 18-pounders were mounted, with the intention of fighting all of them on the same side, in smooth water. It was foreseen that these guns could only be of use in moderate weather, or when engaged to leeward, but the ship's height admitted of them, and it was done.

On her gun-deck proper the ship had twenty-eight ports, the regular construction of an English 38-gun ship at that time. Here the 12 pounders were placed. On her quarter-deck and forecastle were mounted eight 9's; making, in all, a mixed armament, rather light, to be sure, of 42 guns. If the six 18's were taken away, the ship would have been what was called a 32-gun frigate. She was a clumsy vessel, built many years before, with the high, old-fashioned poop, which resembled a tower.

With a vessel of this singular armament and unwieldy construction, Jones was compelled to receive on board a crew of very doubtful composition. A few Americans filled officers' positions; but the crew

embraced representatives of more than twelve nationalities. To keep this motley crew in order, one hundred and thirty-five marines, or soldiers, were put on board. These were nearly as much mixed, as to nationalities, as the sailors. Just as the squadron was about to sail M. le Ray de Chaumont appeared at l'Orient, and presented a concordat or agreement, for the signature of all the commanders. This looked very much like a partnership in a privateering expedition, and was the cause of much after disobedience among Jones' captains.

On June 19, 1779, the ships sailed, bound south, with a small convoy of vessels. These they escorted safely into the Garonne, and other ports; but not without repeated exhibition, thus early, of disobedience of orders, and unseamanlike conduct, which marked the whole career of this squadron, so ill assorted and manned. While lying to, off the coast, the Alliance, by lubberly handling, got foul of the Richard, and lost her mizzen-mast; carrying away, at the same time, the head, cutwater and jib-boom of the Richard. This necessitated a return to port, to refit.

EXPLOIT OF THE CUTTER CERF.

When at sea again, and steering to the northward, the Cerf cutter was sent in chase of a strange sail, and parted company. The next morning she engaged a small English cruiser, of 14 guns, and caused her to strike, after a sharp fight of an hour; but she was forced to abandon her prize by the approach of an enemy's vessel of superior force. The Cerf went into l'Orient again.

On the 23d three enemy's vessels-of-war were seen by the squadron; and, having the wind, they ran down in a line abreast, when, most probably deceived by the height and general appearance of the Richard, they hauled up and escaped under a press of sail. On the 26th the Alliance and Pallas parted company with the Richard, leaving that ship with the Vengeance brig only, for consort. On reaching the Penmarks, a headland of Finisterre, the designated rendezvous, the missing vessels did not appear. On the 29th, the Vengeance having gone by permission into Groix Roads, the Richard fell in with two more English cruisers, which,

after some hesitation, also ran, evidently under the impression that the Richard was a two-decker.

Jones had reason to be satisfied with the spirit of his crew on this occasion, the people manifesting a strong disposition to engage. At last, on the 30th, the Richard ran into Isle Groix, off l'Orient; and about the same time the Pallas and Alliance came in. Then another delay occurred. A court was convened to inquire into the conduct of Captain Landais, of the Alliance, in running foul of the Richard. Both ships also had to undergo repairs. Luckily, just then a cartel arrived from England, bringing more than one hundred exchanged American seamen, most of whom joined the squadron.

GALLANT YOUNG LIEUTENANT DALE.

This was a most important accession to the crew of the Richard, and that of the Alliance. Neither of these ships had had many Americans among their crews. Among those who came from the English prisons was Mr. Richard Dale, who had been captured as a master's mate, in the Lexington, 14 guns. This young officer did not reach France in the cartel, however, but had previously escaped, came to l'Orient, and joined the Richard. Jones soon learned his worth, and, in reorganizing his ship, had made him first lieutenant.

The Richard had now nearly one hundred American seaman on board, and all the officers were native Americans, but the commander and one midshipman. Many of the petty officers were Americans also. In a letter of August 11th, Jones states that the crew of the Richard consisted of 380 souls, including 137 soldiers, or marines. On the 14th of August the squadron sailed a second time, from Groix Roads; having the French privateers, Monsieur and Granville, in company, and under Jones' orders. The first parted company almost immediately, on account of differences concerning a valuable prize, and another was taken the day she left.

On the 23d the ships were off Cape Clear, and while towing Richard's head round, in a calm, the crew of the boat, which happened to be manned by Englishmen, cut the tow-line and escaped. Mr. Lunt, the sailing-

master, manned another boat, and taking four marines, pursued the fugitives. A fog came on, and Mr. Lunt not being able to find the ships again, fell into the hands of the enemy. Through this desertion, and its immediate consequences, the Richard lost twenty of her best men.

The day after this escape the Cerf cutter was sent close in, to reconnoitre, and to look for the missing people; and, for some unexplained reason, this useful vessel never rejoined the squadron. There appeared to have been no suspicion of any treachery on her part, and we are left to conjecture the cause of her disappearance. A gale of wind followed, during which the Alliance and Pallas separated, and the Granville parted company, by order, with a prize. The separation of the Pallas was caused by the breaking of her tiller; but that of the Alliance was due to the unofficerlike and unseamanlike conduct of her commander.

DESPERATE EFFORT TO AVOID CAPTURE.

On the morning of the 27th, the brig Vengeance was the only vessel in company with the commodore. On August 31st, the Bonhomme Richard, being off Cape Wrath, the northwest extremity of Scotland, captured a large English letter-of-marque, bound from London to Quebec; a circumstance which proves the expedients to which their shipmasters were then driven to avoid capture, this vessel having gone north about, to escape the cruisers on the ordinary track. While in chase of the letter-of-marque, the Alliance hove in sight, having another London ship, from Jamaica as a prize.

Captain Landais, of the Alliance, was an officer who had been obliged to quit the French navy on account of his unfortunate temper. He now began to show a disorganizing and mutinous spirit; pretending, as his ship was the only real American vessel in the squadron, that that fact rendered him superior to Jones, and that he should do as he pleased with his ship. That afternoon a strange sail was made, and the Richard showed the Alliance's number, with an order to close. Instead of obeying the signal, Captain Landais swore, and laid the head of his ship in the opposite direction. Other signals were disobeyed; and the control

of Commodore Jones over the ship, which ought to have been the most efficient of the squadron, may be said to have ceased.

Jones now shaped his course for the rendezvous he had appointed, in hopes of meeting the missing ships, and the Pallas rejoined him, having captured nothing. From then until the 13th of September the squadron continued its course round Scotland; the ships separating and rejoining constantly, and Captain Landais assuming power over the prizes, as well as over his own vessel, that was altogether opposed to discipline and to marine usage under the circumstances.

PROJECT DEFEATED BY HEAVY GALE.

On the 13th of September the Cheviot Hills were in sight from the ships. Understanding that a 20-gun ship, with two or three man-of-war cutters, were lying at anchor off Leith, in the Frith of Forth, Commodore Jones planned a descent upon that town. At this time the Alliance was absent, and the Pallas and Vengeance having chased to the southward, the necessity of communicating with those vessels caused a fatal delay, and ruined a promising project. The attempt was at last made, but when the men were actually in the boats the ships were driven out of the Frith by a heavy blow; and when in the North Sea one of their prizes actually foundered.

The design was so audacious that it is probable the English would have been taken by surprise; and no doubt much damage would have been done to them, but for the gale. Dale, a modest, and prudent man, thought so.

After this bold project was abandoned, Jones appears to have meditated another still more daring; but his colleagues, as he bitterly styles his captains, refused to join in it. We do not know what it was; but only that the officers of Jones' own ship heartily approved it. Jones had much respect for the judgment of Captain Cottineau, of the Pallas, and as he disapproved of it, it was dropped.

The Pallas and Vengeance even left the Richard—probably with a view to prevent the attempt to execute this nameless scheme; and the

commodore was compelled to follow his captains to the southward or lose them altogether. Off Whitby they came together again, and on September 21st the Richard chased a collier ashore, near Flamborough Head.

The next day she was at the mouth of the Humber, the Vengeance being in company, and several vessels were taken or destroyed. Pilots were enticed on board, and a knowledge of the state of things inshore obtained. It appeared that the whole coast was alarmed, and that many persons were burying their plate. By this time about a dozen vessels had been taken, and rumor increased the number. No vessels had ever before excited such local alarm on British shores, for centuries.

SENT IN CHASE OF A BRIG.

Under the circumstances Commodore Jones did not think it prudent to remain so close in with the land, and he accordingly stood out under Flamborough Head. Here he was joined, next day, by the Pallas and Alliance. This was on the 23d of September.

The wind was light from the southward, the water smooth, and many vessels in sight, steering in different directions. About noon the squadron, with the exception of the Cerf and the two privateers, being all in company, Jones manned one of the pilot-boats he had detained, and sent her in chase of a brig, which was lying to, to windward. On board the little vessel were Mr. Lunt, the second lieutenant, and fifteen men, all of whom were absent from the ship for the rest of the day.

In consequence of the loss of the two boats off Cape Clear, the absence of the party in the pilot-boat, and the number of men that had been put in prizes, the Richard was now left with only one lieutenant, and with but little more than three hundred souls on board, exclusive of prisoners. Of the latter there were about one hundred and fifty in the Richard.

The pilot-boat had hardly left the Richard when the leading ships of a fleet of more than forty sails were seen stretching out on a bowline from behind Flamborough Head, turning down to the south. From

previous intelligence this fleet was immediately known to be the Baltic ships, under the convoy of the Serapis, 44 guns, Captain Richard Pearson, and a hired ship that had been put into the king's service, called the Countess of Scarborough. The latter was commanded by Captain Piercy, and mounted 22 guns.

As the interest of the succeeding details will principally centre in the two ships, the Serapis and Bonhomme Richard, it may be well to give a more minute account of the actual force of the former. At that period 44's were usually built on two decks, and such was the construction of this ship, which was new, and was reputed to be a fast vessel. On her lower gun-deck she mounted 20 18-pound guns; and on her upper gun-deck 20 9-pound guns; and on her quarter-deck and forecastle ten 6-pound guns; making an armament of fifty guns. She had a regularly trained man-of-war's crew of 320 souls, of whom fifteen are said to have been Lascars, and was fully equipped for action.

WARNING GIVEN OF A HOSTILE FORCE.

When Jones made out the convoy, the men-of-war were inshore, astern, and to leeward, probably with a view to keeping the merchantmen together. The officials at Scarborough, perceiving the danger into which this fleet was running, had sent a boat off to the Serapis, to apprise her of the presence of a hostile force, and Captain Pearson fired two guns, signaling the leading vessels to come under his lee. These orders were disregarded, however, the headmost ships continuing to stand out from the land.

Jones, having ascertained the character of the fleet in sight, showed signal for a general chase, and another to recall the lieutenant in the pilot-boat. The Richard then crossed royal yards. These signs of hostility alarmed the nearer English merchant ships, which hurriedly tacked, fired alarm guns, let fly their top-gallant sheets, and made other signals of the danger they found themselves in, while they now gladly availed themselves of the presence of the men-of-war to run to leeward, or else seek shelter close in with the land.

The Serapis, on the contrary, signaled the Scarborough to follow, and hauled boldly out to sea, until she got far enough to windward, when she tacked, and stood inshore again to cover her convoy.

The Alliance being much the fastest vessel of the American squadron, took the lead in the chase, speaking the Pallas as she passed. It has been proved that Captain Landais told the commander of the latter vessel on this occasion, that if the stranger proved to be a fifty-gun ship, they had nothing to do but to escape. His subsequent conduct fully confirms this, for no sooner had he run down near enough to the two English vessels-of-war to ascertain their force, than he hauled up and stood off from the land again. This was not only contrary to all regular order of naval battle, but contrary to the positive command of Jones, who had kept the signal to form line flying, which should have brought the Alliance astern of the Bonhomme Richard and the Pallas in the van. Just at this time the Pallas spoke the Richard, and inquired what station she should take, and she was directed at once to fall into line.

THE RICHARD'S GALLANT CREW.

Captain Cottineau was a brave man, who subsequently did his duty in the action, and he had only thought that, because the Richard had suddenly hauled up from the land, her crew had mutinied, and that she was being run away with. Such was the want of confidence in the force so singularly composed, and such were the disadvantages under which this celebrated combat was fought. So far, however, from meditating retreat or mutiny, the crew of the Richard had gone cheerfully to their quarters, although every man on board was conscious of the force of the enemy with whom they were about to contend; and the spirit of the commanding officer appears to have communicated itself to his men.

It was now quite dark, and Jones was compelled to use a night-glass to follow the movements of the enemy. It is probable that the darkness added to the indecision of the Captain of the Pallas, for even after the moon rose it was thick, and objects at a distance were seen

with difficulty. The Richard continued to stand steadily on, and at about half-past seven she came up with the Serapis, the Scarborough being a short distance to leeward. The American ship was to windward, and, as she slowly approached, Captain Pearson hailed. The answer returned was purposely equivocal, and both ships delivered their broadsides at almost the same moment.

MANY KILLED BY BURSTING GUNS.

As the water was quite smooth, Jones had relied very much upon the eighteen-pounders which were in the Richard's gun-room; but at this first discharge two of the six that were fired burst, blowing up the deck above and killing or wounding many of the people stationed below. This disaster rendered it impossible to make the men stand at the other heavy guns, as they could have no confidence in them. It at once reduced the broadside of the Richard to about one-third less than that of her opponent and the force which remained was distributed among the light guns in a disadvantageous manner. In short, the battle was now between a twelve-pounder and an eighteen-pounder frigate, with the chances almost preponderatingly in favor of the latter.

Jones himself said that after this accident his hopes rested solely upon the twelve-pounders that were immediately under the command of his First Lieutenant, Dale. The Richard, having backed her top-sails, exchanged several broadsides, when she filled again and shot ahead of the Serapis, which ship luffed across her stern and came up on the weather quarter of her antagonist, taking the wind out of her sails, and in her turn passing ahead.

All this time, which was about half an hour, the fire was close and furious. The Scarborough now drew near, but it is uncertain whether she fired or not. The officers of the Richard state that she raked them at least once, but her commander reported that, owing to the smoke and darkness, he was afraid to discharge his guns, not being able to make out which ship was friend and which foe.

Unwilling to lie by and be uselessly exposed to shot, Captain Piercy

edged away from the combatants, exchanging one or two broadsides, at a great distance, with the Alliance, and shortly afterward was engaged at close quarters by the Pallas, which ship compelled him to strike to her, after a creditable resistance of about an hour.

Let us now return to the principal combatants. As the Serapis kept her luff, sailing and working better than the Richard, it was the intention of Captain Pearson to pay broad off, across the Richard's fore-foot, as soon as he had got far enough ahead. But making the attempt, and finding he had not room, he put his helm down, to keep clear of his adversary, and this double movement brought the two ships nearly in a line, the Serapis leading, the Richard being dangerously near her foe.

JONES RUNS HIS SHIP ON THE ENEMY.

By these evolutions the English ship lost some of her way, while the American, having kept her sails trimmed, not only closed but actually ran on board of her antagonist, bows on, a little on her starboard quarter. The wind being light, much time was consumed in these manœuvres, and nearly an hour had elapsed between the firing of the first gun and the moment when the vessels got foul of each other in the manner just described. The English thought it was the intention of the Americans to board, and for some minutes it was uncertain whether they would do so or not, but the position was not safe for either party to pass into the opposing ship.

There being at this time a complete cessation of the firing, Captain Pearson hailed and asked whether the Richard had struck. "I have not yet begun to fight," was the answer from Jones. The Richard's yards were then braced aback and, the sails of the Serapis being full, the ships separated.

As soon as they were far enough apart, the Serapis put her helm hard down, laid all aback forward, shivered her after sails, and wore short round on her heel, with a view, most probably, of luffing up across the Richard's bow, in order to rake her. In this position the Richard would have been fighting her starboard, and the Serapis her port guns; but

Jones, by this time, had become convinced of the hopelessness of success against so much heavier metal; and so backed astern some distance, filled on the other tack, and luffed up, with the intention of meeting the enemy as he came to the wind, and of laying him athwart hawse.

In the smoke and dim light, one or the other party miscalculated the distance, for the vessels came foul again, the bowsprit of the English vessel passing over the poop of the American. As neither had much way the collision did but little injury, and Jones, with his own hands, immediately lashed the enemy's head-gear to his mizzen-mast. The pressure on the after sails of the Serapis, which vessel was nearly before the wind at the time, brought her hull round, and the two ships gradually fell close alongside of each other, head and stern; the jib-boom of the Serapis giving way with the strain. A spare anchor of the English ship now hooked in the quarter of the American, and additional lashings were got out on board the latter, to secure her opponent in this position.

JOHN PAUL JONES.

Captain Pearson, who was a brave and excellent officer, was fully aware of his superiority in weight of metal; and he no sooner perceived that the vessels were foul than he dropped an anchor, in the hope that the Richard would drift clear of him. But, of course, such an expectation

was futile, as the yards were interlocked, the hulls pressed close together, there were lashings fore and aft, and every projection aided in holding the two ships together. When the cable of the Serapis took the strain, the vessels slowly tended, with the bows of the Serapis and the stern of the Richard, to the tide.

At this time the English made an attempt to board, but were repulsed, with trifling loss. All this time there was a heavy fire kept up from the guns. The lower ports of the Serapis having been closed as the vessel swung, to prevent boarding, they were now blown off, to allow the guns to be run out; and cases actually occurred in which the rammers had to be thrust into the ports of the opposing ship, in order to be entered in the muzzles of their proper guns. It was evident that such a state of things could not last long. In effect, the heavy metal of the Serapis, in one or two discharges, cleared all before it, and the main-deck guns of the Richard were almost abandoned. Most of her people went upon the upper deck, and a great number collected on the forecastle, where they were safe from the battery of the Serapis; continuing the fight by throwing grenades and using muskets.

AMERICAN VESSEL BADLY SHATTERED.

At this stage of the action, then, the Serapis was tearing the American to pieces, below, at each discharge of her battery; the latter only replying to the English fire by two guns on the quarter-deck, and three or four of her twelve-pounders. To the quarter-deck guns Jones succeeded in adding a third, by shifting a gun from the port side; and all these were used with effect, under his own eye, until the close of the action. He tried to get over a second gun, from the port side, but did not succeed.

The fight must now have been decided in favor of the English, but for the courage and activity of the people aloft. Strong parties were placed in the tops, and, after a sharp and short contest, the Americans had driven every man of the enemy from the upper deck of the English frigate. After this they kept up so sharp a fire of small arms upon the

quarter-deck of the English ship as to keep it clear, shooting down many in the operation.

Thus, this singular condition of affairs obtained, that, while the English had the battle very much to themselves, below, the Americans had control of their upper deck and tops. Having cleared the latter, some of the American seamen laid out on the Richard's main-yard, and began to throw hand grenades down upon the deck of the British ship; while the men on the Richard's forecastle seconded these efforts by casting grenades, and other combustibles, through the ports of the Serapis.

MANY KILLED BY DISASTROUS EXPLOSION.

At length one man, in particular, became so bold as to take up his post on the extreme end of the yard; and being provided with a bucket of grenades and a match, he dropped the explosives upon the enemy, one of them passing down the Serapis' main hatchway. The powder boys of the English ship had got up more cartridges than were needed at the moment, and had carelessly laid a row of them along her main deck, parallel with the guns.

The grenade which came down the hatch set fire to some loose powder on the deck, and the flash passed to these cartridges, beginning abreast of the mainmast, and running away aft. The effect of the explosion was awful. More than twenty men were instantly killed; many of them being left with nothing on them but the collars and wrist-bands of their shirts, and the waist-bands of their duck trousers.

The official returns of Captain Pearson, made a week after the action, show that there were no less than thirty-three wounded on board then, still alive, who had been injured at this time; and thirty of them were said to be in great danger.

Captain Pearson reported that the explosion destroyed nearly all the men at the five or six aftermost guns of the Serapis; and, altogether, nearly sixty of the Serapis' men must have been instantly disabled.

The advantages thus obtained by the coolness and intrepidity of the topmen of the Bonhomme Richard, in a measure restored the chances

of the fight, and, by lessening the fire of the enemy, enabled Jones to increase his. And in the same degree that it encouraged the Americans did it diminish the hopes of the English.

One of the guns, directed by Jones himself, had been for some time firing against the mainmast of his enemy ; while the two others were assisting in clearing his decks with grape and canister. Kept below decks by this double attack, where they had a scene of horror before their eyes in the agonies of the wounded, and the other effects of the explosion, the spirits of the English crew began to droop, and a very little would have caused them to surrender. From this despondency they were temporarily raised by one of the unlooked-for events which characterize every battle, whether afloat or ashore.

EXCHANGING BROADSIDES AT A DISTANCE.

After exchanging the ineffectual and distant broadsides with the Scarborough, as already mentioned, the Alliance had kept standing off and on, to leeward of the two principal ships, and out of the direction of their shot, when, about half-past eight, she appeared, crossing the stern of the Serapis, and the bow of the Richard, and firing, at such a distance, and in such a way, that it was impossible to say which vessel would suffer the most.

As soon as she had drawn out of range of her own guns, her helm was put up, and she ran down near a mile to leeward, and hovered about, aimlessly, until the firing had ceased between the Pallas and the Scarborough, when she suddenly came within hail, and spoke both vessels. Captain Cottineau, of the Pallas, earnestly entreated Captain Landais, of the Alliance, to take possession of his prize, and allow him to go to the assistance of the Richard, or else to stretch up to windward in the Alliance, and go to the succor of the commodore.

After some delay, Captain Landais took the very important duty of assisting his consort into his own hands, and, making two long stretches, under top-sails only, he appeared, at about the time at which we have arrived in the story of the fight, directly to windward of the two ships

which were locked together in mortal combat. The head of the Alliance was then to the westward. This ship then opened fire again, doing at least as much damage to friend as foe. Keeping away a little, she was soon on the port-quarter of the Richard ; and some of the people of the latter affirmed that her guns were discharged until she had got nearly abeam.

Many voices now hailed to inform the Alliance that she was firing into the wrong ship ; and three lanterns were shown in a line on the off-side of the Richard, which was the regular signal for recognition in a night action. An officer was then directed to hail, to command Captain Landais to lay the enemy on board ; and the question being put as to whether the order was understood, an answer was given in the affirmative.

STRATEGIC MOVEMENTS OF THE CONTENDING SHIPS.

As the moon had now been up for some time, it was impossible not to distinguish between the two vessels. The Richard was all black, while the Serapis had yellow sides ; and the impression among the people of the Richard was that Landais had intentionally attacked her.

Indeed, as soon as the Alliance began to fire, the people left one or two of the twelves on board the Richard, which they had begun to fight again, saying that the English in the Alliance had got possession of the ship and were helping the enemy.

The Alliance's fire dismounted a gun, extinguished several battle-lanterns on the main deck, and did much damage aloft. This ship now hauled off to some distance, always keeping the Richard between her and the enemy ; and then she re-appeared, edging down on the port beam of her consort, and hauling up athwart the bows of that ship and the stern of her antagonist. The officers of the Richard reported that her fire then recommenced, when by no possibility could her shot reach the Serapis, except through the Bonhomme Richard. In fact, it appears that this Landais was one of those men who, for generations, affected the French character for seamanship and conduct in naval battles.

There were, and are, many excellent French seamen, and as builders

of vessels they are unexcelled. But some men, like Landais, at that time had destroyed their reputation afloat.

Ten or twelve men appear to have been killed on the forecastle of the Richard at this time, that part being crowded, and among them an officer of the name of Caswell, who, with his dying breath, maintained that he had received his death wound from the friendly vessel.

After crossing the bows of the Richard and the stern of the Serapis, delivering grape as he passed, this "lunatic Frenchman" ran off to leeward again, standing off and on, and doing absolutely nothing for the remainder of the fight. It was as if a third party, seeing two men fighting, should come up and throw a stone or two at them both, and then retire, saying he had rather the little fellow whipped.

JONES' SHIP BADLY DAMAGED.

The fire of the Alliance certainly damaged the Bonhomme Richard, and increased her leaks; and the latter vessel by this time had leaked so much through her shot-holes that she had begun to settle in the water. Many witnesses affirmed that the most dangerous shot-holes received by the Richard were under her port bow and port-quarter; or, in other words, where they could not have been received from the Serapis. But this is not entirely reliable, as it has been seen that the Serapis luffed up on the port-quarter of the Richard in the commencement of the action, and, forging ahead, was subsequently on her port bow, endeavoring to cross her fore-foot. These shots may very possibly have been received then, and as the Richard settled in the water, have suddenly increased the danger. On the other hand, if the Alliance did actually fire while on the bow and quarter of the Richard, as appears by a mass of testimony, the dangerous shot-holes may have very well come from that ship.

Let the injuries have been received from what quarter they might, soon after the Alliance had run to leeward again an alarm was spread throughout the Richard that she was sinking.

Both the contending ships had been on fire several times, and the flames had been extinguished with difficulty; but here was a new enemy

to contend with, and, as the information came from the carpenter, whose duty it was to sound the pump-well, it produced a good deal of alarm.

The Richard had more than a hundred English prisoners on board; and the master-at-arms, in the hurry of the moment, and to save their lives, let them up from below. In the confusion of such a scene, at night, in a torn and sinking vessel, the master of the letter-of-marque that had been taken off the north of Scotland, passed through a port of the Richard into one of the Serapis, where he reported to Captain Pearson that a few minutes would probably decide the battle in his favor, or carry his enemy down, as he (the captain of the privateer) had been liberated in order to save his life.

BRAVE REPLY OF THE AMERICAN COMMANDER.

Just at this moment the gunner of the Bonhomme Richard, who had not much to do at his quarters, came on deck, and not seeing Commodore Jones, or Mr. Dale, both of whom were occupied with the liberated prisoners, and believing the master (the only other superior officer of the ship) to be dead, he ran up on the poop, to haul down the colors, and, as he believed, save all their lives.

Fortunately, the flag-staff had been shot away, and as the ensign already hung in the water he had no other means of letting his intentions be known than by bawling out for quarter. Captain Pearson now hailed, to inquire if the Richard demanded quarter, and Commodore Jones, hearing the hail, replied "No."

It is probable that the reply was not heard; or, if heard, supposed to come from an unauthorized source; for, encouraged from what he had heard from the escaped prisoner, by the cries, and by the confusion which appeared to reign on board the Richard, the English captain directed his boarders to be called away, and, as soon as they were mustered, he directed them to take possession of the prize. Some of the Englishmen actually got upon the gunwale of the American ship, but, finding boarders ready to repel boarders, they precipitately retreated. The Richard's topmen were not idle at this time and the enemy were soon driven below

again, with loss. In the meantime Mr. Dale (who was afterwards Commodore Dale) had no longer a gun which could be fought, and he mustered the prisoners at the pumps, turning their consternation to account, and probably keeping the Richard afloat by this very blunder that had come so near losing her. Both ships were now on fire again, and both sides, with the exception of a very few guns on board each vessel, ceased firing, in order to turn to and subdue this common enemy.

ENEMY LOSING HOPE OF VICTORY.

In the course of the battle the Serapis is said to have been on fire no less than twelve times; while, towards its close, as will be seen in the sequel, the Bonhomme Richard had been burning all the time. As soon as order was restored in the American ship, after the gunner's call for quarter, her chances of success began to increase; while the English, driven under cover, appeared to lose the hope of victory. Their fire slackened very materially, while the Richard again brought a few guns to bear.

It was an example of immense endurance on either side; but as time went on the mainmast of the Serapis began to totter, and her resistance, in general, to lessen. About an hour after the explosion, or about three hours and a half after the first gun was fired, and about two hours and a half after the ships were lashed together, Captain Pearson hauled down his colors with his own hands, his men refusing to expose themselves to the fire of the Richard's tops.

As soon as it was known that the English colors were down, Mr. Dale got upon the gunwale of the Richard, and laying hold of the main-brace pendant, swung himself on board the Serapis. On the quarter-deck he found the gallant Captain Pearson, almost alone, that officer having maintained his post throughout the whole of this close and murderous engagement, proving himself a man of great nerve and ability.

Just as Mr. Dale addressed the English captain the first lieutenant of the Serapis came up from below, to inquire if the Richard had struck, as her fire had entirely ceased. Mr. Dale informed the English

officer that he had mistaken the position of things, the Serapis having struck to the Richard, and not the Richard to the Serapis. Captain Pearson confirming this, his surprised subordinate acquiesced, offering to go below and silence the guns on the main deck, which were still playing on the American ship. To this Mr. Dale would not consent, but passed both the English officers at once on board the Bonhomme Richard.

The firing below then ceased. Mr. Dale had been closely followed to the quarter-deck of the Serapis by a midshipman, Mr. Mayrant, with a party of boarders, and as the midshipman struck the quarter-deck of the prize, he was run through the thigh with the boarding pike, in the hands of a man who was ignorant of the surrender. Thus did the close of this remarkable sea fight resemble its other features in singularity, blood being shed, and shot fired, while the boarding officer was in amicable discourse with his prisoners.

JONES ORDERS THE VESSELS SEPARATED.

As soon as Captain Pearson was on board the Bonhomme Richard and a proper number of hands sent to Mr. Dale, in the prize, Commodore Jones ordered the lashings to be cut, and the vessels to be separated, hailing the Serapis, as the Richard drifted from alongside of her, and ordering her to follow his own ship. Mr. Dale had the head-sails of the Serapis braced sharp aback, and the helm put down, but the vessel did not obey either the canvas or the helm.

Mr. Dale was so surprised and excited at this that he sprang from the binnacle, to see the cause, and fell, full length, on deck. He had been severely wounded in the leg, by a splinter, and until that moment had been ignorant of the injury. He had just been picked up and seated, when the master of the Serapis came up and informed him of the fact that the ship was anchored. By this time Mr. Lunt, the second lieutenant, who had been away in the pilot-boat, had got alongside, and came on board the prize, when Mr. Dale gave him charge, the cable was cut, and the ship followed the Richard, as ordered.

Although this protracted and bloody contest had now ended, the victors had not done with either dangers or labors. The Richard was not only sinking from shot-holes but she was on fire, so that the flames had got within the ceiling and extended so far that they menaced the magazine, while all the pumps, in constant use, could barely keep the water in the hold from increasing.

Had it depended upon the exhausted crews of the two combatants, the ship must soon have foundered; but the other vessels now sent men on board to assist. So imminent did the danger from the fire become that all the powder left was got on deck, to prevent an explosion. In this manner did the night of the battle pass, with one gang always at the pumps and another fighting the flames, until about ten o'clock in the forenoon of the 24th, when the fire was got under.

BOTH SHIPS SUPPOSED TO BE SINKING.

Before daylight that morning eight or ten Englishmen, of the Richard's crew, had stolen a boat of the Serapis and made their escape, landing at Scarborough. Several other men of the Richard were so alarmed at the condition of the ship that during the night they jumped overboard and swam to the other vessels. At daylight an examination of the ship was made. Aloft, on a line with those guns of the Serapis which had not been disabled by the explosion, the timbers were nearly all beaten in or beaten out, for in this respect there was little difference between the two sides of the ship. It is said, indeed, that her poop and upper decks would have fallen into the gunroom but for a few futtocks which the shot had missed.

So large was the vacuum, in fact, that most of the shot fired from this part of the Serapis at the close of the action must have gone through the Richard without touching anything. The rudder was cut from the stern-post and her transoms were nearly driven out of her. All the after part of the ship, in particular, that was below the quarter-deck, was torn to pieces, and nothing had saved those stationed on the quarter-deck but the impossibility of elevating guns which almost touched their object.

The result of the examination was to convince everyone of the impossibility of carrying the Richard into port in the event of its coming on to blow. Commodore Jones reluctantly gave the order to remove the wounded, while the weather continued fair.

The following night and a portion of the succeeding day were employed in this duty, and about nine in the morning the officer who was in charge of the ship, with a party at the pumps, finding that the water had reached the lower deck, at last abandoned her. About ten the Bonhomme Richard wallowed heavily, gave another roll, and went down, bows foremost.

The Serapis suffered much less than the Richard, as the guns of the latter were so light, and so soon silenced, but no sooner were the ships separated than her main-topmast fell, bringing with it the mizzen-topmast. Though jury-masts were erected the ship drove about, nearly helpless, in the North Sea until the 6th of October, when the remains of the squadron, with the two prizes, got into the Texel, the port to which they had been ordered to repair.

GREAT LOSS OF LIFE ON BOTH SIDES.

In this battle an unusual number of lives were lost; but no authenticated report seems to have come from either side. The English stated the loss of the Richard to have been about three hundred in killed and wounded. This would include nearly all on board that ship, and was, of course, a mistake. The muster-roll of the Richard, excluding the marines, which roll was in existence long after, shows that 42 men were killed, or died of wounds very shortly, and that 41 were wounded. No list of the casualties of the marines is given. This would make a total of 83 out of 227 souls. But some of those on the muster-roll were not in the battle at all, for both junior lieutenants, and about 30 men with them, were absent in prizes.

There were a few volunteers on board who were not mustered and, so, if we set down 200 as the regular crew during the action, we shall not be far wrong. Estimating the marines at 120, and observing the same

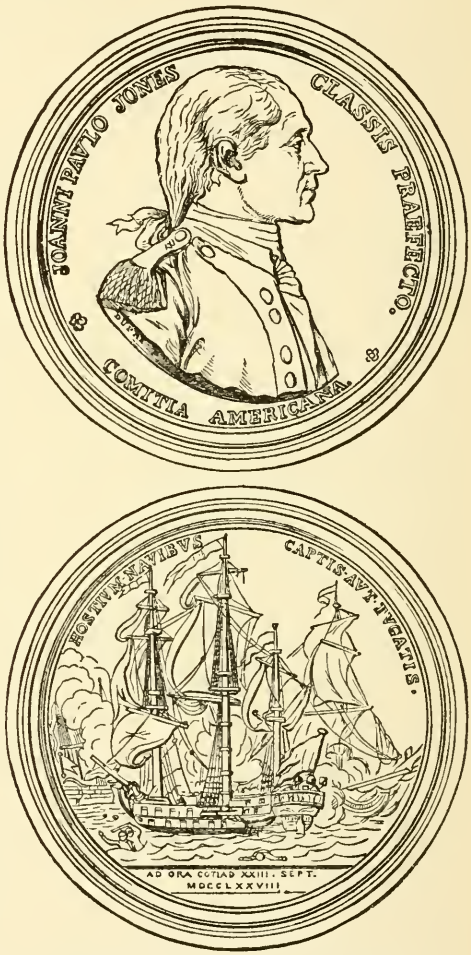
PAUL JONES SEIZING THE SILVER PLATE OF LADY SELKIRK. 245

proportion for casualties, we shall get 49 for the result, which will make the entire loss of the Richard one hundred and thirty-two. It is known, however, that in the course of the action the soldiers suffered out of proportion to the rest of the crew, and as general report made the gross loss of the Bonhomme Richard 150, it is probable that this was about the number.

Captain Pearson made a partial report, putting his loss at 117, admitting, at the same time, that there were many killed who were not reported. Probably the loss of the two ships was about equal, and that nearly or quite half of all engaged were either killed or wounded.

In a private letter, written some time after, Jones gives an opinion that the loss of men in the two ships was about equal. Muster-rolls were loosely kept in those days.

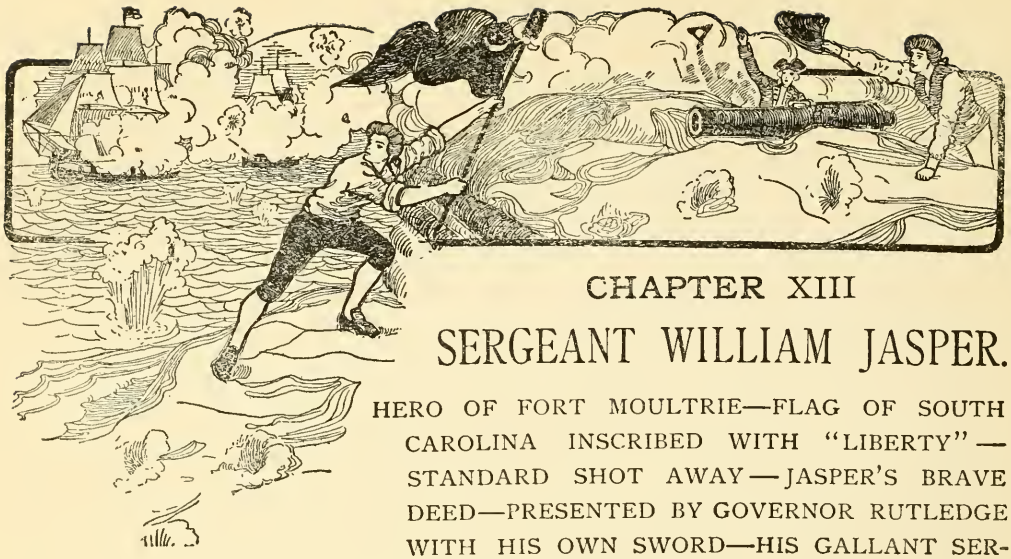
That two vessels of so much force should be lashed together for more than two hours, making use of artillery, musketry and all the other means of offence known to the warfare of the day, and not do even greater injury to their crews, must strike every one with astonishment. But the fact must be ascribed to the peculiarities of the battle, which, by driving the English under cover early in the fight, and keeping the Americans above the chief line of the fire of their enemy, in a measure protected each side from the missiles of the other. As it was, it was a most sanguinary conflict, with a duration prolonged by unusual circumstances.



MEDAL AWARDED TO JOHN PAUL JONES BY CONGRESS.

The arrival of Jones and his prizes in the Texel excited much interest in the diplomatic world. The English demanded that the prizes should be released and Jones himself given up as a pirate. The Dutch Government, though favorable to the Americans, was not prepared for war, and therefore temporized. A long correspondence ensued, and the following expedient was adopted. The Serapis, which had been refitted, was transferred to France, as was the Scarborough, while Jones took command of the Alliance, Landais having been suspended, and ordered to quit the country. Landais was afterward restored to command, but deposed again on the ground of insanity, and eventually discharged the service.

Jones was absent from home for about three years, during which time his exploits were numerous and of the most astonishing character. He was denounced as a pirate by the English, who became so alarmed by his achievements that many people did not feel safe even in London. Some of the timid ones looked out on the Thames, half expecting to see the terrible fellow lay their city under tribute. At one time he landed on the coast of Scotland, and, appearing at the residence of the Earl of Selkirk, captured a large amount of silver plate and booty. But he treated the earl's household with great courtesy, and the plate that was seized at the time is now in the possession of the members of the Selkirk family.



CHAPTER XIII

SERGEANT WILLIAM JASPER.

HERO OF FORT MOULTRIE—FLAG OF SOUTH CAROLINA INSCRIBED WITH "LIBERTY"—STANDARD SHOT AWAY—JASPER'S BRAVE DEED—PRESENTED BY GOVERNOR RUTLEDGE WITH HIS OWN SWORD—HIS GALLANT SERVICES UNDER MARION.

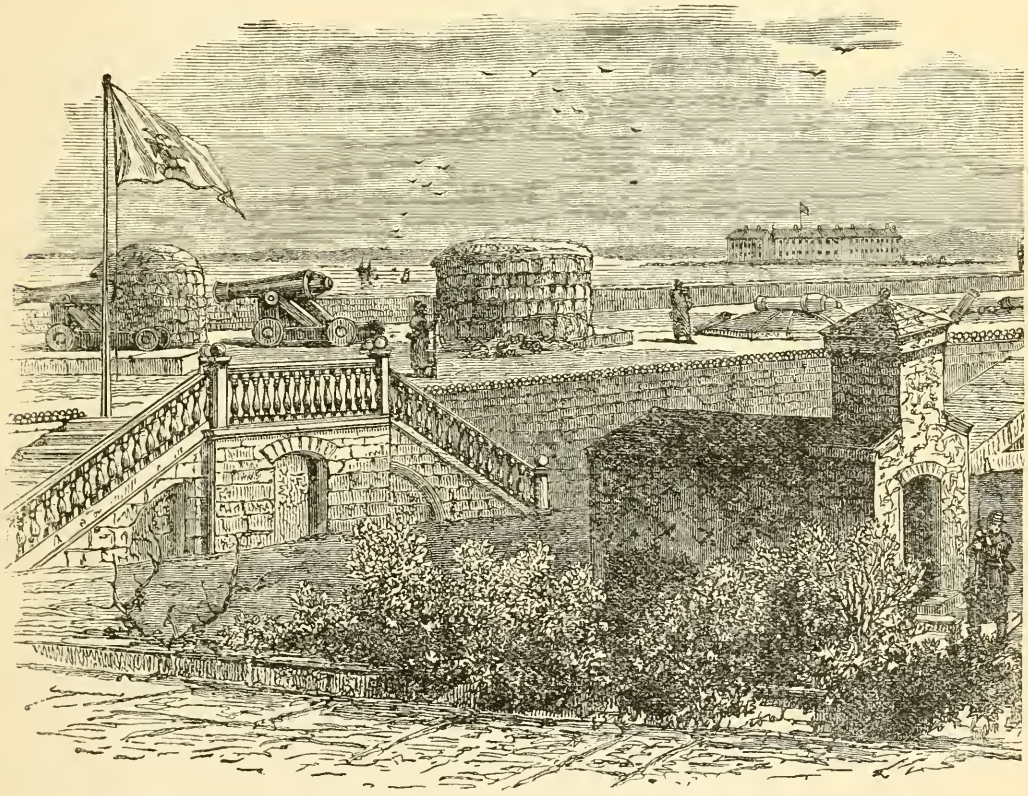
You must bear in mind that not only were the patriots in our Revolution forced to combat with the British invaders of their country, but that they had enemies at home. These were men who believed it wrong to fight for their independence, and who thought the rule of King George III. the best that the colonies could have. Many of the Tories were cruel and treacherous, and while their patriotic neighbors were away from home fighting for liberty, injured their property, sometimes burning their houses and shooting the members of their families. When brave enough to face danger they would either join the British invaders or form companies of their own to fight against their fellow-citizens. It is probable that some of the Tories were honest in their belief, but no one can justify their brutalities.

There was a severe conflict in North Carolina between the patriots and Tories, in which the latter were defeated with a heavy loss. So completely were the traitors crushed, that for a time it was hard work to find one in that part of the country.

The British commanders, Clinton, Cornwallis and Parker, showed no great eagerness to engage in their work. The first-named general having reached Wilmington, awaited the arrival of the fleet and re-inforcements. The ships came in one by one, the first arriving on the

third of May, 1776, with Admiral Parker. This delay gave the Continentals good opportunity to prepare themselves for the attack.

Christopher Gadsen was colonel of the first patriot regiment, and William Moultrie commanded the second. There was also a regiment of riflemen, all famous marksmen, while their colonel, William Thompson, was the best shot of all. Tories were plentiful in South Carolina,



FORT MOULTRIE, CHARLESTON HARBOR.

but they were pretty well scared, and when North Carolina sent a regiment to her neighbor's help, all danger to the patriots from the rear was removed.

It was easy to see the importance of Charleston. The British General Clinton could do nothing without the help of his fleet, and that fleet was powerless until it had possession of Charleston harbor. The South Carolinians saw this from the first, and did not wait until the

danger was upon them before preparing for it. Scarcely was the news of Lexington known when they began fortifying the harbor. They knew their turn would soon come, and they did not mean to be caught napping.

On the north side of the entrance to the harbor lay Sullivan's Island —low, marshy and wooded—while on the south side was James Island, much larger. Gadsen was intrenched on the latter, and Moultrie and Thompson were on Sullivan's Island, which is six miles distant from Charleston. The streets of the town were barricaded and a large force was kept under arms to resist the assault that was sure to come, in case the outer defenses were carried. The most important of these was the fort erected by Moultrie on Sullivan's Island, opposite the place where the channel ran closest to the shore. No vessel could reach Charleston without passing that fort, and as long as the vessels were held at bay Charleston was safe, and the inhabitants felt at ease.

A CURIOUS FORT.

The walls of the fort were made of palmetto logs, and the spaces between filled with sand, so that the walls were over a dozen feet in thickness. The middle of the fort was a swamp. The work was not finished when called upon to resist the tremendous assault of the fleet. The front was completed, and thirty-one guns were mounted on it. There was room for a thousand men, but the garrison numbered only four hundred.

Copies of the royal proclamation offering pardon to such as would lay down their arms were sent to the patriots, but of course that work was thrown away. General Lee, the commanding American officer, watched the preparations making by Moultrie and shook his head.

"It is impossible with these defenses to keep back the fleet," he said, with the positiveness of one who was sure he was right. "I do not believe you can hold out half an hour. The fort will be knocked all to pieces."

"Then we'll lie behind the ruins," replied Moultrie, "and keep at it."

"You have no means of retreat," added Lee. "If you are defeated the slaughter will be dreadful."

"We're not going to be defeated, general."

This was brave talk, but it did not quiet the fears of the commanding officer. He was in favor of abandoning the place, or at least of building a bridge of boats from the island to the mainland, but Colonel Moultrie was so urgent that Lee gave him his own way.

Clinton and Cornwallis agreed that the best plan was to land on a sandbank, and then pass to Sullivan's Island by means of a certain ford said to exist at low water. On the 17th of June, twenty-five hundred British disembarked on this patch of sand, only to be tormented by mosquitoes, the blazing sun and a lack of good water. It was the worst time of the year for people unused to the flaming skies of the south. And now, when the invaders came to examine the supposed ford it was found to be fully seven feet deep at low water. It looked as if the only way to get across was for the soldiers to walk on stilts, to ride on each other's shoulders, or to swim. None of these methods could be adopted, and there was little prospect, therefore, of Clinton giving help to the fleet.

BREASTWORKS GUARDED BY RIFLEMEN.

After repeated delays, the attack was opened on the 28th of June, 1776. Parker was confident he could reduce the fort and defeat the large body of Continentals encamped on the island in the rear of the fort. The Americans had an advanced post at one extremity of the island, where the men were protected by sand-hills and myrtle bushes, with breastworks thrown up in the rear, and guarded by a large number of riflemen. On the left was a morass, and on the right a couple of guns commanded the spot where it was expected Clinton would land his men.

About the middle of the forenoon of that hot June day, the British fleet, numbering ten men-of-war, and carrying two hundred and fifty-four guns, sailed up the channel, the Bristol, flying Admiral Parker's pennant, being third in line. Over the fort fluttered the flag of South Carolina, blue in color, with a silver crescent and a single word, "Liberty."

The garrison grimly awaited the approach of the ponderous hulls, slowly sweeping forward, with a wealth of bellying canvas above. As they swung one after another into range, Moultrie sent a few cannon balls whistling towards them, but the ships made no reply until they had dropped anchor in position before the fort. Then their "thunders shook the mighty deep." Spouts of flame shot from the throats of hundreds of cannon, and tons of metal went hurtling over the water towards the fort. When the smoke cleared away, Admiral Parker and his officers expected to see the fortifications splintered and shattered as if by a myriad of thunderbolts. General Lee and a vast crowd, many with glasses, intently watched the result from Charleston.

AMERICAN MARKSMAN IN A TREE.

There was scarcely a sign that the fort had been struck. The

palmetto logs were the best material that could have been used. They are spongy and fibrous, and when struck by a cannon ball the wood does not splinter, but seems to absorb the metal. Of course, the heavy balls did some damage, and the sand often flew aloft in showers; but the result was highly pleasing to the Americans and equally disappointing to the British. Admiral Parker, however, concluded that it would merely take him a little longer than was anticipated to demolish the defenses that disputed his passage to the city.

SERGEANT JASPER RECOVERS THE FLAG AMIDST A FIERY STORM OF SHOT AND SHELL.

Most of the shells that curved over into the fort fell into the marsh in the centre, where they were quenched by the water and mud, and sputtered out without harming anyone. No one could have shown more coolness and bravery than Colonel Moultrie. He smoked his pipe, growled now and then

as a twinge of gout shot through his leg, and, limping back and forth inspired all with his own courage. The weather was excessively hot, and banks of sulphurous vapor almost suffocated the defenders, as they fought half naked. Their well-aimed shots crashed through the rigging and hulls of the ships with tremendous effect.

Suddenly the flag at the southeast bastion fell to the beach. The flagstaff had been cut in two by a ball from one of the vessels. Sergeant William Jasper bounded through one of the embrasures, seized the ensign, climbed the wall amid a furious fire, waved the flag defiantly at the enemy, and securing it on a pike, coolly fixed it in place, and jumped down among his comrades. It was a magnificent deed of valor.

AMERICAN SHOTS VERY DESTRUCTIVE.

The British showed great bravery, but they could not equal the damage inflicted by the American shots, aimed with so much skill. Everybody on the quarter-deck of the flag-ship Bristol was either killed or wounded; and, for a time, Admiral Parker was the only one who stood there unhurt. Captain Morris was struck in the neck, and shortly after his right arm was shattered by a chain shot. He passed quietly below, had his arm amputated and dressed, after which he returned to the quarter-deck, where he continued to direct the action of the ship until a shot passed through his body and his voice was hushed forever.

Toward the latter part of the day, the hopes of the assailants were raised by the slackening of the American fire. It looked as if the fleet was about to prevail, and the faces of the spectators in far away Charleston paled with anxiety. But Colonel Moultrie never dreamed of yielding. He filled his pipe again, and sent word to General Lee that his ammunition was low, and that he must have more at once. At that time only enough was left for the musketry, in case the British landed.

Moultrie had asked for ammunition earlier in the day. Now, when he saw how bravely his men were fighting while he hobbled painfully about, it is not strange that he lost patience and used some vigorous language, because his request for a time was unheeded. When he first

applied to Lee, the general was not inclined to grant his request, replying that if the ammunition was expended he should spike his guns and retreat. Governor Rutledge, who was in Charleston, forwarded five hundred pounds of powder to Moultrie with the request that he should not be quite so free with his cannon, and two hundred pounds were received from a schooner lying at the back of the fort.

During the afternoon some reinforcements were sent by Lee with orders to support the advance guard under Thompson, at the east end of the island. A little later, General Lee went over to Moultrie and sighted several of the cannon. Struck with the skill and courage of the patriots, he said with a smile: "I don't think I am needed here, colonel; I will go back to town and tell the folks how well you are getting along."

EXPEDITION AGAINST CHARLESTON ABANDONED.

Lee took his departure. The day was very long, but when the sun went down, and darkness crept over the harbor and city, the fire still continued. The thousands that were gazing in the direction of the combatants could see only the red flash of the ships' broadsides and the answering crimson jet from the walls of the fort, and could hear, after long intervals, the resounding boom of the cannon.

It was nine o'clock when Admiral Parker, who was slightly wounded, decided to withdraw. The ships slipped their cables, and the expedition against Charleston was abandoned. The British had lost two hundred and five men killed and wounded, while of the Americans ten were killed and twenty-nine wounded. Three of the vessels had grounded on a sand bank. Two of them were got off during the night, and the third was fired and abandoned by the crew. While she was burning, a number of Americans boarded her, captured her colors, fired some of the guns at Parker's squadron, filled three boats with her sails and stores, and got safely away before she blew up.

Nothing could be more complete than was the triumph of the Americans. The key to the south, as it may be called, had been held against the utmost efforts of the British army and fleet, and that section

of our country was safe for the time. General Lee wrote to Washington that he was "captured" by the coolness and bravery of the defenders under twelve hours' fire. Had Colonel Moultrie been a young and vain man he would have been ruined by the praises he received. The fort was named for him, his regiment was presented with two beautiful banners, and congratulations poured on him from every quarter. All Charleston flocked to the fort after the departure of the fleet. General Lee admitted his mistake as to the strength of the defenses. He reviewed the regiment on the 30th of June, the date of the presentation of colors by the ladies of Charleston. Governor Rutledge visited the garrison on the 4th of July, and expressed the gratitude of South Carolina. Congress, at a later date, voted its thanks to Lee, Moultrie and Thompson, and to the officers and soldiers under their command. Governor Rutledge presented Sergeant Jasper his own sword and a lieutenant's commission, but he modestly declined the latter on the ground that he could neither read nor write.

Had not his education in his boyhood been neglected he might, by his native force of character and daring bravery, have risen to a high command in the army. He will always be remembered, however, for his courageous act in rescuing the lost flag and planting it again in the face of the foe, despite the hot hail of battle that raged around him and threatened him every moment with death.

One cannot read the history of the Revolution without coming upon the valiant deeds of such brave spirits as Sergeant Jasper, yet it is safe to say that a multitude of heroes have never been commemorated, and the story of their heroism has never been told. The best part of history may be buried in obscurity. Without any thought of future fame, those old-time patriots stood nobly at the post of duty, and many of them died "unhonored and unsung."

If we delve in the obscurity that shrouds the achievements of the heroic souls who won our liberties, we should find names, all unknown, that are as shining as any now blazoned on the pages of history.